














Intercepted Letters From A  
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fords a key to their grand errors on all subjects. The Tories supported the war, therefore the Whigs opposed it; the Tories based their authority on the influence of religion, therefore the Whigs covertly, but incessantly, turned it into ridicule; the Tories encouraged the colonies of the empire, therefore the Whigs strove, the moment they got into power, to depress them; the Tories supported the allies of England, and endeavoured to weaken their enemies, therefore the Whigs endeavoured to injure their allies and benefit their enemies; the Tories supported the British against the foreign cultivator, therefore the Whigs are preparing to sacrifice him to his rival; the Tories had augmented the duties on spirits, to check the consumption of that ruinous article, therefore the Whigs earnestly advocated their reduction, and deluged the country with crime in consequence; the Tories had maintained inviolate the national faith, therefore the first measure of the Whigs was to violate it; the Tories laboured assiduously to uphold the constitution, therefore the Whigs signalized their first accession to power by an attempt to overthrow it. Such conduct would appear incredible, on the ordinary principles of human conduct, but it is easily accounted for, when we recollect that the Protestants stood up at prayer, because the Catholics had knelt, and destroyed the cathedrals, because they had erected them.

The sudden and perilous extension of education to the lower orders of the people, at the very time that these perilous and innovating principles were incessantly inculcated by the popular party, and the vast increase of our manufacturing towns, at the same period, have both contributed to augment the same fatal propensity. The one augmented the channels by which the poison of infidelity and the delusions of error reached the lower orders, while the latter increased immensely the inflammable and corrupted mass into which they were to be poured. There are twenty of the poor who can now read, for one who could do so for-

merly; and all of the manufacturing towns of Britain have added fifty, many one hundred per cent, to their numbers, during the last ten years. These changes co-existing in the lower classes of society, with the warp towards error which the Whig party had acquired during the revolutionary contest, have combined to produce the present extraordinary and anomalous state of public thought. When the vast and democratical bodies in the manufacturing towns were wakened into political life, and had their passions turned by the power of reading into the arena of domestic strife, the newspapers soon discovered that their principal circulation was to be looked for in these great emporiums of the passions; and that nothing was so acceptable to them as incessant abuse of their superiors. "*Egestas cupida novarum rerum*,"\* speedily asserted its fatal ascendancy in the commonwealth; every thing which was sacred or venerable, sanctified by usage, or recommended by experience, speedily became the object of attack to the shafts of ridicule and the artillery of sophistry; and political ambition, anxious to triumph by such instruments, soon discovered that no method could be relied on for success, but extravagance in the same inflammatory principles, and increase in the same popular flattery. Hence the fatal rapidity with which revolutionary principles have spread of late years; the utter perversion of thought in a large portion of the people on all political subjects; the abhorrence to every thing established; the passion for innovation, and the universal growth of irreligious principle, and moral depravity, in the population of all the great cities of the empire.

As long as these principles were confined only to speculative men, the teachers of youth, or the popular leaders, they did no immediate mischief, and were instrumental only in preparing the downfall of established institutions, by sapping the foundations in general opinion on which they rested; but when they began to be carried into effect by legislation, they have invariably produced,

\* Tacitus.

or threatened, the most disastrous effects. Each successive accession of the Whig party to power, accordingly, for the last half century, has been marked by the immediate commencement of some perilous measure, and the nation has on every such occasion narrowly escaped shipwreck from their enormous innovations. Mr Fox, in 1783, instantly prepared his India Bill, which, if it had not been defeated by the firmness of the House of Peers, would, by vesting the whole patronage of India in the hands of the Crown, have long ago subverted the balance of the constitution, and destroyed the liberties of the people by the influence of Eastern corruption. No sooner were they installed in power, in 1807, than they set about forcing Catholic emancipation at once on the sovereign and the people—a measure which has wellnigh overthrown the equipoise of the constitution, even at a subsequent period, and which, if persisted in at that time, would unquestionably have led to a civil convulsion. No sooner had they got possession of the reins in 1830, than they set on foot measures of finance which threatened ruin to the great commercial and colonial interests of the empire; and, when defeated in that, united all their strength to subvert the ancient constitution of the empire.

But it is in the very magnitude of these changes, and the vital interests which they every where affect, that the best security against their ultimate success is to be found. All the great interests of the empire—our agriculture, our colonies, our shipping, our commerce, are threatened by these perilous innovations. Nothing but the way in which, for a quarter of a century, they have deluged the country with sophistical principles, could have enabled the authors of these changes to remain a week at the head of affairs: they are borne forward merely on the stream of error and passion which they originally

formed, and have now urged into a torrent. But the practical effect of these ruinous innovations must, in the end, open men's eyes to the delusion on which they are founded, and convince those whose understandings have become so warped as to be inaccessible to every other species of persuasion. Already every branch of industry—every man who lives by his labour in the country, is suffering from their innovations. If fatal measures can be retarded a little longer, the tide must set in the other direction.

Still greater hope is to be derived from the reaction of genius and wisdom, against violence and ignorance, which is now so powerfully taking place, and promises soon to purify the streams of thought of all the dross and poison with which they have so long been polluted. It is this under current perpetually flowing, which corrects the errors of prevailing institutions, and ultimately comes to influence the measures of government, by swaying the opinions of those who direct it. Already the talents of the conservative party have been splendidly drawn forth; already have the youth of England flocked to the side of truth at both universities, and the cause of order triumphed in every field where it has been brought to combat the principle of misrule. In the solitude of thought, the drops of genius are beginning to fall from their crystal cells, and the fountains of eloquence to pour forth those mighty streams which, unlocked in a moment of peril and alarm, are destined to vivify and improve mankind through every succeeding age. It is in such contemplation of the healing powers of Nature, that men, in arduous times, are best fitted to discharge their social duties; and the sufferings are not to be regretted which awaken men to noble feelings, and amidst the passions which distract, point to the wisdom which finally governs the world.

## INTERCEPTED LETTERS FROM A ROMAN CATHOLIC CLERGYMAN RESIDING IN IRELAND, TO A FRIEND IN ROME.

How we came into possession of the following important documents we do not feel ourselves called upon to say, further than that, in giving them to the world, we are guilty of no breach of private confidence.

They contain disclosures respecting the views of the Roman Catholic party in Ireland, which will not come by surprise upon the readers of this journal, as they are in accordance with all our previous anticipations.

We required them not for the confirmation of our opinions. But there are many to whom they must be of use. Facts are stubborn things,—and often bring home conviction to minds that would have been inaccessible to argument.

The reader will smile at the serious earnestness with which this popish writer argues in favour of the notion, that, because events have strangely combined for the temporary exaltation of his cause, that cause is therefore under the guidance of a special providence. The induction is far too limited to warrant the conclusion that he draws;—but it is important as evincing the deep sincerity as well as the enthusiasm of his persuasions. The time will come when we shall be able, by tracing events a little farther, to reverse the inference, and to show how all things, even the most apparently adverse, work together for good, and how true religion shall have been benefited by the temporary exaltation of its enemies. Meanwhile, it is well to be instructed by these enemies in their own designs, and to be distinctly forewarned by them upon what it is they calculate for the accomplishment of their gigantic projects.

When the writer speaks of his own party, we may give the most implicit credit to his statements. Not so, when he speaks of the Established Church. Although there is much

truth in what he says respecting her present condition, yet, generally speaking, her deficiencies are exaggerated, and the errors that are committed in the disposal of her patronage, are noticed with too much censoriousness and too little discrimination. Nevertheless, we have not thought it right to withhold such amendments from the public. A man's enemy is often his best looking-glass. It is better to see our faults through a medium by which they are extravagantly magnified, than not to see them at all. We may then be enabled to realize the poet's wish,

"Oh, wad kind Heaven the giftie gie us,  
'To see ourselves as others see us,  
It wad frae mony a blunder free us,  
An foolish notion,"

and the very malice that exults in our anticipated destruction may prove like the noise of the rattlesnake, the warning that apprizes us of our danger.

It was, of course, with no such view the following letters were written;—but it is with no other they are now submitted to the reader. They furnish food for much reflection. They prove the exceedingly unsound foundation of our present policy. They evince the watchful williness of our adversaries, and our own supineness and infatuation. They show how much more has been granted "upon compulsion," than should have been conferred by prudence or by wisdom. In a word, our folly is now so apparent, and our danger so imminent, that if we fail to profit by this last and most striking exhortation to take heed, furnished as it were by the sparkling of the assassin's dagger which has dropped unawares from its sheath, miracles would fail to rouse us,—"*we would not be convinced even though one rose from the dead.*"

MY DEAR FRIEND,

You are naturally desirous to know how matters go on in Ireland: I mean, of course, the only matters which should or ought to interest you—those which concern our hitherto af-

flicted religion—the true Church of God in the Wilderness. Truly, my friend, deep is the joy with which I inform you that nothing can at present be more prosperous. Upon the Continent, you tell me, all is gloom



and danger—and every thing seems to threaten unsettlement and change. Here, also, changes appear at hand, but changes which will be for the better; changes which I cannot but regard as the speedy forerunners of the re-establishment of our Holy Church in this country. It is, therefore, some consolation to know, that, if you should be driven from home by the approaching continental troubles, there is every reason to believe that Ireland will be speedily in a condition to merit even a higher distinction than that of the “Island of Saints,” by affording a hospitable asylum to the persecuted orthodoxy of Catholic Europe.

I know you will be anxious to learn the grounds upon which I thus confidently predict “a consummation so devoutly to be wished.” They are many and various—some of them strong—some of the slender—some arising from design—some for which we are indebted to accident—some proceeding from the folly, I would say the infatuation, of our enemies; some from the unwary ignorance of our friends; but, *all* conspiring to the same end, with an unity of purpose so curiously perfect, that I should deem it impietly not to ascribe the whole to the guidance of a graciously superintending Providence. Yes, my friend, the God of our fathers still watches over the affairs of our Church, and will visit his afflicted children here with a speedy and effectual deliverance. We have suffered long under the tyranny of the enemies of all righteousness. Our sacred soil has long been polluted by the unhallowed footsteps of the Saxon and the stranger. The time is not far distant when we shall cast off the yoke, and exhibit to convulsed and agitated Europe the glorious spectacle of a country combining the blessing of true belief with the possession of national and legislative independence. But you are, I know, impatient for my reasons for all these confident predictions. You shall have them—listen—“in ordine cuncta docabo.”

You are aware of the circumstances which led, in 1829, to the passing of the Catholic bill. It was carried by those who had always been our consistent and determined enemies.

alarmed by the violence of our agitators in this country. It was so extreme, and, as it appeared to me, so injudicious, that I feared it would have disgusted our friends, and furnished Government with an excuse for coercive measures that might have interminably protracted the hour of civil freedom. But I was soon to be agreeably deceived, and made to feel, by joyful experience, that, when God is for us, not even our own folly can counteract his wise decrees. The Duke of Wellington, who acceded to office with a secret determination to carry our question, made that very violence an excuse for appearing to be frightened into concessions, for which he would not suffer us to be indebted to his sense of justice. You know the very little interest which I took in what was called “the great question of Emancipation.” You also know my reasons for my coldness upon that subject. I feared it might lead to a defection from our holy faith; and civil liberty would have been dearly purchased, if the necessary consequence was an abandonment of true religion. If, therefore, a Protestant Parliament had openly and generously thrown wide its gates to the outcast Irish Catholics, and, in the true spirit of enlightened liberality, invited them to enter, I feared that the proverbial warm-heartedness of my countrymen might have thrown them off their guard, and, in the ardour of their unsuspecting gratitude, exposed them to heretical contamination. But, see how the course of events was actually ordered, and *adore* the wisdom of a superintending Providence! That which was denied to justice and to policy, was *gilded to fear*! That which was refused, when concession would have been gracious by being unconstrained, was granted when the proposed measure of liberality was thankless because extorted! Then, those civil immunities, which, I was apprehensive, would have dissolved our party, were conferred upon them under circumstances by which our party was still kept together. They were made to feel that the privileges which they acquired were the reward of political violence. They learned the secret of their own strength—the immortal

are, accordingly, now that they are invested with all the privileges of the state, as compact and as resolute for the accomplishment of those ulterior objects to which you and I so ardently look forward, as ever they were, in the day of their disabilities, for the attainment of Emancipation.

But, you will ask me, *was* the Iron Duke, as he is called, *really* frightened by the Catholic Association? No more than I was. There was not a man in England who knew better the stuff of which they were made. There was not a man in Europe who would have been less likely to quail, if there was any real danger. But the Duke, some how or other, began to consider that the measure of Emancipation was a wise one. Of religion, I believe no one accuses him of caring very much. And the arguments of Burke, and Fox, and Grattan, who advocated the measure when it really might have produced what they would have considered salutary effects, began to impinge upon the retina of the Duke's mental vision, at a time when circumstances had altogether altered the state of the question, and when the most sanguine of its enlightened advocates would have acknowledged that the benefits to be expected from it were doubtful. The Duke's character as a warrior was complete. His exploits placed him at the head of the chivalry of Europe. He was ambitious of the character of a statesman; and supposed that he could not exhibit either his power or his wisdom, in this new character more decidedly, than by carrying a measure which baffled the ability of the greatest senators that ever were at the head of an English administration. He wished to eclipse Pitt and Fox and Canning, as completely as he had conquered Bonaparte. To this I attribute his conduct. He was not frightened by the Catholic Association into the surrender of their civil privileges—but he would not suffer their violence to divert him from the settled purpose of conferring their civil privileges upon them. It was a grand thing to say he was afraid of civil war. It had its effect upon fools and dotards, and furnished him with a *pretext* for doing that very thing, which, had there been the least ground for his apprehension, he would have cut off his right hand

sooner than have recommended.—But, does not all this only show that events have been overruled by Providence? Results have been produced by the folly of our agitators, and the infatuation of our enemies, which no wisdom or foresight on our part could have rendered probable. May the same Almighty Power still continue to preside over our affairs, and may we, with humble gratitude, learn to estimate the value of his divine protection!

I have now, I trust, shewn how the measure which it was apprehended would have ruined us as a sect, and weakened us as a party, was granted in a manner and under circumstances which increased and consolidated our political and religious importance. If it found us strong, it has made us stronger. But that is not all, or even half. Whilst it promoted union and confidence among us, it has caused divisions, and carried dismay, among our adversaries. This I shall now proceed to explain to you.

The Duke of Wellington and Mr Peel were, you know, regarded as the heads of the Tory party. They were distinguished, during their whole political lives, by hostility to our claims. They both went out of office when Mr Canning became premier, because they would not act under a prime minister who was a powerful and determined advocate of Emancipation, although Mr Canning had pledged himself not to make that measure a cabinet question, and would have left his colleagues free and unshackled to oppose or support it as they pleased. Well, they contrived to cripple and embarrass him during the short-lived period of his power, and, in the end, broke his heart. That brilliant declaimer may be said, literally, to have fallen a victim to their hostility and his own ambition. He was succeeded by a weakling who was as amiable as a man as he proved imbecile as a Minister: a friend, also, to our claims; but from that very circumstance altogether incapable of accomplishing any thing for us. Had either Canning or Lord Goderich remained in power to this hour, we should have been still in bondage. But it pleased Him who ruleth on high so to order things

here below, that what we never could have obtained from our friends, we obtained from our enemies. There is an old proverb which says that "no enemy can match a friend." This our adversaries were doomed to prove; while for us was reserved the happier experience of its converse, namely, that no friend can match an enemy. The Duke of Wellington came into power with the loud acclaim of the Protestant party, who regarded him as a leader by whom their intolerance should be rendered as triumphant in the cabinet as the arms of England were in the field. But how little did they know what awaited them! And, truly, I may also add, how little did he know what awaited him! In a word, he deceived their hopes,—he abused their confidence. Their own chosen champion defeated the intolerants;—and the same act which wrecked his party and ruined himself, struck the chains off the hands of the liberated millions of Catholic Ireland! Yes, our emancipation would have been but half accomplished if it had been brought about by the Whigs. The Tory, or conservative party, as they are called, would still have existed in their unbroken strength, and have been able to oppose the most serious obstacles to those ulterior views, with reference to which alone faithful believers have ever looked with any degree of earnestness to the removal of civil disabilities. But when the same act which consummated our political hopes, annihilated, or almost annihilated, the faction which could alone effectually contend against us in our pious endeavours for the re-establishment of our ad-  
 elcent ascendancy; when our exaltation was not more sudden or complete, than their humiliation was unexpected and disastrous, how is it possible to refuse our assent to the conviction, that the same power which led the Israelites through the Wilderness, and caused them to pass dry-shod through the Red Sea, while overwhelming destruction awaited their oppressors, was visible in the great deliverance which was now vouchsafed to his persecuted Church, and in the prodigious discomfiture which was visited upon her heretical enemies!

The Duke betrayed his party; and nothing less should be expected by him than that his party should have deserted him. And yet, I think, if he apprehended *that*, to the extent that it has actually taken place, even his iron nerves would have shrunk from the consequences. He *hoped*, perhaps, that, after a season, the resuscitation of his old followers would have passed away; that they would have had reason to acknowledge the ridiculous nature of the apprehensions which they entertained of popish influence; or, if any such apprehension appeared likely to be realized, that they would have been rallied under his standard by a sense of common danger. But he reckoned without his host. The Tories, to do them justice, were deeply sincere in their abhorrence of popery, (as the poor deluded creatures are wont to call true religion,) and were stung by the Duke's treachery to a degree of madness which rendered them reckless of every consideration but that of revenge. To hurl him from power seemed now the summit of their ambition, without any regard to ulterior consequences. The vindictive creatures resembled the insects of whom the poet has said, "ponunt in vulnere vitas." They succeeded in their object. The Duke was compelled to resign; and the consequence was, the promotion of an exclusively Whig administration. Lord Grey, who assumed the reins of power, felt himself without that customary support without which, as the constitution at present stands, the affairs of government cannot be carried on; and, although a most haughty aristocrat, and pledged by a declaration that he would "stand by his order," has been compelled, no doubt most unwillingly, to court popular support by proposing a measure of legislative reform, the most sweeping and radical that ever was entertained by a British Parliament. Oh! my friend, how delightful is it to see the different parties in the heretical State all pursuing courses so directly favourable to the very cause to which any of them would least desire to be subservient! Their hostility to our Holy Church has not been neutralized merely by their insane divisions:—it has been rendered fatal to themselves. Should the mediated

reform take effect, how can the monarchy stand?—and with the monarchy must go the Church of England.—And who, in truth, are the reformers? None other than the intolerants, whose hatred of the Duke for what they called his base desertion of them in bringing in the Catholic bill, caused them to help the Whigs to the possession of power; which sooner than relinquish, these children of sordid emolument and sedition are prepared to plunge the country into civil war.

The interest which this great question excites at the present moment is not to be described. The King has been induced to declare himself in favour of reform; and this has made even the loyalty of England take part with those who, under other circumstances, would be denounced as public enemies. The name of royalty has on this occasion been made use of for the purpose of undermining the throne; as the name of religion has been used on other occasions for the purpose of overturning the altar!

These providential arrangements, (for such they assuredly are) will become the more manifest when it is considered, that not only if Canning had remained in power, emancipation would not have been granted, but, had he not died, reform could not have taken place. His removal from office was not more necessary for the one purpose, than his removal from existence was for the other. *And for both, God bless them, we are indebted to the precious Tories!* Had Canning lived, the very Whigs who are now endeavouring to retain office by means of reform, (surely they have been visited with "a strong delusion" by which they have been made "to believe a lie,") WOULD HAVE COME WITH POWER PLEDGED AGAINST IT! His death, therefore, was absolutely essential to the acceleration of more coming events which are to herald the re-establishment of true religion. The Whigs have now attained office, but it is morally certain that they cannot retain it one hour

after the floodgates of democracy have been opened upon the constitution. Whoever may succeed them will be the creatures of the mob, and must conform in all things to the supreme will and pleasure of what is in mockery termed the majesty of the people. In a word, Old England, the mother and the protectrix of heresies, will have come to an end,—and new England, reformed England, will commence a career of revolution and anarchy, which, if any human penalties could atone for inexpressible offences, would serve as a propitiation for the guilt of her damnable apostasy, and her cruel persecution of the Church of God, with which the Inquisition itself might be satisfied.

These, my friend, are a few of "the signs of the times" in this country. Upon the continent I am compelled to believe that things wear a different aspect. But, be comforted. You may rest assured that if we are enabled, by the divine assistance, to accomplish the objects upon which our hearts are set, the Catholic Church will receive a reinforcement, by the aid of which she will be enabled to defy all her adversaries. She may be persecuted; but she is not forsaken;—she may be cast down, but she is not destroyed. She may be deserted by hollow friends; she may be beleaguered by insulting enemies; the Evil One may storm and rage, and hell enlarge itself beyond measure against her; but faith must be dead within us if we abandon the belief that she is still under His providential care *who can convert stumbling-blocks into stepping-stones*, and cause the very hostility which is directed against his holy religion to contribute more directly and more effectually to its establishment, than any plans of merely human contrivance. From what has been already said, I think the truth is tolerably evident;—it will be more so when you are more particularly instructed in the internal condition of Ireland. For the present, farewell.

T. K.

## LETTER II.

MY DEAR FRIEND,  
You are now instructed respecting those *external arrangements*, as I

may call them, relating to the Church in this country, by which serious obstacles to its extension and establish-

ment have been removed. You have seen that it was redeemed from a state of bondage; and *that* in such a manner, that what has been already done for it only opens a vista to what may yet be expected. Catholic emancipation, instead of a final settlement, was but the foundation for new claims, and the earnest of new concessions, which shall, please God, only terminate in the triumphant establishment of our religion in all the plenitude of its ancient glory. The events that I have already sketched may shew you that my expectations are not altogether visionary; still less will they be so considered when we come to view the *internal arrangements*, which will, I trust, be perceived to be the exact counterparts of what have been described, and that the former do not more completely afford facilities for the attainment of that ecclesiastical aggrandizement which is in prospect, than the latter enable our Church to profit by them.

In the first place, hold it in mind, that the government of this Protestant empire bears almost the whole expense of the maintenance and education of our candidates for holy orders. Just imagine how a proposition of that kind, on the part of heretics, would be received at Rome, and you will have some idea of the stuff that our "*liberality*" is made of! But do not, I pray you, abuse a term, which, in this instance at least, is of such immense importance to the interests of true religion. The college of Maynooth, where our young men are educated, is a purely eleemosynary institution. It is supported by an annual parliamentary grant; and was established at a time when Bonaparte was master of the continent, and when it was apprehended such of our people as went abroad for education might return infected by French principles. It was also hoped, that by being educated at home, a feeling of gratitude and loyalty would be produced, which would more than compensate for the expense which was thus saddled upon the country.

When you remember the creed of England, and the laws which were at that time in force, you may judge of the consistency of the government in thus giving a positive establishment (for our religion *was*, from that mo-

ment, subordinately established) to a Church which was believed to maintain errors that were damnable and idolatrous. They thus deliberately sacrificed what they affected to believe to be the spiritual interests of the people, to considerations of state policy. If *they* were right in their opinion, *we* were wrong in ours; and if we were wrong, however we may have been *tolerated*, we should not have been *encouraged* in our errors; much less, furnished with the only means of disseminating them amongst the people! But thus it was that the Lord blinded the understandings of his enemies! And I can promise you that there was in this case no departure from the usual result of such unhallowed policy,—for *in them it was* unhallowed. I never yet knew an instance where religion was sacrificed to the exigencies of state, and where the exigencies of state were really answered by such a sacrifice. I need not tell you that the principles inculcated at Maynooth are not more favourable to the British government than those which are taught on the continent. I need not tell you that the attachment of our clergy to their own religion is not less strong, or that *their* hatred of an heretical and intrusive establishment is not less inveterate, because they are subsisted upon an eleemosynary fund, extorted from mistaken liberality, and furnished in the foolish hope of making their civil conflict with their spiritual allegiance. No, my friend, your brethren in Ireland have not so learned to *put off* Christ. Nor have we, for one moment, by any act or declaration for which we are responsible, suffered the government of the country to be deceived upon this subject. We have uniformly professed, and uniformly acted upon the profession, *that our civil is subordinate to our spiritual allegiance*. Such is their stolidity, that they have saved us the trouble of any mental reservation. And if that were the case in the day of our humiliation, what may not be expected, when, to use the language of the fanatic regicide, "The Lord has delivered them into our hands?"

The period, too, at which this establishment was founded is worthy of being held in mind. The penal disabilities had been relaxed to a

degree that permitted our people to enjoy all the substantial blessings of the constitution. The fields of trade and commerce were thrown open to them, as were also the liberal professions, the army, the navy, the practice of medicine and the bar. At this particular period, a spurious liberality and a profane hardihood of enquiry led many, who had, previously, been dutifully submissive to the commands of the church, to doubt of her divine authority, and even to have recourse to Holy Scripture for the purpose of ascertaining how far her pretensions were sanctioned by the word of God. Profane and absurd temerity! As if that which would not have been received unless *she* bore witness to it, was to be erected into a standard by which *she* herself was to be judged! As if, while it was acknowledged that upon her testimony alone the Scriptures were received, it could with any shew of reason be pretended, that, upon *their* testimony alone, *she* should be rejected! But so it was. Our people began to exhibit symptoms of heretical pravity, such as, in more favoured countries, would have caused them to be handed over to the secular power. It was no uncommon thing to see Catholics of the better class frequent attendants upon Protestant places of worship. Not a few of that description made a formal renunciation of what they blasphemously called "the errors of the Church of Rome;"—and, had the penal laws been *at that time* completely repealed, I should have trembled for the consequences! But, thank God, they remained in force just sufficient to make it *a point of honour* with numbers not to desert what was still reputed to be a persecuted sect, who in no one respect paid the slightest regard to any of its sacred ordinances. Truly, my friend, if the disabilities and persecutions, when at their height, were wellnigh crushing us, the slender remnants of them which then subsisted were our only preservatives against annihilation. They were the plank, as it were, which saved us from being overwhelmed in the ocean of liberalism by which we were surrounded. Well—but I must not digress from the point in hand.

From what has been said you may well imagine the *better classes* furnished but few candidates for holy orders. Indeed, my friend, with grief I speak it, a Roman Catholic gentleman, at the period to which I allude, would as soon have thought of bringing up his son to be a conjurer as to be a priest! Formerly the ranks of our ministry were well supplied from the gentle blood of Catholic Ireland! and there was no family in the country, not even the highest, who would not have felt proud of having given a son to the service of the sanctuary. At that time no one could be educated for our ministry who was not in circumstances which permitted him to visit the continent as a gentleman, and to receive a liberal education. But, such was the decay either of zeal, or of orthodoxy, or of inclination to be set apart for the service of God, at the time to which I have particularly directed your attention, that, if Providence had not interfered in an extraordinary way on our behalf, the services of religion must have been altogether neglected; there could not, humanly speaking, have been found a body of clergy by whom its holy rites might be duly and officiently administered in the land. Was it not, then, especially important, that in proportion as the supply of regularly educated ecclesiastics was withheld on one side, it should be furnished on another;—that, in proportion as our own gentry deserted us, Protestant liberality should have afforded us the means and the opportunity of making our lower orders supply their place;—of preventing, in fact, a dearth of Catholic ministers, without whose aid the Catholic religion would have become extinct in Ireland? Indeed, my friend, it was. Herein I recognise a peculiar providence. Had things been suffered to take their natural course, our gentry and traders would have been absorbed by the acquisition of wealth and the pursuit of honour; and the bulk of the people would have been ill disposed to tax themselves for the cost of an establishment such as that at Maynooth. It was then most important, that at this critical period we should have been enabled, by the bounty of an heretical Parlia-

ment, to do what we either could not or would not have done for ourselves. When our Church was being deserted by her own unnatural children, her continuity and permanency were effectually provided for by those whom she has ever considered outcasts and aliens! The same liberalism which caused the defection of our friends, enabled us to obtain assistance from our enemies! In a word,—we were visited by a drought, under the influence of which we must have perished, had not our considerate Protestant Government presented us with a royal patent filtering machine, which enabled us to obtain, even from the sewers and the puddles, water enough to supply our necessities! But is their heresy less a heresy, because it has thus, unwittingly, contributed to the preservation of the Church of God? Assuredly not. If we profit by the errors, we know the *motives* of our enemies;—and we will, when the opportunity presents itself, requite them, as in duty bound, not according to their acts, but according to their intentions. Should the Israelites have been very grateful to Balaam for the benediction which he pronounced upon them?—Did they not know that he came forth to curse, and that he was under an overruling influence, “when, lo! he blessed them altogether?”

Thus were we saved not only from our enemies, but *by* our enemies! Our Church was preserved to contend against Irish heresy;—how? By the heresy of Ireland. This is, indeed, the Lord’s doing, and it should be marvellous in our eyes! But you may, perhaps, imagine, that the supply of clergy, which was thus obtained, however sufficient in point of numbers, was inferior in point of education and condition to those who used formerly to officiate in our ministry. You are right. They *are* inferior in these respects;—but, I am prepared to shew you, that *that* very circumstance peculiarly qualifies them for the services which they have at present to perform. In fact, *no gentleman* could act or feel, as they are required to feel and to act. A sympathy with the lower orders, from whom they spring, almost approaching to an antipathy to the upper classes, is an indispensable requisite

in the character of a Catholic priest in Ireland. A most important part of the business of our clergy is, to keep alive in the minds of the people a keen sense of insults which are no longer endured, and of injuries which are no longer inflicted. We must fill them with a resentful jealousy and distrust, as the only means of guarding them against heretical contamination. The Irish are naturally affectionate and warm-hearted; and their very virtues would dispose them to entertain favourable impressions of those who so plausibly profess to be solicitous both for their temporal and eternal welfare, and who come, as the Apostle prophetically describes them, seeking, “with all manner of deceivableness,” “to pervert the right ways of the Lord.” To encounter antagonists such as these, the old *gentlemanly* priests were no more fitted, than spaniel dogs are fitted to contend against wolves or tigers. They were a kindly, easy, good-natured, peace-loving race, who did very well for the time in which they lived, when the great object was to lull suspicion, and to live, as far as in them lay, peaceably with all men. The Church was then in the attitude of a suppliant, and nothing better became it “than modest stillness and humility;”—and when these qualities were accompanied by manners which were touchingly simple, and an education and condition which claimed, if not reverence, at least respect, every thing practicable in the then state of things was accomplished. A political or even a polemical priest would be regarded as a nuisance, or denounced as a traitor. But a different class of men is now required. *The Church is no longer a suppliant.* She has been enabled to take a lofty attitude, and stands erect in the empire. She has, besides, a *political* as well as a religious part to support; and her future prospects depend as much upon the skill and the ability with which she acts in the one character, as upon the integrity with which she perseveres in the other. We were, therefore, furnished with a mild and inoffensive priesthood, as long as it suited our policy to appear unobtrusive and meek;—we are furnished with a bold and intrepid priesthood, now that it is expedient that we should appear formi-

dable. Our priesthood consisted of gentlemen, when the Protestant clergy and gentry were to be conciliated;—now that intimidation is the order of the day, they are formed of rougher materials. They were thankful, retiring, most submissive to the governing authorities, as long as these authorities seemed resolutely bent upon the support of an intrusive Church, and acted towards us upon a principle which recognised the broad destruction between establishment and toleration;—they are craving, forward, turbulent, and ambitious, and lose no opportunity of exhibiting their contempt for the powers that be, now that that destruction has been abandoned, and that we are treated as though we were already established, and that the Church of England is treated as though she were already deposed. Do you not see in these things a providential adjustment of a priesthood to circumstances, such as surpasses merely human wisdom? To me it would seem as absurd to say that the liver or the heart were placed by accident in the human body, as that accident governed that combination of events to which we owe the establishment of Maynooth in Ireland!

How unfitted the old priests would be for the peculiar circumstances of this country at present, may appear from the examples of the few of them who still survive, and are employed as parish ministers. *They are almost all, invariably, on good terms with the Protestant clergymen, and not unfrequent visitants in the houses of their Protestant neighbours!* Verily, their talk is, peace, peace, when there should be no peace. Peace, in order to prevent, I suppose, the unconditional submission of our heretical enemies! What a state we should be in if we were abandoned to their aid or their counsels! No. A different sort of men are now required, and a different sort of men we have. And we know how to manage these gentry too; wherever we discover any of them weakly

charitable, or foolishly conciliatory, we have only either to threaten or to send a curate from Carlow or Maynooth, to act as viceroy over him.

You are, perhaps, startled at the wildness of our proceedings. Recollect that we have already a majority of Irish members, who, as they value their seats, must be our obedient servants in the Imperial Parliament. Believe me that we know what we are about, and the ground upon which we stand. Let the Minister who dares to speak of us in any other language than that of respect, beware how he provokes our indignation. As a proof (for I know your caution and timidity, and that you will not be easy without one) that we have not gone too far, I need only mention that the Bishop of Kildare and Loughlin, Dr Doyle, lately published a pamphlet in which the tithes system is denounced, and in which he expresses a hope that the hatred of the people towards it "will be as eternal as their love of justice." The consequence of this was manifest in resistance even to blood, to the demands of the heretical clergy. But was this blood visited upon him? Did he incur any blame for the massacres which occurred, when the peasantry, in pursuance of his advice, opposed themselves, with violence, to the execution of the law? No such thing. The whole odium was cast upon those who sought to enforce the execution of the law: nothing seemed farther from the government than the intention of imputing any blame to Dr Doyle; and the Secretary for Ireland, in his place in Parliament, took occasion to pronounce a public panegyric upon his genius and his virtues! This will, I hope, satisfy you that we have not as yet gone too far. When you are farther informed respecting our actual condition, you will be abundantly satisfied that discretion presides over our affairs, and that we only adopt a vigorous policy when the wisest measures are the boldest and most decisive. Adieu. T. K.

### LETTER III.

MY DEAR FRIEND,  
From what I have already written, you must have seen reason to believe

that circumstances have hitherto miraculously favoured the progress of our divine religion in this country;



and that we are almost equally indebted to the infatuation of the Government, the favour of our friends, and the hatred of our enemies. To what do we owe the establishment of Maynooth? To the hope that, by giving us a domestic education, dangerous prejudices would be removed; and that we might not, during the prevalence of Jacobin principles, have any intercourse with the continental universities. Such was the profundity of British statesmen!—They gave us a domestic education just then when we could not afford to get a foreign one; and thus recruited the deserted ranks of our ministers by a supply of able ecclesiastics, *just when they were most wanted, and precisely of the kind that were at that most critical period indispensable for the vineyard of the Lord!* As to the wise precaution against Jacobin principles, it is a notorious matter of fact, that they have never been so prevalent as *since the establishment of Maynooth*; and that the only portion of our clergy who are perfectly free from them, are the clergy who have been educated abroad, and who have had an opportunity of seeing their fruits! It might, one should have thought, have occurred to our rulers here, that Jacobinism is only plausible upon paper—that it is in *its principles* it is attractive; in its wild and delusive theory of the rights of man; but that the instant it becomes operative and practical, its most infatuated votaries can be no longer blinded. The horrors to which it leads are so appalling, that many of its thorough-going disciples have been driven, by a kind of recoil, from the precipice to which it conducted them, and become, for the remainder of their lives, the staunchest friends of social order. Now this was the case with many of our old priests, who, I assure you, were the best friends the Government had during the late rebellion. There are some of them still living, who, to this day, receive pensions for the services which, on that occasion, they were considered to have performed for the country! But, in the teeth of these facts, what do the Government? Why, they establish a seminary where Jacobinism (just of that character, and to that degree which may answer our purposes) may be learned in

theory, and in a country where there is yet no sufficient opportunity for seeing it in practice! And this, in order that it should not be learned where the living tragedy of its actual horrors would have caused men to renounce it as the eldest born of Hell! Was there ever such infatuation! But such is the fact! Jacobinism has been *adopted and mutilated* amongst ourselves, under circumstances which do not suffer it to revolt the feelings of our young men, and which render it impossible for a supine and impious community of heretics to discover, under its specious generalities, and its glozing plausibilities, the mine that is prepared for their destruction! This is a bold perspective picture. You will say, perhaps, it is too bold. But be not alarmed. Be faithful and fear not. *The principles which they themselves have sown will open to the ruin of our adversaries—the horrors to which they will give rise, will operate for the preservation of faithful believers.* “They have sown the wind, and they will reap the whirlwind.” Their Church and State have long cherished within them the seeds of decay, and must fall; a reaction will then take place *in our favour*; and the very miseries of the country will lead to the consolidation and security of our once more triumphant Church, which, as was said by the poet of the city from which she takes her name,

“ Per damna, per cades, ut ipsa  
Ducit opes minimeque serbo.”

To what have we been indebted for Emancipation? To a foolish expectation on the part of our adversaries that our civil would lead to what was called our religious liberty!—that by becoming free citizens, we should cease to be faithful Christians! Has this expectation been answered? Verily no, nor ever will be. Our Church will, for the future, be preserved as effectually from the *crafts* as it has hitherto been from the *assaults* of the Devil. Our guarantee secures us not less against fraud than against violence. And our designing enemies may yet find, to their cost, “that in the sure that they had laid for others, were they themselves taken.” Our system, my reverend brother, works well. Witness the recent

conversion of that most erudite young nobleman, Lord Mount-Stewart—as also, of that richly beneficed English clergyman, a near relation of one of the present Cabinet Ministers. But we are not desirous to blazon these things abroad. It is enough that they occur now and then, to excite the wonder of the public, and fill the imagination of the vulgar. We are not as yet in a condition to profit by them as we may profit by them hereafter. The lever has not as yet been securely fixed, by which we may be enabled to move the world. Depend upon it, however, that the Crescent must yield to the Cross. The kingdom of Satan is coming to an end; and the time is not far distant when “the knowledge of the Lord shall cover the earth as the waters cover the sea.”

And not the least important of the circumstances that at present favour us, is this, that the Protestants themselves are so divided that we are always, and under any circumstances, able to calculate upon a powerful party as our steadfast friends; even over and above the number who consider themselves specially retained by us in the Imperial Parliament. The liberals, who ridiculed, as an antiquated folly, unworthy of serious refutation, the notion that we should ever again lift up our heads as a prosperous sect, or evince the least degree of intolerance, feel themselves bound, in common consistency, to defend us from any charges of that kind, as often as they are made; and, when facts of a startling nature are alleged against us, authenticated by evidence that cannot be gainsaid, they are sure of carrying the audience along with them by saying, that “for one such instance in which our influence is abused, there are ten in which it is used for the good of the country.”

But, methinks I hear you say, “Why should your influence be abused in *any* instance? Why excite suspicions which may not be easily allayed, or provoke resentment which may not be speedily relinquished? Is it not better to go on cautiously and quietly until?”——. My friend, I understand you; but you do not yet understand us. We have a very complicated game to play in this country. We must bribe the people

by indulgence in a little violence,—and the more zealous of the priesthood by conniving at a little seditious vehemence, as well as impose upon the Government by that plausible exterior of dutiful acquiescence in their wishes, which has hitherto served our purposes so well, and converted *them* into our slaves, while they supposed that we were *their* servants. Besides, how should we exhibit our power if there was not occasionally an outbreak of sedition which gave us an opportunity of magnifying our office, by appearing as the pacificators of Ireland? Rest assured, therefore, that no indiscretion, with which we have as yet been chargeable, has been without its use. You will find, upon enquiry, in every instance, that it has either increased our power, by giving confidence to our followers, or diminished our difficulties, by scattering amongst our enemies dismay or delusion.

Maynooth, as I told you, is the seed-bed of our ministry. Without it we could not have got on. It was established at a period when there was not zeal enough, either religious or political, to raise the contributions by which it might be supported. There was then no Catholic rent. Indeed if it were not for the kind of influence exercised by the description of clergy which it has sent into the country, the Catholic rent never could have been collected. It was, therefore, most important as an organ for furnishing Ireland with a *political priesthood*—a priesthood separated from the gentry by a wide line of demarcation, and identified with the bulk of the people. In feelings, in principles, in manners, in habits, in sympathies, in antipathies, in the precise character and extent of their erudition, in their acquisitions, in their deficiencies, they are, to a nicety, the very description of persons, without whose aid nothing important could, at present, be done for the regeneration of our apostolical Church, and the re-establishment of our holy religion. But that is not all. *Maynooth contributes largely to the supply of the North American priesthood.* The Yankees are not a religious people. With all their liberality, *they* never would have done for the faithful amongst us, what our Protestant Government has done for

the faithful amongst them. Indeed, Catholics in America seem at present infected with the same latitudinarianism which prevailed in this country about the period of the French revolution. It is difficult to raise amongst them a sufficient sum of money to keep our chapels in repair, or enable our clergy to subsist in comfort. The thing could scarcely be done at all if it were not for the annual supply of our emigrants. As long as that was large, it more than compensated for the numbers whom we lost by perversion. I begin, however, now to have some fears for the state of transatlantic Catholicity; or, indeed, I should rather say, for the fate of the unhappy country which may, through its folly or for its sins, be deprived of its blessed influence. The character of the Irish emigrations has of late years considerably altered. *The Protestants are now going in shoals from us, while the Catholics are clinging to their native soil.* Now this is good for us;—it confirms all that I have been hitherto telling you respecting our prospects at home;—but I need not add, it is bad for America. That country will not, as usual, be supplied with true believers, whose new zeal served to counteract the encroachments of heresy, and to keep up the temperature of true religion. I would, therefore, beg leave to recommend it most especially to your care. And while you rejoice, as you must rejoice, at what is doing here, leave nothing, I beseech you, undone by which the evil to be apprehended there may be averted.

In thus calling your attention to the state of religion in America, I am not, be assured, intermeddling in a matter that does not very intimately concern ourselves. You know that if we have given that country many priests, *we have got from it some bishops;*—and you can easily understand how important it is that we should have amongst us a few dignitaries who have received a republican education. We are then enabled to keep up a connexion with America, which, if I am not greatly deceived in my prognosis of coming events, will not appear the least curious or beautiful of the divine arrangements. We have contributed to keep alive in America a hatred of

England. America has contributed to enkindle amongst us a love of freedom. We have supplied them with the means of keeping up true religion; they will yet supply us with the means of accomplishing national independence. I fancy that I see you lift up your eyes with astonishment. N'importe. All will yet be plain. *Οχι δὲν δε καὶ νῦν ὁραεῖται ὁ γὰρ.*

While I write, the Reform Bill has been rejected by the House of Lords. So much the better! We are not as yet in a condition fully to avail ourselves of all its advantages. As matters stand at present, we have quite as much power in the House of Commons as is necessary for the purposes in hand. We make the Government feel our importance;—and will cause them to solicit our acceptance of a stipend, which will almost entirely relieve us from dependence upon the voluntary oblations of the people. Not until we have got from them every thing which they can possibly give, will that change be expedient for us which the late project of reform meditated, and by which, if it should be adopted, the constitution must be essentially changed. England is at this moment agitated by a turbulent democracy, which has encroached upon the province both of the nobility and the crown. What will be the case when Boreas shall have, in good earnest, snatched his trident from the hand of Neptune? Will Britannia any longer “rule the waves?” She will scarcely be visible amongst the breakers!

Meanwhile, under cover of the confusion that prevails, we pursue our systematic designs without molestation. The Government are about to intrust to us what amounts to the exclusive patronage and control of a system of national education. They have already enabled us to educate our clergy; and it will go hard with us if we do not now raise up for them suitable congregations. But the plan is not as yet fully matured; and it would be idle to speak of its effects until we have it in actual operation.

It is, of course, absurd to suppose that a body of clergy who possess the means of influencing the return of a majority of Irish members, should not command great consideration in

the Imperial Parliament. We look, therefore, ultimately, to establishment as the religion of the state in this country;—but we are not anxious to precipitate a measure which might in some degree deprive us of the confidence of the people. Until they have obtained every thing which they can reasonably look for, we will not put forward our claims. They will then be put forward for us in a manner which cannot be resisted.

Ministers, I have reason to think, feel the obligations which they owe us. At their instance we forbore, on the late elections, to make our people demand from the candidate a pledge to support the repeal of the Union. Such a pledge the Ministers would have found in the highest degree inconvenient; and, I believe, there is no reasonable length to which they are not ready to go, in order to evince their sense of our forbearance. You will yourself see, that it would be imprudent, in the present state of our affairs, to make any stipulations which might appear to be of a selfish character. This we scrupulously avoid. But we have no objection to suffer them to shew their gratitude, by measures for the discountenance and depression of our adversaries.

And herein we found in them a readiness even to go beyond what we should have required. I will, in a future letter, enter more at large into the actual condition of the Protestant Clergy:—but the Church, as a Church, may be considered as absolutely repudiated by the state. Her condition is pitiable in the extreme. We are quiet lookers on; while she is condemned, sentenced, and about to be executed by her own children!

But can the thinking people of England, you will say, be blind to what must be the necessary consequences of our ascendancy in Ireland? The people of England, my dear friend, are this moment occupied by concerns of more pressing importance. Illuminated by the blazing edifices of their nobility, they are, with all philosophic earnestness, discussing the merits of the Reform Bill! A new light has, indeed, broken in upon this wise and reflecting people;—and, if we fail to profit by it, we shall deserve to wear, for the rest of our lives, the jangling ornament that at present adorns the brows of our —, and which he took in exchange for his diadem at the late coronation. Adieu. T. K.

#### LETTER IV.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

You are, I trust, by this time, sufficiently convinced of the prosperity of the Catholic cause in Ireland; and feel satisfied that the intrusive Church must be built upon a foundation of adamant if she can withstand the combined attack which we are preparing for her. But, in truth, she is as feeble as we are formidable;—and the circumstances to which we owe our strength are not more remarkable than those in which she must recognise her weakness. Both are equally indicative of that overruling Providence which has assigned its date to error, and ordained that truth, and truth alone, shall be eternal. Proceed we now to this branch of our lofty argument.

The first seed of decay which I notice in the system of the Church of England is, that no sufficient provision has been made for the professional education of its ecclesiastics. The heretic Cranmer intended

that the spoil of the monasteries should be appropriated, in part, to the endowment of diocesan colleges, which should be peculiarly dedicated to the cultivation of church learning, and which might also serve to encourage those professional habitudes of thought and feeling without which there can be no real incorporation of the clergy, such as should cause them to feel as different members of the same body. The necessity for this Cranmer foresaw;—but it was beyond his power to accomplish a project which might, had it taken effect, have given a permanency to error that might have rendered heresy inveterate. Fraud and violence were, accordingly, suffered to prevail; and religion, or what was called religion, was starved, that the rapacity of the King and his nobles might be pampered. The consequence of this is, that there is no standard of theology amongst the clergy of the Church of England. Able divines, no doubt,

are to be occasionally found amongst them; but the theology of the clergy as a body is just that which each individual picks up for himself; and is determined more by taste, or feeling, or fancy, or accident, than by the steady prosecution of an universally recognised and well-digested system. Hence, various opinions, under the same denomination; almost opposite heresies, within the same church,—and all, with seemingly equal plausibility, claiming the authority of her canons and articles on behalf of their incompatible pretensions! “*If Satan, therefore, be divided against Satan, how shall his kingdom stand!*”

The next point worthy of attention is, that no provision whatever has been made for the religious education of the gentry in the universities. I do not, of course, mean to say that they are not required to attend church. But I do say, and I would be judged by any twelve candid Englishmen whose opinions derive weight from experience, that the religious formalities of the Protestant colleges in the country are far from being effective for training the rising generation “in the way they should go,” or impressing upon them any peculiar veneration for the Church by law established. Indeed I am prepared to shew, if necessary, that some of the strongest prejudices with which the Church of England has to contend, have been imbibed in those very seats of learning, one of the most important objects of which should be to furnish her with able defenders. The youth are not duly instructed in her peculiar doctrines. Her peculiar character is not held before them. They are not sufficiently informed of those grounds of preference by reason of which she claims a superiority over other sects. She is held forth to their veneration merely because she is the handmaid of the state, instead of its being impressed upon them that she is the handmaid of the state because she is pre-eminently worthy of their veneration. Studies of a character altogether different engross the chief part of their attention; that is, when they do attend to any serious studies at all;—and when dogs and horses, cards and dice, are not their sole or principal occupation. Now, what

attachment can a laity thus brought up have to their national Church? None whatever. They look upon it merely as one among the many sects of Protestantism to which England; the fruitful mother of heresies, has given birth; and would consider it unworthy the liberality of their age and country to make any marked distinction between them.

I need not tell you that such is not the case with us, either as regards our clergy or laity. The first are scarcely instructed in any thing beyond their profession, in order that all their time and thoughts may be devoted to “the one thing needful.” And we make it a point, as far as we have the power of so doing, that our laity shall be just so far interested in matters pertaining to our Church, as may cause them to feel that “*nostra res agitur*,” whenever its privileges become matter of discussion, or its doctrines topics of argument.

Our clergy, as I have mentioned, are chiefly drawn from the lower orders. *But they are the best of the lower orders.* Has any poor man a child, who is distinguished beyond his other children, for sobriety, piety, love of learning, &c.—he is set apart for the ministry. It is not difficult for him in this country to obtain the requisite instruction in classical learning which may qualify him for admission into the institutions at Maynooth or Carlow, and which may be obtained upon due application to the bishop or some of the principal clergy, who thus exercise a species of patronage which gives them no small consideration in the eyes of the people.

• Into these seminaries they enter with the single view of becoming priests; and they pursue the studies requisite for that purpose with a concentrated earnestness of attention, which cannot be even conceived by those who contrive to make their qualification for the ministry incidental merely to the pursuit of some other more engrossing object. How many of the clergy of the Church of England, at present, are individuals who betook themselves to the sacred profession, after they had failed in, or were tired of, some secular calling; and with no greater preparation for holy orders, than they had contrived, by a thrifty economy, to

make during their progress through the University—and thus find, generally speaking, that they are not behind their contemporaries in either the skill or the knowledge that is required for exercising their new craft with profit or with eclat. But with us these things are not so. Our clergy are those who, from early childhood, have been marked out for the sacred office; and who, from their youth up, have received a training such as peculiarly qualifies them for entering upon it with advantage. They are men whose attention has been confined to *one* pursuit, not dissipated over *several*; and whose acquisitions all have a direct or an indirect bearing upon the great cause to which they are devoted. Whatever be the capacity of any one of our clergy, we contrive to make him *predominantly* professional, by so confining his attention to professional topics, that the sum total of his knowledge upon other subjects may bear but a small proportion to his polemical acquirements. The very reverse of this takes place amongst our adversaries;—and their wisest and most learned men are, generally speaking, wise and learned much more as pertains to the things of this world than of the next, and pride themselves much more upon their classical, historical, or scientific attainments, than upon their proficiency in the knowledge of divine things, in comparison with which every other species of human learning is mere “hay and stubble.”

But the most important point of distinction between the orthodox and the heretical clergy in this country, is, that *we* put the Church where *they* put the gospel. We make the gospel but an instrument for the exaltation of the Church; they make the Church but an instrument for the publication of the gospel. You may easily conceive the immense advantage of our position in this respect. In the first place, all our clergy must, necessarily, be good churchmen; they must recognise the supreme authority of one living and divinely appointed commentator upon holy writ, and yield to his commands the most implicit obedience;—while our adversaries are divided according to their several whims or fancies; and their real regard for the Church to which

they belong, does not extend beyond their positive assurance that its existence is indispensable for the interests of true religion. And that this assurance is rarely afforded, you may easily collect from what has been already said respecting the deficiencies of their professional education. In fact, upon this, as upon every other important subject, they are divided. Their High Churchmen of the present day merely approve of the Church as a political institute;—their Low Churchmen disapprove of it as a religious incumbrance.

Who is right or who is wrong, in thus subordinating the gospel to the Church, cannot, my dear friend, be a question between you and me; but as little, I deem it, can it be a question who has the advantage in the position which we respectively occupy—our people, who must acknowledge the authority of the Church of Rome, *preparatory* to their being Christians; or our adversaries, who conceive that they may be Christians, while yet they are very indifferent about the Church of England. No pains, as I before told you, are here taken to shew—even if it could be shewn—that the Church, as by law established, is essential to the interests of true religion, or even very considerably conducive thereto; and, therefore, it never will be defended with the zeal with which we defend our system. We feel that all is lost if our Church is overturned. The decided overthrow of Catholicity in Christendom, (if I may presume for a moment to contemplate such an impossibility,) would not lead to Protestantism, but to infidelity. The Church—the Church by Christ established—is that which is always uppermost in the thoughts of true believers. They find it as difficult to separate its interests from those of “the faith once delivered to the saints,” as heretics to identify them together. And, if the alternative were proposed to them to-morrow, to choose the one and reject the other, I am as well persuaded *their* cry would be “perish the gospel, and live the Church,” as that the cry of the heretics, under similar circumstances, would be, “perish the Church, and live the gospel.”

Well, my friend, *we* will not part with the gospel while we preserve

the Church. Received as we receive it, with due submission to ecclesiastical authority; and interpreted, as we interpret it, in due conformity to the dictates of the apostolic see, it is by no means opposed to, but, on the contrary, altogether consistent with the doctrines of our holy religion; while our adversaries, having departed from the Church, may be said, also, to have departed from the gospel, for they reject the only guidance under which it could be truly understood. In sacrificing the Church, because of their attachment to the gospel, they are altogether unconscious that *they are sacrificing the gospel from their hatred to the Church.*

And long may they continue in that delusive state of self-confidence, which causes division amongst themselves as well as separation from the centre of Catholic unity. Thus may they best be eventually brought from the errors of their ways, and led to recognise, from the contemplation of the harmony which prevails amongst true believers, the only source of certainty and security in matters of faith and doctrine, by the meek and reverent submission to which men may have peace upon earth, and attain, after their mortal pilgrimage, the blessedness of heaven.

Our position here, therefore, is abundantly consolatory at present. It is surely a cause of grateful thanksgiving, that our adversaries should experience embarrassment and weakness from what might be supposed to give them strength, while we experience strength and confidence from what might be supposed to embarrass and impede us.

Of liberality upon the continent you have some reason to complain. And I fully agree with you, that the present state of our Church would be less deplorable, if the defection from the faith that has taken place carried men the *whole way* into infidelity, without suffering them to touch, on the road, at any of those resting-places where they become enamoured of the follies of some fantastical sect, and persuade themselves that, by becoming attached to it, they may still be Christians. Those who have been, in this way, inveigled from us, we rarely if ever reclaim,

while stark-staring infidels are very frequently re-converted—to be sure, in most instances upon the death-bed, but then, one such conversion is better than a dozen sermons. Besides, infidels, in this country at least, have been of amazing use to us. Without them, I do not think the Parliament would have ever passed the Catholic Bill; and, I assure you, their hatred of the heretical church exceeds that of true believers. They are known here by the name, of *liberal Protestants*; and you may be sure that we do not refuse to bid them “God speed,” when they volunteer to act as pioneers for the destruction of Protestant institutions.

There is, therefore, a wide difference between the meaning of the word “liberality” amongst us and amongst you; or rather, the different circumstances in which we are placed give it a different application. With you, it is anti-popish; with us, it is favourable to popery. With you, it is the mask under which infidels carry on their designs against true religion; with us, it is the mask under which the faithful, *who are for this one purpose in league with infidels*, carry on their designs against the Established Church. With you, it starves religion; with us, it feeds it. With you, it has deprived the Church of its own property; with us, it has taxed an heretical community for the purpose of educating our clergy, and is about to appropriate part of the revenues belonging to the heretical establishment for the purpose of conferring upon them a reputable independence. Therefore, say I, long live “LIBERALITY,” in the sense in which it is understood in Ireland.

And be assured, my friend, that the same guardian and providential care which has been extended over us will be extended over you. You will find yet, notwithstanding your present difficulties, that all things will work together for good. It should, surely, be a great consolation to you to be made acquainted with the sure and certain grounds upon which we calculate upon our speedy re-establishment in this country.

T. K.

## LETTER V.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I said in my last, that there was something in the discipline of the Church of England adverse to its stability. You shall judge. The patronage of the bishoprics and of the higher dignities is vested in the government, who also have the disposal of a vast number of the inferior preferments. The remainder are shared between the bishops and the lay impropriators. Now, we may lay it down as a certain truth, that the condition of the Church will be determined by the manner in which the patronage is employed. If it be conscientiously used, the Church must prosper;—if it be sacrilegiously abused, the Church must decay.

What, then, are the motives which influence the government in the choice of bishops? *For, as are the bishops, so will be the Church.* Are they appointed for political or for spiritual considerations? A man would here be laughed at who seriously asked such a question:—so notorious is it, that family connexion and parliamentary influence are the only passports to that lofty station! The consequence of this is, that in the Church of England real merit is overlooked, or scantily and inadequately rewarded; while individuals, by no means eminent either for learning, or piety, or talent, or eloquence are promoted, not only beyond their deserts, but despite their deficiencies, and without the slightest regard to those peculiar qualifications which can alone ensure a wise discretion in the management of ecclesiastical affairs. Now, the advantage which we derive from this is twofold. It excites a just clamour against the heretical Church from without, and it weakens its defences within. The same arts which fill its high places with incapables, augment the hatred and strengthen the hands of its enemies.

The bishops, you may be sure, follow the example that has been set them, and do unto others as the government has done unto them. Their best benefices are seldom conferred upon any one beyond the circle of their kinsfolk or acquaintance. Thus, from the top to the bottom, a system of partiality and persecution pre-

vails; such as, in the days of Luther, furnished the most plausible of the accusations which were levelled against our holy Church, and which, more than any thing else, contributed to the event miscalled the Reformation.

At present, when a man who is eminent either for learning, piety, zeal, or eloquence, begins to be professionally distinguished, the sons and relatives of the bishop, in whose diocese he is, immediately begin to take the alarm. They consider him as a kind of interloper, who is disposed to interfere with their legitimate claims, and nothing is left undone, which petty artifice and malevolence can accomplish, to injure him in the opinion of his diocesan, who, indeed, too frequently is disposed to view him in the same light; so that, as Shakspeare says, "his virtues are his enemies," and he soon begins to learn from experience, that "that which is comely" may "envenom him that bears it." He sees that the sycophant and the parasite thrive, while he is compelled to subsist upon a scanty pittance, scarcely sufficient to ward off actual famine from his wife and children!

It has, I know, been said, and it is thought by many sensible persons, that the *lay impropriations* are a great means of giving stability, and ensuring permanency, to this accursed system. I never have thought so; and least of all can I think so now. Of all the English Church preferments, the lay impropriations are the most notoriously and scandalously abused. The government sometimes, even the bishops sometimes, have regard to merit in their choice of rectors. They become ashamed of being influenced in every instance by sordid and unworthy motives, and they endeavour to gull the public, and at the same time throw a sop to their conscience, by sometimes promoting an honest man; but lay impropriators *never*. I say, therefore, that the part of the system that is most objectionable can never permanently uphold the rest. No CHURCH CAN EVER BE PROTECTED AGAINST ITS OWN ABUSES; and amongst the rottenest abuses of the Church of England, I look upon *lay impropriation*. I have no doubt the



individuals to whom they belong would like well to continue possessed of them, and must be blind indeed, if they do not see that their interest in this respect is linked inseparably with that of the Established Church. But if that Established Church be felt to be a public nuisance, not merely by us, but by Protestants also, from the manner in which its patronage is administered, to the neglect of those ends for which it was appointed, and to the scandal of true religion, the lay impropriators will find themselves in a miserable minority, if their temporal interests should inspire them with the hardihood to stickle for the continuance of such a system, in opposition to the judgment and the feelings of the community at large. Depend upon it, it cannot last; and the lay impropriators, so far from being a protection to it, are a dead weight, which must accelerate its downfall, and ensure its destruction.

Nor is this all—as soon as the Church tumbles, the lay impropriations must cease. We are acquainted with every acre of Church property which has thus undergone sacrilegious alienation; and, think you, that we shall be slow to put in our claims when the day of retribution comes? No, truly. If what was appropriated to *religious purposes* may be resumed,—much more, what was misappropriated to *secular purposes*. If churchmen, who perform spiritual duties in consideration of the possessions which they enjoy, may yet be deprived of those possessions;—much more those who perform no such spiritual duties. The lay impropriators reason right in saying, “our property is part and parcel of the property of the Church; let us, therefore, unite to defend it.” But we, also, reason rightly when we say, “you cannot defend the property of the Church; and, therefore, *a fortiori*, not your own possessions.” They are an engrafted shoot, which all the care that can be taken of them will not enable to survive the extinction of the parent stock. So may we pronounce, with at least equal certainty, of those vested interests which have been acquired out of the patrimony of the Church, and unity of which cannot be great—that of the property of which

they once constituted part and parcel, and which, if an heretical government had a right to alienate it for the support of heresy, the faithful may surely reclaim for the maintenance of true religion.

Now, compare all this with the practice which obtains among us in similar cases, and recognise our superiority. In our Church merit obtains its due reward. An able and efficient minister never is neglected. The curate, after a certain routine of service, if his conduct be approved of, is certain of becoming a parish priest;—and the parochial clergy, according to their merits, may entertain an equal expectation of being elevated to the mitre. But this is not all. We not only provide for our clergy according to their merits, but dispose of them according to their fitness. We endeavour, as far as in us lies, not only to give good things to good men, but to put proper men in proper places. This, as you may well suppose, gives us a prodigious advantage. It is a consideration which never enters into the mind of a Protestant patron, who only thinks of the living as a good thing for the favoured individual who is appointed to it. Now our only consideration is, whether the individual appointed is good enough for the living. Whenever a vacancy occurs, and before any promotion takes place in consequence of it, we consider all the circumstances of the case—the extent of the parish, its population, the different denominations of heresy that are to be found in it, what particular species at that time happens to be epidemic; how the people are divided into parties; the characters and abilities of the Protestant clergymen; the names and the dispositions of the principal Protestant gentry; it is unnecessary to tell you that we enquire very particularly into all those things, because you know that we are under obligation to make a regular return of them to the Holy See; and you may easily imagine the advantage which we thus acquire, in choosing the individual upon whose conduct in his sacred charge so many important consequences may depend, and who may so considerably either promote by his discretion, or injure by his inca-

capacity, the cause to which we are all so earnestly devoted.

You may be sure, therefore, that our flocks are not "scattered like sheep not having a shepherd." They are well attended and carefully preserved. Is there a doughty controversialist, some scatterer of pestilent heresies, in the neighbourhood? We are not slow to depute the cause of the Church to some champion who has been trained in polemical warfare, and with whom, if he should presume to break a lance, he is sure to come off worsted in the conflict. Is the charge of the Protestant congregation committed to some incompetent person, who from ignorance cannot, or from heedlessness will not, be a guide or a pattern to his flock? We take good care that our own people shall experience a striking contrast in that particular, and learn to appreciate the watchfulness and the ability of learned and laborious pastors.

Indeed I may say, that if our adversaries were disposed to imitate us in these particulars, they could not do so; such are the deficiencies in their professional education. If the government were as earnest as they are indifferent respecting the choice of good bishops; and the bishops as earnest as they are indifferent respecting the selection of good rectors, *they could not find them*—at least not without remodelling the whole system of their universities.

What a militia or a yeomanry is, as compared with the regular service, they are as compared with us. There is amongst them no "esprit du corps." Whatever zeal or ability, or professional devotedness they evince, arises out of the personal character of individuals, and not out of the training which they undergo. They are not content to act like our clergy, in due subordination to the interests of the system to which they belong. They are heady, violent, intractable, and wayward; and so absurdly violent in their attacks upon us, that I have often thought we were more indebted to the folly which thus exposes them to contempt, than to the controversial ability by which they are confounded.

But you will say, "these are all deficiencies so obvious that they must surely attract notice, and pro-

duce a remedy." They do, my friend, attract notice, and they have caused the suggestion of a remedy—but—a remedy worse than the disease!

The proposal which seems most popular at present is, a seizure of Church property, and the creation of a fund for increasing the stipends of the curates and inferior clergy; while those of the bishops, and of the clergy who hold the larger benefices, are diminished. Now this would only complete the ruin that threatens them from the evils already in existence. The only part of their system which works unexceptionably well, is that which is in the hands of the present race of curates and inferior clergy; who appear, indeed, to do them but justice, to have entered into the Church with single views, and who certainly do not owe their present appointments to secular considerations. As long as they subsist upon their *present footing*, there will always be a certain degree of activity and earnestness which keeps the system just alive, and compensates, in some measure, for the indolence and carelessness by which their more richly endowed brethren are distinguished. But let their stipends be increased so as to average even two hundred a-year, and from that moment their appointments will become worthy of the notice of many who at present despise them; and, whenever vacancies occur, they will be filled up from the same motives which influence the appointment of their bishops; and by just the same description of men, which causes the higher preferments to be felt at present as an incubus upon religion. Was I not right, therefore, in saying, that their remedy will be worse than the disease? In fact, it is no other than the most miserable quackery. Instead of applying themselves to the removal of a complaint that is *constituent*, they are content with attacking one of the *symptoms*!—and that in such a manner, that, instead of relieving, they must only aggravate the general malady!

Remedies no doubt have been suggested which would indeed have a tendency to prop this tottering Church, and enable it to endure a little longer. But there is not the

slightest chance of their being adopted. One of these consists in the appointment of ecclesiastical commissioners, for the purpose of recommending persons fit for the episcopal office to the King. If the commissioners were efficient, they might in this way prevent notoriously bad appointments;—and if they were so far successful as to ensure good ones, there is no saying how long the reign of heresy might not be perpetuated. But fear not; such a measure implies far too great an encroachment upon the patronage of the government ever to take place. The Church in this country has always been used for the convenience of the state, which, indeed, could not subsist without the wages of her prostitution. A measure, therefore, which would have any tendency to make her an honest woman, will never, for one moment, be seriously entertained. Promotions will go on for the future as they have gone on hitherto; until abuses accumulate to such a degree that the heretics themselves will feel them to be unendurable abominations.

You may suppose that the remedy above described may have a chance of being adopted, because there is an instance of its having been resorted to by William the Third, upon his accession to the sovereignty of these realms. He said that, as a foreigner, he was unacquainted with the merits of the several individuals who were candidates for clerical preferment, and that he required assistance in making his selections from amongst them. But this only proves his simplicity. In excuse for him, however, it must be said that he was at that time a stranger in the country, and unacquainted with the only proper use to be made of English bishops. He did not until afterwards learn their value as a means of securing parliamentary influence; and, to do him justice, as soon as he was so far instructed, the labours of the commissioners were dispensed with. There is no fear that William the Fourth will fall into such an error. He has been educated in a different school. He, during his whole life, has had before his eyes the edifying examples of English statesmen. <sup>However,</sup> therefore, may be done, will not, be satisfied, interfere in the

slightest degree with the cherished abuses of the good old system. It is not rooted in affection. It is not based in knowledge. It is not maintained by a body of well trained and honestly chosen ecclesiastics. It is not regarded by the government with either reverence or love. It is not even at unity with itself;—while it is surrounded by active, powerful, and implacable enemies. Does it, therefore, require the gift of prophecy to say that it must fall; and that nothing but the memory of the miseries which it has occasioned will survive it?

The only thing that gives me the least reason to doubt that matters will in all respects proceed according to our wishes is, the conduct of our friend, the Lord Brougham and Vaux, since he became Lord High Chancellor of England. Confound the knave, he seems resolved upon making a conscientious use of his own preferences. He has been promoting some of the ablest and the most dangerous of his own and our common enemies! What infatuation! It would not be half so bad if he were not the keeper of the King's conscience. He should have avoided such folly, not to call it by a harsher name, if it were only for the sake of the example. But he will find out his mistake by and by.

Well, there is one consolation at all events, that, act how he may, he cannot do much mischief while he is connected with the present administration. THEY ARE RESOLVED UPON MEASURES WHICH MUST ENSURE THE DESTRUCTION OF THE CHURCH:—and so fully convinced are we of the efficacy of their present plans for the effectual accomplishment of all our purposes, that we are minded for the present to suspend our active hostility to the established clergy, and suffer them to repose in peace for the brief term allotted to their existence. They are under sentence of death. And if my advice be attended to, we will not disturb the last moments of an expiring heretical establishment, by any unseemly triumph or unnecessary molestation. But we have difficult spirits here to manage, and I know not how far I may be successful. Time presses, and I must say adieu.

T. K.

## THE BRACELETS.

## A SKETCH FROM THE GERMAN.

It was late on the evening of a gloomy and bitter day in December, about the middle of the seventeenth century, that Carl Koëcker, a student of Goettingen University, having sipped his last cup of coffee, was sitting thoughtfully in his room, with his feet crossed and resting on the fender of his little fire-place. His eyes were fixed on the fire, which crackled and blazed briskly, throwing a cheerful lustre over his snug study. All the tools of scholar-craft lay about him. On a table by his side lay open various volumes of classic and metaphysic lore, which shewed evident marks of service, being much thumbed and fingered; sundry note-books, filled with memoranda of the day's studies, and a case of mathematical instruments. Two sides of the chamber were lined with well-filled book-shelves; on one side was the window, and the corresponding one was occupied by a large dusky picture of Martin Luther. All was silent as the most studious German could desire; for the stillness was, so to speak, but enhanced by the whispered tickings of an old-fashioned family watch, suspended over the mantel-piece. As for Carl himself, he was of "goodly look and stature." His shirt-neck lay open, with the spotless collar turned down on each side; his right hand lay in his bosom, and his left, leaning on the table, supported his "learning-laden" head. His brow was furrowed with thoughtful anxiety, which, together with his sallow features and long black mustaches, gave him the appearance of a much older man than he really was. As for his thoughts, it were difficult to say whether, at the moment when he is presented to the reader, they were occupied by the mysterious pneumatological speculations of Doc-

tor Von Dunder Profondant, which Carl had been attempting to comprehend in the morning's lecture; whether his fancy was revelling in recollections of the romantic splendours of last night's opera, or whether they were fixed, with painful interest, on the facts of a seizure made that day in Goettingen by the terrible myrmidons of the Inquisition, on the double charge of heresy and sorcery. The frightful tribunal alluded to was then in the plenitude of its power, and its mysterious and ferocious doings were exciting nearly as much indignation as they had long occasioned consternation. Carl was of a very speculative, abstract turn, and having been early initiated into the gloomy depths of transcendentalism, had begun latterly to turn his thoughts towards the occult sciences.

About the period when this narrative commences, it was generally understood that a professor of the Art Diabolic had visited the principal places of Germany, and was supposed to have made several converts among the learned, as well as to have founded secret schools for teaching the principles of his science. The lynx-eyed Inquisition soon searched him out, and the unfortunate professor of magic suddenly disappeared, without ever again being heard of. The present object of those holy censors of mankind, the principals of the Inquisition, was to discover the schools he had founded, and the disciples attending them. Several of the leading students at Goettingen had fallen under suspicion, and Carl Koëcker, it was said, among the number. He was cunning enough, however, to avoid any possible pretext for offence, by saying little—and even that little in disparagement of the objectionable doctrines.

\* The subtle schemes resorted to by the Inquisition for the detection and seizure of its victims, are too well known for an intelligent reader to charge any portions of the ensuing narrative with improbability or exaggeration. In a word—all that the wit and power of devils can devise and execute, may well nigh be believed of the members of that execrable institution.

Carl had just set down his coffee-pot on the hob, after an abortive effort to extract another cup from it, and was stirring together the glowing embers of his fire, when he was startled by a loud knocking at his door. It is not asserted that the sound caused him to change colour, but that he heard it with a little trepidation, is undeniable. Who, on earth, could be wanting him?

Rap, rap, rap!—Rap, rap, rap!

Carl gently laid down the poker, but did not move from his seat. He listened—his heart beat quick and hard. It seemed evident that the obstreperous applicant for admission was resolved on effecting his purpose one way or another; for, in a few seconds, the door was shaken, and with some violence. Carl, almost fancying he had been dreaming, started from his seat, and cast an alarmed eye towards the scene of such unseemly interruptions. Aye—the door was really, visibly shaken, and that, too, very impetuously. Who could it be—and what the matter? Was it one of his creditors? He did not owe five pounds in the world. A fellow-student? The hour was too late, and Carl, besides, of such a reserved, unsocial turn, as to have scarce one acquaintance at College on visiting terms. A thief?—He would surely effect his entrance more quietly. Were some of his relatives come to Goettingen? was any member of his family ill? was it merely drunk Jans, the janitor?—Who—who could it be? thought the startled student.

Rap, rap, rap, rap!—Rap, rap, rap!

Carl almost overthrew the chair he was standing by, snatched up his little lamp, and stole to the door.

"Who the d—l is without, there?" he enquired, angrily, but not very firmly, with one hand hesitatingly extended towards the door-handle, and the other holding his lamp; the flame of which, by the way, he fancied flickered oddly.

"Who is without there?" he asked again, for his first question had received no answer.

Rap, rap, rap, rap, rap!—Rap, rap, rap!

"In the devil's name, who are you?"

"Who am I?" replied a husky, and

somewhat hollow voice, from without. "Who am I, I' faith?—Let me in! Let me in!—Mercy—you would not be more uncivil, or perchance affrighted, if I were Jans' Cutpurse, or the Spirit of the Hartz mountains. Let me in, Carl Koëcker, I say—Let me in!"

"Let you in? Der teufel!"

"Come, come—open the door!"

"Who are you? Who the d—l are you, I say?" continued Carl, pressing his right hand and knee against the door.

"Let me in at once, Carl Koëcker—let me in, I say—or it may fare fearfully with you!"

"Mein Gott!" exclaimed the confounded student, looking askance at his lamp, as though he expected to find a confidential adviser in it. The knocker, however, recommenced operations, with such astounding rapidity and violence, that Carl, in a momentary fit of fear and confusion, unguardedly opened the door. A tide of oburgatory expressions gushed up to his tongue, when some one suddenly slipped through the door past Carl, made his way to the fireplace, and sat down in the arm-chair which had been recently occupied by the student. This was done with the easy matter-of-fact air of the most intimate acquaintance. Carl Koëcker still held the handle of the door, staring open-eyed and open-mouthed at the stranger, with unutterable amazement.

"Good Carl, prithee, now, shut the door—for 'tis bitter cold," exclaimed the unbidden guest, in a familiar tone, dragging his seat close to the fire, and rubbing together his shrivelled fingers, to quicken the circulation.

"Come, Carl! shut the door, and sit down here," continued the stranger, entreatingly. Carl, completely bewildered, obeyed, and sat down in a chair opposite the stranger. The latter seemed not unlike a Jew-pedlar. He was small in stature, but of sinewy make. He wore a short coarse drab-coloured coat, or tunic, with double rows of huge horn buttons. His vest was of the same materials and cut; and, as was usual in those days with itinerant venders of valuable articles, he had a broad leathern girdle about his waist, with a pouch on the inside.

His short, shrunk, curved legs were enveloped in worsted over-alls, soiled and spattered with muddy walking. Removing a broad-brimmed hat, he disclosed a fine bald head, fringed round the base with a few straggling grey hairs. His face was wrinkled, and of a parchment hue; and his sparkling black eyes peered on the student with an expression of keen and searching inquisitiveness. Carl, in his excitement, almost fancied the stranger's eyes to glare on him with something like a swinish voracity. He shuddered; and was but little more reconciled to the strange figure before him, when a furtive glance had assured him that at least the feet were not cloven!

When he allowed himself to dwell for a few moments on the strange circumstances in which he was placed—alone—near midnight, with nobody knew whom—a thief, a murderer, a wizard,—a disguised satellite of the infernal Inquisition—a devil, for aught he knew;—when, in a word, he gazed at the strange intruder, sitting quietly and silently by the fire, with the air rather of host than guest, and reflected how far he was out of hearing or assistance, if aught of violence human or supernatural should be offered—it was no trifling effort that enabled him to preserve a tolerable shew of calmness.

"Heigh-ho!" grunted the old man, in a musing tone, with his eyes fixed on the fire, and his skinny fingers clasped over each knee.

"H—e—m!" muttered Carl, his eyes, as it were, glued to those of his guest.

"Well, Carl," said the stranger, suddenly, as if starting from a reverie; "it grows very late, and I must begone ere long, having far to travel, and on pressing errands. So shall we discourse a little touching philosophy, or proceed at once to business?"

"Proceed to business?"—

"Yes, I say, proceed to business. Is there any thing so *very* odd in that?" enquired the old man, slowly, with a surprised air.

"Business!—Business!"—exclaimed Carl, muttering to himself; and he added, in a louder tone, ad-

ressing himself to his visitor—"Why, what the devil—"

"Pho, pho, Carl!—We have nothing whatever to do with the devil—at least *I* have not," replied the old man, with an odd leer.—"But, with your good leave, Carl, we will settle our business first, and then proceed to discourse on a point of Doctor Von Dunder's lecture of this morning."—So this extraordinary personage had been present at Doctor Von Dunder's that morning—and, further, knew that Carl had!

"Carl," continued the stranger, abruptly—"are you still anxious for the bracelets?"

The question suddenly blanched Carl's face, and his eyes seemed starting from their sockets, as he muttered, or rather gasped, in faltering accents—"Devil! devil! devil! What want you with me? Why are you come hither?" He shook in his seat; for a certain circumstance occasioned a suspicion of the stranger's being an emissary of the Inquisition to flash across the mind of the affrighted student.

"Who sent you hither?" he enquired in faltering accents.

"Why, in heaven's name, are you so disturbed, Carl? I am really neither the devil nor one of his minions—having neither wit nor power enough for either," said the stranger, mildly.

"Then are you worse—you are from the Inquisition—and are sent to ensnare my soul to hell, and my body to tortures horrible!" rejoined Carl, a cold sweat suddenly bedewing his whole frame.

"Why, if it were so, I must surely be bolder than wise, to venture on such odds as are here. I am old and somewhat shaken of strength; you young and lion-like. Which would have the better, think you, in a struggle?" continued the stranger, meekly.

"Why," replied Carl, still shivering with the fearful suspicion—"you speak fairly and reasonably; and let me then as fairly tell you, that whoever you be, if you be but mortal, and wrong me, or attempt me mischief, I will put you to death as calmly and surely as I shew you *this*"—and he drew a small poniard from his vest, clasped it fiercely in his hand, and extended the keen thirsty-

looking blade to the stranger, who merely crossed his hands on his breast, and looked upwards with an innocent air.

"Did I not say I was in your power, Carl? And is it probable I shall seek an offence with you?—Would I, an old feeble man?"—

"What brought you hither? What made you cause the uproar at my door just now?" enquired Carl, with some shew of self-possession.

"Oh, faith—that is easily answered. Business—business! I have much to do with you, and but small time to do it in. Truly your fears are all false! I am, I repeat it, but a man, even as you are—with the difference of an odd year or two—ugh! ugh! ugh!" continued the stranger with a feeble asthmatic laugh. "But, to be short. If your heart is still set upon the bracelets—I may, perhaps, put you in the way of obtaining them."

Carl strove to look calm—but the thing was impossible. His colour faded, his heart seemed fluttering about his throat as though it would choke him, and his eyes emitted convulsions of fire.

"Old man! whoever, whatever you are—I supplicate you to tell me how you know any thing about the matter you speak of! How came you to know that I had any care about the—the—the bracelets?"—He could scarce get out the word—"for I have not breathed a syllable about them to any one human!"

"How did I know it? Pho! it might be a long, perchance a dull tale, were I to explain how I came by my knowledge in this matter. Enough that I know your soul gapes to get the bracelets. In a word, I came not here to tell you how I know what I do, but simply to put you in the way of obtaining your wishes."

A cold stream of suspicion flowed over Carl's mind while the stranger spoke—and when Carl reverted to the many subtle devices known to be adopted by the Inquisition for entrapping their prey. Still Carl's anxious curiosity prevailed over his fears. The old man, after fumbling a while about the inner part of his girdle, took out what seemed to Carl a large snuff or tobacco-box. Opening it, he slowly removed two or three layers of fine wool; and then there glistened before the enchanted eyes

of the student one of the most resplendent bracelets that had ever issued from the hands of cunning jeweller. He was lost, for a second or two, in speechless ecstasy.

"Oh, rare! oh, exquisite—exquisite bracelet!"—he gasped at length, so absorbed with the splendid bauble that he did not notice the almost wolfish glare with which the old man's eye was fixed on his.—"And may this be MINE? Did you not say you could put it into my power?"

"Aye, Carl, it *may* be yours!" replied the stranger, in a low, earnest tone, still fixedly eyeing his companion's countenance.

"Aye, aye! it may? Name, then, the price! Name your price, old man!" exclaimed Carl, eagerly. Checking himself, however, he added suddenly, in a desponding tone, "But why do I ask its price? Fool that I am, my whole fortune—aye, the fortunes of all our family, would not purchase *one* only of these jewels!"

The more Carl looked at the gorgeous toy, the more was he fascinated. It was studded with gems of such amazing brilliance, as to present the appearance of a circle of delicate violet and orange-hued flame, as the stranger placed it in different points of view. Carl could not remove his eyes from the bracelet.

"Take it into your own hands—it will bear a close scrutiny," said the old man, proffering the box, with its costly contents, to the student, who received it with an eager but trembling hand. As he examined the gems, he discovered one of superior splendour and magnitude; and whilst his eyes were riveted upon it—was it merely his nervous agitation—or, gracious God! did it really assume the appearance of a human eye, of awful expression?

Carl's eyes grew dim, the blood retreated to his heart, and his hands shook violently as he pushed back the box and its mysterious contents to the stranger. No! he spoke for some seconds. The old man gazed at Carl with astonishment.

"What—what shall I call you?" murmured Carl, as soon as he had recovered the power of speech. "What means that—that—that damned eye that looks at me from the bracelet? Do your superiors, then,

use even sorcery to inveigle their victims?" His teeth chattered. "Away with your damned magic! Out on you! Away—or I shall call for help from without!" And Carl drew half out his poniard.

"Tut, man," rejoined the stranger, calmly, after listening with patience to Carl's objurgations. "Now, to hear you rave in this wise! You—a man—a scholar! The days of sorcery, methinks, are gone for ever; and as for the INQUISITION that you din into my ears, I myself fear, but more *hate*, that cruel and accursed institution." This was said slowly and deeply—the speaker's eyes searchingly fixed on those of him he addressed. The student, however, answered not, and the old man resumed.

"'Tis but your own heated fancy that has likened one of these jewels to an eye—he, he, he!" said he, with a poor attempt at laughter. "What is it that has frightened you but a large diamond? A human eye, i'faith—he, he, he!—But, to away with these womanish fancies, I would know, at once, Carl, whether you wish to call yourself the owner of this bracelet?"

Carl paused.

"Will you give me no answer, Carl?"

"Aye—Heaven knows I would fain be its master—for 'tis an enchanting, a dazzling—yet a fearful——"

"Pshaw!" exclaimed the old man, impatiently.

"Well, then," continued Carl, doubtfully, "since temper fails you, I will to the point. Suppose, then, I were, in a manner, disposed—I mean—hem!—What I would say, is—in short, if it were to come to pass that I were earnestly desirous (which I am not) of having this bracelet—not for myself, mark me, but for another——"

"To the point, man! To the point!" interrupted the stranger, with anxious asperity.

"Well, I say, if I were disposed to purchase the bracelet, what would be your terms? What must I do? What give?"

"Oh, my terms are most easy and simple. You may perchance laugh at hearing them. Find but the fellow

to this bracelet—and *both* shall be yours."

Carl suddenly became cold and pale. The stranger's peculiar words and manner had roused painful suspicions in the breast of the student—transiently however—that certain doings of his must be intimately known in certain awful quarters; and the stranger's plan was but a subtle trap for making him develop them. This feeling, however, gradually yielded to one of sheer astonishment, as the stranger repeated his terms, in a significant tone, and with great earnestness of manner.

"I—I, Carl Koëcker—find you the fellow to this bracelet!" exclaimed the student. "Surely you must be mad, or mocking me."

"Whether I be mad or not, concerns you little, so as I can make good my promise. You have my terms."

"Will you give me till to-morrow night to consider whether I will accept them?"

"No," replied the stranger, imperatively.

"Hem!" exclaimed Carl, suddenly—but with a puzzled air—wishing to put the stranger off his guard—"so you have but *one* bracelet. How came you by it?—You know, old man, that if I buy it, I must be satisfied that I can keep it."

"Keep your questions to yourself. Enough for you that I *have* it," replied the stranger, sternly.

"Another question, nevertheless, I must put. Where is the other bracelet?"

"It must be sought for," replied the old man, gloomily, placing his broad-brimmed hat on his head, as if to overshadow his eyes—"and it is worthy the search, though a prince were the seeker. He who shall have this, has a clue infallible to the discovery of the other."

"Then why not search for it yourself?" enquired Carl, quickly. A flush overspread the stranger's face, and he seemed, for a moment, somewhat confused.

"You are sent hither by the Inquisition," said Carl, with a cold shudder—at the same time plunging his right hand into his bosom, in search of his poniard—half resolved to take summary vengeance on the



daring and cruel spy. He controlled himself, however, and repeated his question in a calmer tone.

"Why do not you seek for the fellow-bracelet, old man?"

"I may not, Carl. That must be sufficient for you. You need not enter on the search—you need not take this bracelet; but if you will venture, and should succeed, 'twill be the greatest day's work you ever did. It will bring you riches and honour; and, above all, you shall see both these beautiful trinkets glistening on the white arm of her —"

"Hold! I madden! Speak not!" gasped Carl, springing with sudden emotion from his chair—pressing his hands against his forehead, and gazing fixedly on the bracelet, which the stranger still held in his hands.

"'Tis an overwhelming thought truly! It is—but—but—I find the fellow to this bracelet?" he continued, with a bewildered air, "where, in Heaven's name, am I to search for it?"

"Where you can, and where you dare," replied the stranger, emphatically. Carl was struck with the tone and manner.

"And how long shall I have to try my fortune?—Tut!—'tis an idle—a mad question truly, a foolish scheme; but, supposing—in a word, how long will you give me?"

"Two days from this time; and on the third, I will come and see you again."

"Alone?" enquired Carl, with a searching glance.

"Yes—alone," replied the stranger, pointedly.

"And can you give me no clue, whatever?—None?"

"No, assuredly. Else the merit of your search would fail. You will not be long in finding one, if you do but set about the search heartily.—Ah, Carl, Carl," he added, suddenly, with as much gaiety as his extraordinary features could assume, "you have a white hand, and a small wrist!" Carl glanced at them complacently.

"I wonder, now, whether it were small enough for this bracelet?—Try it on, man—try it on!—Your wrist, I think, is but a trifle larger than hers —" The last word brought the blood into Carl's face, even to his temples

—and a tempest to his soul. Scarce knowing what he did, he took the glittering bracelet, and with a little difficulty, clasped it about his wrist.

"Ah, ha!—How wondrous well it suits you! In truth, it might have been made for you! Your wrist might have been a lady's!" said the old man, laughing; and, rising from his seat, he scrutinized the bracelet narrowly, and adjusted it more nicely. "And now, Carl Kœcker—see you part not with it, in your search! Farewell, Carl!" The stranger stepped towards the door.

"Stay—stay, old man!" exclaimed the student with surprise. "Whither are you going? Ha—ha, Der Teufel!" he continued, almost leaping from the floor with sudden fright—Why, thou fiend! I cannot remove the bracelet! It clings to my wrist like adamant!—It will cut my hand off! Ah—ah—it is cutting to the bone," he groaned. He strove violently to wrench it off. "Take it off! Take it off—I cannot move it! Help, help!—dear, good old man, for mercy's sake —" But his visitor was opening the chamber-door, anxious to be gone. Carl followed him, using frantic efforts to dislodge the bracelet from his wrist, which suffered a frightful sense of compression.

"Good sir! Kind old man—whoever you are, wherever you come from—whatever your errand, for God's love, help me to remove this bracelet!—Oh—" he groaned, "will you not take it off?"

"Off?—never!" shouted the old man, with an unearthly laugh, and an eye of horrible derision. The student dropped his hands, fell back aghast a pace or two, and stared at the stranger, with eyes that seemed bursting from their sockets. The perspiration started from every pore.

"Never—oh, never—did you say?" gasped Carl, renewing his desperate efforts to remove the bracelet. He grew desperate. "Villain! fiend! You have played a hell-trick against me! Will you yet say *never*?"

"Aye—never, till you find its fellow," replied the old man, shaking his shrivelled finger at the student.

"Accursed wretch! Deceiving devil! Then will we struggle for it. Ho, have at you," aloud shrieked

Carl, springing forward to grapple with his tormentor; who, however, at that moment slipped through the open door, shutting it in Carl's face; and as the old man went rapidly down stairs, Carl heard him exclaiming in tones of wild and echoing laughter—fainter and fainter as the distance increased—"Never, Carl; never, never!"

Carl staggered stupified to a seat, and sat for some moments the image of despair. He would have rushed out after the old man, but that a deadly faintness seized him. He could not bring his scattered senses to bear for an instant on any one point of the preceding interview. He felt like a man suddenly roused at midnight from a frightful dream. Had he been asleep and dreaming? Alas, no! There was fearful evidence, palpable and visible, of waking reality. His eye happened to alight on the bracelet glistening with now abhorred splendour on his wrist. With frantic effort he once more strove to disengage it, but in vain. He could not move it; it seemed to have *grown* into him! He rose from his chair, and paced his room in an ecstasy of alternate fear and fury. What had come to him? Was he under the spell of witchcraft? Was he the sport of diabolical agency? Or, worse than either—the sealed victim of the Inquisition? Had they sent their emissary to probe him, and leave this cunningly-framed bracelet as an irremovable evidence of their man—even as sheep are marked for the slaughter? As this latter suspicion flashed across his mind with increasing probability, he sunk in his chair, overwhelmed with anguish and horror; and from his chair to the floor. What was to become of him? What could he do? Whither was he to fly? How ascertain the criminatory extent of the information on which they acted? He knew not! He closed his eyes, for every thing about him seemed turning round, and assuming grotesque images and positions. After lying for some minutes on the floor, he suddenly sprang to his feet, convinced that the extraordinary occurrences of the evening could have no other foundation than fancy—that he must have been suffering from the nightmare. He stepped into his

sleeping-room, and plunged his head and face into a bowl of cold spring water. The shock for a few moments revived and recollected his wandering faculties; but in wiping his face, the accursed bracelet scratched his cheek—the delusions of hope vanished in an instant, and flinging aside his towel, he rushed from the room in despair. The silence and solitude of his apartment were horrible. Whither should he go, that the Inquisition hounds could not follow, find, and seize him? He began to imagine that they had pressed the arts of sorcery into their assistance. He felt, in a word, that his fears were maddening him. He could bear his rooms no longer: so putting his cap on his head, and throwing a cloak over his shoulders, he went out, hoping to see, or at least hear tidings of, his dreadful visitor.

The night, far advanced, was cold and gloomy—the winds blew chilly, and the snows were fluttering fast. He spoke to one or two of the drowsy shivering watch, and asked whether they had seen any one answering to the description of his visitor. One of them told him with a yawn, that only a quarter of an hour before, he had seen an old man pass by, that stooped, and wore, he thought, a broad hat and drab coat; that he walked at a great rate down the main street, *followed by two men in dark dresses!* Carl fell into the arms of the watchman, deprived of sense and motion. The last clause of the man's intelligence had confirmed his worst fears—THE INQUISITION WERE AFTER HIM!

After a while, the attentions of the humane night-guardian, backed by a little hot ale which he carried in a leathern bottle, sufficed to revive Carl, who was able, soon after, to proceed, after giving the watchman some small coin. What was Carl now to do? To return to his rooms was impossible. He hurried on through the street, why, or whither, he knew not. He felt a sort of drowsiness or stupor creeping over him. Suddenly he nearly overthrew what proved to be a female figure muffled in a long dark dress. His hair stood on end—for, at the first moment, he mistook her figure for that of one of the "men in dark dresses," spoken of by the watchman—of the familiars of

the Inquisition. While recoiling shudderingly from her, he fancied he heard himself addressed—"Follow!" said the low hurried voice of a woman—"Follow me, and be silent. You have been expected this half hour. 'Tis foolish—'tis cruel thus to delay!"

"I—I expected?"—gasped the staggering student—"Why, do you know me?"

"Know you?—why, Carl Koëcker, of course," replied the female; adding in a low imploring tone—"Oh, follow—for Heaven's sake, follow instantly, or all will be lost!"

"Lost!—why, am not I, rather, lost?—In God's name, whither would you lead me? Are you in league with that old——" Carl was interrupted by his companion whispering hurriedly—"Hush! the good folks of Goettingen will hear you!"

She had scarce uttered the last words, before Carl thought he heard the faint echo of many voices at some distance, from behind—and which seemed, as they grew nearer, to be loud and tumultuous. He suddenly turned towards the quarter from which the sounds of distant uproar came, when he beheld several torches gleaming dimly far off, and held by persons hurrying to and fro in all directions. The sounds approached, and became more distinct. They were those of alarm.

"What in God's name is stirring now?" enquired Carl of the female he was accompanying. "Can you tell me wherefore is all that uproar?" The spectral stare almost froze Carl's blood, as she answered, in a low quick tone—"Ah—do not you know, Carl Koëcker?—A deed of blood and horror——" She was interrupted by the startling clangour of the alarm-bell, pealing with prodigious rapidity and violence. Carl shuddered—and well he might. What is capable of inspiring more thrilling terror than the gloomy toll of a church-bell, heard with sudden loudness at midnight?

The whole town of Goettingen was roused. Carl listened—his hair stood on end—his knees tottered—his brain reeled—for the cries were those of murder and revenge: and amid all the tumult of the voices, a sullen tolling of the bell, heard—his own name!

Half stunned with the thought, he listened—he strained his ear to take in every sound that sent it. "Carl Koëcker" was the name uttered by a hundred tongues; and Carl Koëcker was sought after as a murderer. He would have shouted in answer—he would have discovered himself, conscious of his innocence—but he felt a suffocating pressure about his throat, and his heart seemed fit to burst through his side. Strange lights flashed before his eyes, and his tottering knees seemed about to refuse him any longer their support, when his unknown companion suddenly grasped his hand between her cold fingers, whispering—"Carl, Carl, you must hasten! Fly! fly! You will fall into their hands! They are yelling for you! They are as tigers drunk with blood!"

"I care not! I am innocent! I have done no crime! Why, then, should I fly? No, I will stay, with God's help, till they come up," murmured the fainting student. Meanwhile the clamour of voices grew nearer and louder. Innumerable torches flitted to and fro, casting a discoloured glare over the dusky atmosphere.

"Haste, Carl!—Haste, murderer, haste! haste!" muttered the woman by his side—"Justice fieth quickly after her victims!"

"Wretch! what are you saying?" stammered Carl, beginning to suspect himself the victim of diabolical villainy. He tried to grasp his companion by the arm—but his hand was powerless. A sudden recollection of the stranger who had given him the bracelet, and of the mysterious circumstances attending the transaction, flashed with fearful vividness before his mind.

"Woman, woman!" he faltered, "Who is murdered? Is it—is it——"

"Fly, fool! Fly, fly, fly!—The familiars are near at hand! The blighting brand of the Inquisition will discover——"

"The what—what!" groaned Carl, his eyes darkening for an instant, and his voice choked.

"Only thou fly, fly!"—continued the woman, hurrying him forward. The crowd of torch-bearers seemed now at but a very little distance; and Carl, overwhelmed and be-  
his consciousness of in-

nocence drowned in the apprehension of pressing danger—needed but little urging to step into a vehicle standing at the corner of a street they had just entered. He scarce knew what he was doing. Immediately on his sitting down, the door was closed, and away shot the vehicle, rolling as rapidly as four fleet horses could carry it.

Carl found himself alone in the coach—if such it was—for his conductor had suddenly and most unexpectedly disappeared. The utter extremity of fright, amazement, and perplexity, is too feeble a term to convey any thing like an adequate idea of the state of Carl Koëcker's feelings, when thus, after such an astounding series of events, hurried away no one knew how, why, or whither.

Visions of inquisitorial horrors flitted before his perturbed mind's eye. To what scenes of ghastly—of hopeless misery was he now, perchance, conveying? He sunk back on the seat, and swooned. How long he continued insensible, he knew not. When he recovered, he found himself rattling onward at a prodigious rate, and amid profound darkness: he stretched his hand out of the window of the vehicle, and the snow fell fast and thick upon it. He listened, but heard no sound, except the rapid and regular tramp of horses' hoofs, and the rustling of the branches, against which the roof of the vehicle brushed in passing. He could not hear the voices of either driver or attendants. In a sudden fit of frenzy, he threw down one of the windows, pushed out his head, and roared for rescue—but his cries were unattended to. He then strove to force open the door, that he might leap out, though at the hazard of his life; but his utmost efforts were useless! He tried if the window-spaces were large enough to admit of escape—but they were too small to admit of a child's exit! What was to become of him? After again and again trying to force open the doors, he wearied himself, and fell at full length on the seat, sullenly resigned to his fate, under the conviction that he was either in the toils of the Inquisition, or the hands of thieves and murderers. But what could the latter want with a poor student? For the former

suspicion, his quaking heart could readily assign grounds!

He lay in a state of stupor, till the sudden stoppage of the vehicle almost jerked him from his seat, and sufficiently roused him to perceive that the carriage was standing before the gates of a magnificent building. Where he was, or how long his journey had lasted, he knew not; and unutterable, therefore, was his astonishment to behold the altered aspect of nature. The time appeared about two or three o'clock in the morning. The gloom and inclemency of the former part of the night had entirely disappeared. The scenery, at which he glanced hastily, seemed of a totally different class from that which he had been accustomed to behold. The glorious gilding of the full moon lay on every object—alike on the snowy shroud glistening over endless plains and hills—as on the quarried clouds lying piled irregularly, one above the other, in snowy strata along the sky. Their edges seemed all melting into golden light.

The building before which the carriage had drawn up, seemed a vast grey mass of irregular structure, the prevailing character of which was Gothic. Whether, however, it were a castle, a palace, a prison, a nunnery, or a monastery, Carl's hurried glance could not distinguish. He had scarce time to scan its outline, before the carriage-door was opened, by removing a large bar from across the outside, Carl noticed—and a string of attendants, habited somewhat in military costume, stood ready to conduct the solitary visitor to the interior of the building. After a moment's pause of stupefied irresolution—uncertain whether or not to make a desperate attempt at escape—he alighted, and followed the chief of the attendants towards the interior of the building. Every step he took within the splendid, though antique structure, convinced him that he had entered a regal residence. He paced along seemingly endless galleries and corridors, with the passive, or rather submissive air of a man led along guarded prison-passages to execution. He was at length ushered into a large tapestried apartment, in the centre of which was spread a supper-table, sinking beneath a costly service of gold and silver. Scarce knowing

whether or not—in the vulgar phrase—his head or heels were uppermost, Carl sat himself down mechanically at the table; and the obsequious attendants instantly removed the covers of several dishes. When Carl saw the expensive dainties spread before him, and the magnificent plate which contained them, and marked the solemn and anxious deference paid him by the servants, he felt convinced that through some inexplicable blunder, he had been mistaken for an expected visitor of distinction. The tumultuous and terrifying scenes which had ushered in his journey, were for a while obscured from his recollection. Carl found it impossible to partake of the exquisite fare before him. He contrived, however, to quaff an ample cup of rich wine, which soon revived his torpid faculties. He turned towards the silent servants, stationed at due distances from him, and enquired, in a stern tone, what they were going to do with him; “whether they knew who he was?” A respectful obeisance was the only answer. “Carl Koëcker—a student of Goettingen University.” A second and lower bow. A third time he repeated his question, but the only answer he could obtain, was a brief intimation, couched in the most deferential terms, that “Her Highness” was waiting his appearance in the audience-room. Carl clasped his hands over his forehead, lost in wonder and despair.

“Who—who, in God’s name, is ‘Her Highness?’” he enquired.

“She has been long expecting your arrival with anxiety,” replied one of the servants, apparently in no wise surprised at the disorder of their youthful guest.

“Waiting—and for my arrival?—Impossible!—You are all wrong, fellows! I am not he whom you suppose me! I am mistaken for some one else—and he must be nothing particular, seeing I, through being mistaken for him, was kidnapped away! Harkee, sirrahs—do you understand?” The servants looked at one another in silence, and without a smile. “Do you know who I am?” continued Carl in a louder key—but in vain; he received no answer. The servants seemed to have been tutored.

“Alas!” resumed Carl, in a low tone, “I ask you who I am, when I verily know not, myself!—Aha! Who am I? Where?—Why here?—Answer! Tell me! Speak there!” continued Carl, resolutely, relying on the wine he had taken, and which he felt supplying him with confidence.

“Once more, I say—Who am I?” repeated Carl.

“That, we suppose, your Highness best knows—but our duty is to wait and conduct you into her Highness’s presence,” was the only answer he received, delivered in the same steadfast respectfulness of tone and manner.

“Where will all this mummery end?” thought Carl, pouring out, mechanically, another cup of wine. The thought suddenly struck him, and the more he entertained it, the more probable it appeared—that, after all, the whole of his evening’s adventures might be the contrivance of one of those celebrated and systematic hoaxers, of whom, in Italy, the illustrious Lorenzo was chief. Every occurrence of the evening seemed easily explicable on this hypothesis—but one; the general uproar in the streets of Goettingen at the period of his leaving. *That* savoured too strongly of serious reality to be part of a *hoax*!—While he was turning about these thoughts in his mind, one of the servants opened a door, and stood by it, as if hinting that Carl should rise from table and follow. Resolved patiently to await the issue, he rose, and walked towards the door. He was conducted up an ample staircase, leading to a lofty hall, supported by marble pillars. After traversing it in silence, his conductors opened a pair of large folding-doors, and ushered Carl through them—gently closed the high doors upon him, and retired. Carl now found himself in an apartment equally magnificent with the one he had left. Still, however, there was not—as in the other—artificial light; but the room was, so to speak, flooded with a radiant tide of moonlight. Every thing about him, to Carl’s disturbed apprehension, wore the air of mystery and romance. The silence of the sepulchre was there, and it oppressed him. He dared hardly draw his breath, fearful

of its being audible. He was reluctant to move from the spot where he had first stood, lest he should dissipate the nameless charm of the chamber, or encounter some unwelcome and startling spectacle. Whichever way he looked, there was a dim and dreary splendour which transcended the creatures of poetry. Almost the whole extent of the further extremity of the chamber consisted of a large Gothic-fashioned window, with a door in the centre of it, opening upon a narrow slip of shrubbery or terrace. The prospect through this window was glorious. The moon was still

“ Riding at her highest noon,”

like a bright bark over a sea of sapphire, scattering her splendour over streams glittering like veins of silver amid a noble extent of campaign country; and rendering visible, in the distance, hoary structures of prodigious extent, relieved against a back-ground of profound forest shade. A little to the right lay a lake of liquid silver! But the most marvellous circumstance of the whole, was the disappearance of the snow he had so lately seen. Was it possible—thought Carl, pressing his hands to his forehead—that he had slept through an interval of twenty-four hours since he saw the snow? Had he taken drugged draughts at supper, and but now awoke, unconscious of the interval that had elapsed? This extraordinary absence of snow was, as already said, the first thing observed by Carl, hurried as was his glance; but ere long a very different object, within the chamber, arrested his attention, absorbing every faculty in mute astonishment and admiration. At the upper extremity of the chamber the resplendent moonbeam fell on the figure of a lady, white as snow, reclining on a couch, with her head supported by her arm. Never before had Carl beheld, even in dreams, a vision of such dazzling beauty. So perfectly symmetrical her features, so delicately moulded her figure, so gracefully negligent her attitude, and so motionless withal, that Carl, as he glided slowly towards her, his eyes and hands elevated with rapturous astonishment, began to suspect he was mocked by some surpassing

specimen of the statuary's art. As he drew nearer, he perceived that the lady was asleep—at least her head drooped a little, and her eyes were closed. He stood within a few paces of her. He had never before seen features so perfectly beautiful. Her brow wore the pure hue of alabaster; her eyebrows were most delicately pencilled and shaded off; her nose, of soft Grecian outline, was exquisitely chiselled; and her small closed lips seemed like a bursting rose-bud. The lilled fingers of the little hand supporting her head, peeped out in rich contrast from among her black tresses; while her right hand lay concealed beneath the folds of a long rich veil. What with gazing on the lovely recumbent, and the generous potency of the wine he had been drinking, Carl felt himself, as it were, under a new influence. Fear and doubt had passed away. He fell softly on his knees before the beautiful incognita. Her features moved not.

Now, thought Carl, was she inanimate—a cunning piece of wax-work, and were the contrivers of the hoax, if such it were, watching him from secret parts of the room, to enjoy his doings?

He thought, however, after steadfastly eyeing her, that he perceived a slow heaving of the bosom, as though she strove to conceal the breath she drew. Intoxicated with his feelings, Carl could continue silent no longer.

“ Oh, lady, if mortal you be—oh, lady, I die at your feet!” stammered Carl, with a fluttering heart.

“ Carl, where have you been? You cannot—no, you cannot love me, or you would not have delayed so long!” replied the lady, in a gentle tone, and with a glance “ fuller of speech unto the heart than aught utterable by man.” What dazzling eyes were fixed upon the sinking student!

“ I would to Heaven,” he stammered, “ I might believe you—loved me; but—but—lady!”—

“ But what?—Ah, Carl! Do you doubt me?” enquired the lady, gazing at him with an eye of anxious tenderness. Carl's tongue refused him utterance for some moments, and he trembled from head to foot.

"How, fair one, can you say you love one you know not? *Me* you know not—"

"*Not know you!*—Oh, Carl, Carl!" and she looked at him with a reproachful smile. The student stared at her in silence.

"Lady, I am bewildered! I know not where I am, nor how I came hither! Yet, blessed be Heaven, that I have thus seen you. I could die with your image in my eye! It would pass me to heaven! Oh, forgive me, lady, knowing that I rave! Your beauty maddens me! I sink—I die beneath it! I know not, nor can control, what my tongue utters! The only thing I know is, that I am unworthy of you—" gasped Carl, dropping his head upon his bosom.

"Then, Carl, is my love for you the greater, seeing it can overlook all unworthiness! But, dear Carl, why speak I thus? You are not unworthy—no, no! You are of great wit—graceful, noble—in a word, I—"

"Speak, lady! speak, speak! Delay not! I faint—I die!" murmured the impassioned student.

"Well, I love you, Carl! I have long loved you, since first my eye fell on you. Pardon the scheme—" Here the lady became inarticulate with agitation. A long pause of mutual trepidation and embarrassment ensued. Each cast but furtive glances at the other; the conscious colour went and came alternately, in the cheeks of either.

Carl, still bending on his knee, gently strove to disentangle the hand which lay concealed beneath the folds of her veil. He succeeded, feeble as was the force he used; but the hand was still enveloped in the folds of a long white glove.

"May I not kiss these fair fingers but through a glove?" enquired Carl, fondly, and with returning self-possession.

"Why, you are truly of a sudden grown chivalrous as an old knight," replied the lady, in a tone of subdued gaiety; "but since such is your ambitious fancy, why should I refuse you so small a favour, who can refuse you nothing? So, here is my right hand, Sir Knight. What wouldst thou?"

She disengaged the hand on which her head had been leaning, and gave

it to Carl, who smothered the taper fingers with kisses. Infatuated with sudden unaccountable passion, Carl, in a sort of frenzy, started from his knee, threw his arm around the sylph-like figure of the lady, and imprinted a long, clinging, half-retained kiss upon her soft lips!

He had neither time nor inclination to reflect on what he was doing—on the unaccountable freedom of his behaviour to a lady evidently of the highest consideration, with whom he had had—and that in the most unsatisfactory and mysterious manner—only a few minutes' acquaintance. In vain did he strive to calm and settle his unsteady faculties, or sober himself into a consciousness of his real situation—of how he came thither—and how had come to pass the astounding events of the evening. He forgot all his harrowing suspicions of inquisitorial *diablerie*; he thought no more of the possibility that his frantic feats were the subjects of suppressed laughter to invisible powers! Every thing merged into his intense consciousness of present pleasure. He yielded to the irresistible impulse of his feelings, blind and indifferent to consequences.

"'Tis all owing to the wine I drunk in the supper-room!" thought Carl; but, alas, how little did he know of the important events with which he had got extraordinarily implicated; of the principle and subtle influence which was at work preparing for him scenes of future change and suffering!

A few minutes' time beheld Carl pacing slowly up and down the spacious chamber, supporting his beautiful and mysterious companion, watching with ecstasy her graceful motions, and pouring into her ear the impassioned accents of love; not, however, without an occasional flightiness of manner, which he could neither check nor disguise. When he listened to the dulcet melody of her voice, which fell on his ear like the breathings of an *Æolian* harp; when he observed her dove-like eyes fixed fondly upon him; and felt the faint throbbings of her heart against the hand that supported her, he almost lost all consciousness of treading among the lower realities of life.

Whilst Carl was thus delightfully occupied, his companion sudden-

ly turned aside her head, and to Carl's amazement and alarm, burst into a flood of tears. Burying her face in the folds of her veil, she began to weep bitterly. "For mercy's sake, dear lady, tell me what ails you!" enquired the startled student. He repeated his question; but in vain. His reiterated questions called forth no other answer than sobs and tears.

"Lady! dear, beloved lady—why are you bent on breaking my heart? Have I then so soon grown unworthy in your eyes?" again enquired Carl, a little relaxing the arm that supported her, as though grieved and mortified at her reserve.

"~~Oh~~ Carl, Carl! Indeed you are most worthy of my love, of all my confidence; but you cannot help me! No, no—I am undone! Lost, lost, lost for ever!" replied the lady, in heart-breaking accents.

Carl begged, entreated, implored, to be made acquainted with the cause of her agitation, but in vain. His thoughts (alas, what is man?) began to travel rapidly from "beauty in tears," to "beauty in sullen;" and commiseration was freezing fast into something like anger, or rather contempt.

"Lady, if you think me thus unworthy to share your grief—to be apprized of its source—that so I may acquit *myself*; I—I—I cannot stay to see you in sufferings I may not alleviate! I must—yes, I must leave you, lady—if it even break my heart!" said Carl, with as much firmness as he could muster. She turned towards him an eye that instantly melted away all his displeasure—a soft blue eye glistening through the dews of sorrow—and swooned in his arms.

Was ever mortal so situated as Carl, at that agitating moment? Inexpressibly shocked, he bore his lovely, but insensible burden to the window; and thinking fresh air might revive her, he carried her through the door, which opened on the narrow terrace as before mentioned. While supporting her in his arms, and against his shaking knees, and parting her luxuriant hair from her damp forehead, he unconsciously dropped a tear upon her pallid features. She revived. She smiled with sad sweetness on her agitated supporter, with

slowly returning consciousness, and passed her soft fingers gently over his forehead. As soon as her strength returned, Carl led her gently a few paces to and fro on the terrace, thinking the exercise might fully restore her. The terrace overlooked, at a height of about sixty feet, an extensive and beautifully disposed garden; and both Carl and his mysterious companion paused a few moments to view a fountain underneath, which threw out its clear waters in the moonlight, like sparkling showers of crystal. How tranquil and beautiful was all before them! While Carl's eye was passing rapidly over the various objects before him, he perceived his companion suddenly start. Concern and agitation were again visible in her features. She seemed on the point of bursting a second time into tears, when Carl, once more, with affectionate earnestness, besought her to keep him no longer in torturing suspense, but acquaint him with the source of her sorrows.

"Lady, once more I implore you to tell me whence all this agony?" She eyed him steadfastly and mournfully, and replied, "A loss, dear Carl—a fearful—an irreparable loss."

"In the name of mercy, lady, what loss can merit such dreadful names?" enquired the student, shocked at the solemnity of her manner, and the ashy hue her countenance had assumed. She trembled, and continued silent. Carl's eyes were more eloquent than his lips. Seeing them fixed on her with intense curiosity and excitement, she proceeded:

"It is a loss, Carl, the effects of which scarce befits mortal lips to tell. It were little to say, that unless it be recovered, a crowned head must be brought low!" She shuddered from head to foot. Carl's blood began to trickle coldly through his veins, and he stood gazing at his companion with terrified anxiety.

"Carl!" continued the lady, in a scarcely audible murmur, "I have been told to-day—how shall I breathe it!—by one from the grave, that you were destined to restore to me what I have lost—that you were Heaven's chosen instrument—that *you alone, of other men, had rightly studied the laws of spiritual being*—could com-



mand the services of EVIL SPIRITS," she continued, fixing a startling glance on Carl, who quailed under it.

"Lady, pardon me for saying it is false, if it has been so slanderously reported to you of me; aye, false as the lips of Satan! I know nought of spirits—nought of hereafter, but through the blessed Bible," replied Carl, in hurried accents, a cold perspiration suddenly bedewing him from head to foot. His feelings began to revolt—to recoil from his companion—whom he could not help suddenly likening to the beautiful serpent that beguiled Eve; but she twined her arms closely around him, and almost groaned in heart-moving accents, "Oh Carl, Carl! that I might but tell you what I have heard of you, or rather what I know of you!"

There had been something very terrible in her demeanour, latterly. She seemed speaking as if of set purpose, and her eye was ever alive, probing Carl's soul to see the effect of what she uttered. At least so Carl thought. All his apprehensions about the hideous Inquisition revived, and with tenfold force. Was this subtle and beautiful being one of THEIR creatures? A fiend, cunningly tutored to extract his soul's secret, and then betray him into the fiery grasp of torture and death?

It was long before he could speak to her. At length he exclaimed, "For mercy's sake, lady, tell me what frightful meaning lurks beneath what you say? What is your loss? What do you know, or have heard, of me? Tell me, though I should expire with terror!"

"Can you, then, bear a secret to the grave, unspoken?" she enquired, gazing at him with an expression of melancholy and mysterious awe.

"Did *Thuriatma* appear again?"

The student turned ghastly pale, and almost dropped her from his arms.

"I know not what your words mean," stammered Carl, almost swooning. His companion's eye was fixed on him with wellnigh petrifying effect.

"Carl," said she, in a low tone, "I am about to tell you the source of my sorrows—that is, my loss. There is none near, to overhear us?" she enquired, faintly, without removing her eyes from Carl's.

"None! none!" murmured the student, a mist clouding his eyes; for, at the moment of his companion's uttering the words last mentioned, he had distinctly seen a human face peering over the edge of the terrace.

He shook like an aspen-leaf, shivering under the midnight wind.

"What have you lost?" he enquired.

"The fellow to THIS," replied the lady, drawing off the glove from her left hand, and disclosing a bracelet the very counterpart of that in Carl's possession. His brain reeled;—he felt choked.

"What—what of him—that—hath its fellow?" He faltered, on one knee, unable to sustain a burden of his companion.

"He is either a sorcerer, a prince, or a murderer!" replied the lady, in a hollow broken tone.

Carl slowly bared his shaking arm, and disclosed the bracelet gleaming on his wrist. He felt that in another moment he must sink senseless to the earth; but the lady, after glaring at the bracelet, with a half-suppressed shriek, and an expanding eye of glassy horror, suddenly sprung from him, and fell headlong over the terrace, at the very edge of which they had been standing.

"Ha—accursed, damned traitor!" yelled a voice close behind him, followed by a peal of hideous laughter. He turned staggeringly towards the quarter from which the sounds came, and beheld the old man who had given him the bracelet, and now stood close at his elbow, glaring at him with the eye of a demon, his hands stretched out, his fingers curved like the cruel claws of a tiger, and his feet planted in the earth as if with convulsive effort.

"Thrice accursed wretch!" repeated the old man, in a voice of thunder; "what have you done? Did not her highness tell you who you were?"

"Tell me!—what?"

The old man suddenly clasped Carl by the wrist covered with the bracelet; his features dilated with fiendish fury; his eyes, full of horrible lustre, glanced from Carl to the precipice, and from the precipice to Carl.

"Tell me!—what?" again gasped the student, half dead with fright,

striving in vain to recede from the edge of the terrace. The hand with which the old man clasped Carl's wrist, quivered with fierce emotion.

"Tell me"—once more murmured Carl—"What did she say?"

"BAA!" roared his tormentor, at the same time letting go Carl's wrist, and, slipping over the edge of the terrace, he was out of sight in an instant—leaving Carl Kœcker BROAD AWAKE, and in darkness, for he had broken his lamp, and overthrown both chair and table. His fire had

gone out to the last cin and a ray or two of misty twilig' struggling through the crevices of the window shutters, served to shew him how long he had been DREAMING.

He groped his way to bed, shivering with cold, and execrating the opera he had recently witnessed whose ill-assorted recollections, with other passing fancies, had been moulded into so singular and distressing a dream.

Q. Q. Q.

#### LLER IN SPIKE OF HIMSELF.

IN ~~the~~ and comfortable cottage in the picturesque village of Bastock, lived a middle-aged gentleman of the name of Samuel Holt. The clean white paling in front of the beautiful little flower-garden before his door shewed he was a man of taste, while the coach-house and stables at the side shewed that he might also be considered a man of fortune. He was in truth in very comfortable circumstances. He had a considerable quantity of land—let to a respectable tenant, for he himself knew nothing about farming—and the rest of his property consisted in about fifteen thousand pounds, which was lent on mortgage to a very wealthy baronet. Mr Holt might have altogether somewhere about a thousand a-year. He spent it in the true style of old English hospitality. His house was never empty; friends, when they came, were so kindly treated, that they found it extremely inconvenient to go away;—and what with courtings in the morning, comfortable dinners, pleasant companions, and extraordinary port-wine, Mr Samuel Holt was the happiest fellow in the world. His outward man was in exact correspondence to his internal tranquillity. He was stout, but not unwieldy; there was not a wrinkle on his brow; a fine open expression animated his countenance, and there was such a glorious ruddy hue of health upon his cheek, that his friends talked of him by no other name than Rosy Sam.

"Well, my boys," said Rosy Sam, one fine September evening after dinner, "we'll drink our noble selves—I don't think I ever shot better in my life."

"Your second bird was beautifully managed," said Jack Thomson; "I never saw any gun carry so far except once in Turkey, when the Reis Effendi shot a sea mew at a hundred and fifty yards."

"With a long bow I suppose," said Rosy Sam, who disbelieved every story, the scene of which was not laid in England.

"No, with a long brass gun which went upon wheels."

"Well, well," replied Sam, "it may be all very true; but, thank God, I never saw, and never expect to see, any of them foreign parts."

"You may live to see half the world yet; and if I were inclined to be a prophet, I should say you will be a very great traveller before you die."

"I'd sooner be tried for murder."

"You may be both."

\* This last was said so solemnly that Rosy Sam almost changed colour. He passed it off with a laugh, and the conversation went on upon other subjects connected with Thomson's travels. All the evening, however, the prophetic announcement seemed to stick in poor Sam's throat, and when the party was about to separate for the night, holding the bed-candle in his hand, and assuming a degree of gravity which can only be produced by an extra bottle, he said, "I'll tell you what it is, Jack, here in this cottage have I lived, man and boy, for two-and-forty years. I never was out of the county in my life, and the farthest from home I ever was, was three-and-thirty miles. If you mean to say that I am to be a traveller in

my old age, the Lord have mercy on me, for a helpless dog should I be among the foreignarians—fellows that can't speak a word of English to save their souls, poor devils—but poh! poh! man, you can't be serious."

"I am serious as a bishop, I assure you. You will travel for several years."

"Poh! nonsense! I'll be d—d if I do—so, good-night." The party laughed at Sam's alarm; and retired to bed.

All that night Sam's dreams were of ships and coaches. He thought he was wrecked and half drowned, then that he was upset and had his legs broken by the hind wheel. He woke in a tremendous fright, for he fancied he was on the top of one of the pyramids, and could not get down again. He thought he had been on the pinnacle for several days, that he was nearly dying of thirst and hunger,—and, on starting up, he found it was time to rise; so he hurried down stairs with the utmost expedition, as he was nearly famished for his breakfast. He was met at the breakfast parlour door by his old servant, Trusty Tommy, who gave him a letter, and said, "This here letter is just come from Mr Clutchit the attorney. His man says as how there must be an answer immediately, so I was just a comin' up to call ye."

"You would have found me knocking about the pyramids," said Rosy Sam, as he proceeded to open the letter.

"Fie for shame!" muttered old Trusty, "to make use of such an expression. Ah! as good Mr Drawline says"—

"Devil take you and Mr Drawline—Saddle the Curate this instant, and tell the gentlemen, when they come down, that I am forced to set off on business, but that I shall certainly be back to dinner."

In the utmost haste, and with no very pleasant expression, he managed to swallow three or four eggs, nearly a loaf of bread, and half a dozen cups of tea. His horse was soon at the door; he set off at a hand gallop, and left old Trusty Tommy with his mouth open, wondering what in the world it could be that induced his master to such unusual expedition. The motive was indeed a serious one. Mr Clutchit had discovered that there was a prior mort-

gage over the estate upon which poor Sam's fifteen thousand was advanced, and their great object now was to get the mortgage transferred to some unincumbered security. The seven miles which intervened between the lawyer and his client were soon passed over. Hot and breathless our poor friend, who was now more rosy than ever, rushed into the business-room of Mr Clutchit. That gentleman, however, was nowhere to be found. On his table Sam saw a note directed to himself—he opened it, and found the following words: "Dear sir,—By the strangest good luck I have this morning heard that Sir Harry is at our London. I lose not a moment, and am just starting, to obtain an interview with him there, and should strongly recommend your following by the eleven o'clock coach. Indeed your presence is indispensably necessary. I shall only have the start of you by two hours.—Your obedient servant, J. C."

Sam threw himself into a chair in an agony of grief and wonder.

"That infernal fellow Jack Thomson," he moaned out, "is certainly more than human. They say they learn wonderful things abroad. He has learned the second sight. Little did I think two days ago, that I should ever have to hurry so far away from home. London must be seventy miles off at least—oh lord! oh lord! quite out of my own dear county—what is to become of me!"

While indulging in this moralizing fit the coach drove up to the door—Sam mounted, almost unconscious of what he did, and was whirled off before he had time to recover from his reverie. On arriving in London, night was rapidly closing in. The house where the coach stopt was a very neat comfortable sort of hostelry in the city, and our honest friend, before proceeding to any other business, solaced himself with the best dinner the bill of fare would allow. After refreshing himself with a solitary pint of port, he set out in search of Mr Clutchit. But where to find that gentleman was the difficulty; he had left no address in his note to his client, and the people of the inn could not tell where the nine o'clock coach went to in London. They recommended him, however, to apply at various inns—the Dragon, the Swan,

the Bull-and-Mouth, and a variety of other great coach caravanseries, the very names of which were utterly unknown to the unsophisticated Sam. Away, however, he went, in total ignorance of his way, and much too independent and magnanimous to ask it. First one street was traversed, then another, and at last poor Sam was entirely lost. His great object now was to retrace his steps; but one turning was so like another, that he could not distinguish those by which he had come, and in the midst of his perplexity, he recollected that he had forgotten to take notice of the name of the inn at which he had dined, and of course could not ask any one he met to tell him his way to it. Tired out by his day's exertions, and very much dispirited, he resolved to go into the first house of entertainment he came to, and resume his search early in the morning. He accordingly went into the next inn that presented itself. He took particular pains this time to impress its name upon his memory. The cabbage leaf was the sign of this tavern, and it was situated at the top of one of those narrow little streets in the neighbourhood of the Tower. Honest Sam, it will be seen, had travelled in the wrong direction; but now he was too much harassed and wearied to recover his mistake. On going into the bar, he was told by the bustling little landlady that he might have a bed; but they were really so full, that he must submit to share his room with another gentleman. Sam comforted himself with the reflection, that necessity has no law, and consented to the arrangement. After a Welsh rabbit, and a glass or two of brandy and water, he was shewn to his apartment. His fellow-lodger came into the room nearly at the same time, and Sam was somewhat pleased to see he was of a very decent exterior. They entered into conversation, and his new acquaintance promised, from his knowledge of the town, to be of considerable use in furthering Sam's enquiries after Mr Clutchit. He, however, told him, that he had some business to transact very early in the morning, and took the precaution on these occasions, especially in the winter, of shaving at night. He accordingly proceeded to shave him-

self; but poor Sam was so fatigued, that he fell asleep before he had finished the operation. On awaking next morning, he looked to his companion's bed, but it was empty. He had told him, however, that he should rise very early, so he was not surprised at his absence. On getting up, and searching for his inexpressibles, they were nowhere to be found. In their place, he discovered those of his late companion; and after many strange surmises, and coming at last to the conclusion that he was robbed, he quietly slipped them on, and proceeded down stairs. His watch he had luckily put under his pillow, and there had not been above two pounds in his pockets; he found a few shillings in an old purse, a penknife, two keys, and a set of very fine teeth, carefully fitted up, and apparently never used, in the pocket of the habiliments which were left. These circumstances staggered him as to the predatory habits of his companion; and he resolved to say nothing on the subject, as he had still some hopes of the stranger's making his appearance as he had promised, and clearing up the mystery. He waited some time after breakfast with this expectation; and at last telling the landlady he should be back at a certain hour, he went out in hopes of falling in with his companion on the street. He walked down towards the river, and gazed with astonishment on the innumerable shipping. Wondering more and more at the strangeness and immensity of the scene, he thought of returning to where he had slept. Just as he was leaving the river, he saw several men go into one of the barges, and begin dragging the shallow part of the water. "What are those men after?" said Sam to a person who stood watching them. "They be draggin' for the body of a gentleman as was murdered last night, and the folks thinks that he was mayhap thrown into the river."—"Dreadful!" said Sam, turning pale at the horrid supposition. "I hope they won't find it; it would be the death of me." And shuddering lest they should pull up a mangled body in his sight, he rushed from the spot. On reaching the inn, he entered it, and was going into the bar, when two stout men rushed up-

on him, the landlady crying "That's the man," and threw him down with all their force. One held him by the throat, while the other handcuffed him in a moment. They then hustled him out of the house, forced him into a hackney-coach, and drove off at an amazing pace.

Sam was so much astonished at the rapidity of the whole transaction, that he could scarcely summon breath to ask his conductors what they meant. At last he said, "What the devil can be the meaning of all this? Is this the way to treat a country gentleman?" "How bloody well he sports the Johnnie," said one of the men to the other, without attending to Sam's questions. "He'll queer the beaks if the tide stands his friend, and rolls off the stiffun." "No, there ben't no chance of that," responded the other, "for they've set to so soon with the drags. I'll bet a gallon of gin to a pint o' purl, he dies in his shoes, with his ears stuff'd with cotton." "Do you mean me, you scoundrel?" cried Sam, who did not quite understand them, but perceived that they spoke of him rather disrespectfully. "Come, come, master, none of your hard words; we aint such scoundrels as to Burke our bedfellow howsom-ever." At this moment, at the corner of a street, Sam saw Mr Clutchit hurrying as if on very urgent business. He pushed his head out of the window and holla'd—"Clutchit, Clutchit! Here's a pretty go!" and held out his manacled hands. But his companions pulled him forcibly back, and he did not know whether his attorney had perceived him or not. Soon after this the coach stopt at a dingy-looking house with iron gratings before the windows. "We gets out here, my covey," said one of the men, "but I daresay we s'll all join company again on our way to Newgate." "You insulting scoundrel," said Sam, "I hope never to see your ugly face again." "No, nor Jack Ketch's neither—but mizzle, mizzle, I say—his worship's been waiting this hour." They then proceeded into a dark room which was crowded with people. They all made way for Sam and his two conductors, till they stood directly in front of three gentlemen in comfortable arm-chairs. "Call the first

witness," said one of the gentlemen, and immediately appeared the bustling little landlady of the Cabbage Leaf. "Is that the man who slept in your house last night?"—"It is, your worship; and little did I think such a bloody-minded villain!"—"Hush! answer only to the questions that are put to you—about what o'clock was it when he came to your house?"—"About ten o'clock, the rascal!"—"Here Sam, whose astonishment now gave place to rage and indignation, started up, and said to the magistrates, "Harkee, gentlemen, I'll be d—d if I don't make you pay for this. How dare you!"—"Officers, look close to the prisoner," said one of their worships. "I recommend you, prisoner, to say nothing till the examination is concluded." And Sam sat down again, wondering where all this would end. "You say the prisoner came to your house about ten o'clock—had you any conversation with him?" "No, your worship; he only had his supper, and two glasses of brandy and water."—"He then went to bed?"—"Yes; I shewed him up to number nine."—"Was it a single-bedded room?"—"No, there were two beds in it."—"Describe its situation."—"It is just at the top of the first stair, which fronts the side door into the lane."—"Could that door be opened without wakening the house?"—"Yes; we never keep it closed with more than a latch, 'cause of the watermen getting quietly down to the river."—"Was the other bed in the same room occupied?"—"Yes; a gentleman slept in it."—"You saw no more of the prisoner that night. Well, in the morning, when did you see him?"—"He came down to breakfast, but seemed very low and uneasy."—"Did he say any thing to you about his companion?"—"Yes; he sighed, and said he was sure he would never come back."—"When did he leave the house?"—"He went down towards the river in about half an hour."—"Very well—you may stand down. Call the next witness."

The chambermaid made her appearance. "On going into the prisoner's room this morning, what did you see?"—"Nothing particular at first. But in a little I thought the beds and carpet more tumbled

than usual. I looked into the other gentleman's bed, and there I saw the sheets and pillow marked with blood."—(Here the witness turned very faint.)—"Well, did you give the alarm?"—"Yes; I ran down and told Missus—but the prisoner had gone out."—"What did you do?"—"We told all the lodgers, and asked if they had heard any noise. One of them, John Chambers, heard heavy steps on the stair."—"Well, we shall examine John Chambers himself."

John Chambers, on being examined, said that about three or four in the morning, he heard heavy steps coming down the stair, as if of a man carrying a great weight; the side-door into the lane was opened, and the person went out. He watched for some time, and heard a stealthy pace going up stairs again; after which he fell asleep, as his suspicions were quieted by the person's return.

A witness next appeared, who deposed, that, having an appointment with Abraham Reeve, the person supposed to be murdered, he proceeded to the Cabbage Leaf, and found it all in an uproar at the suspected murder. Abraham Reeve was by profession a dentist; and had that morning fixed to furnish the witness with a handsome set of ivories.

"Please your worship," said one of the officers who had conducted the unfortunate Samuel to the office, "on searching the prisoner, we found this here in his breeches pocket;" and saying this, he held up a complete set of false teeth.

The magistrates upon this shook their heads, and a thrill went through the Court, as if the murder were transacted before their eyes. The purse also was recognised by the landlady; and even the evidence of the person whom Sam had addressed by the side of the river, when they were dragging for the corpse, told very much against him. That witness stated, that the prisoner turned very pale when he saw what they were about; and after seeming excessively agitated for a long while, had said, as if unconsciously, "It will be death to me if they find him." The evidence, by various concurring circumstances, was very strong against our unfortunate friend. The magistrate cautioned him against

saying any thing to criminate himself; and asked him if he wished to make any observation before being remanded on suspicion. Thus adjured, Rosy Sam, who was, alas! now no longer rosy, essayed to speak.

"Upon my honour, this is a most curious business. All that I know about the matter is, that the man who slept in my room must have got up very early in the morning, and stolen my breeches. I am a man of fortune—my name is Samuel Holt, Esq. of Bastock Lodge—and as to stealing!"—

But his harangue was here interrupted by a new witness, who exclaimed, "Please your worships, this swindler of a fellow cheated me last night out of an excellent dinner and a pint of old port." And poor Sam, on looking round at his new assailant, recognised the landlord of the inn where the coach had stopt. Casting his eyes up to Heaven, in sheer despair, he sat down in his seat, and muttered, "It is my firm belief I shall be hanged, because a cursed fellow of a dentist took a fancy to my breeches. But it all comes of travelling. May the devil take Jack Thomson!" But at this moment a prospect of safety dawned upon him, for Mr Clutchit entered the office. "Isay, Clutchit!" cried the prisoner in an ecstasy, "Just tell these people, will you, that I never murdered a dentist—confound his breeches—but that I am Sam Holt of Bastock—Rosy Sam."

Mr Clutchit, thus addressed, bore witness to the respectability of his client, and begged to be made acquainted with the circumstances of the case. On hearing the name of the missing individual, he exclaimed, "O! he's safe enough—this very morning he was arrested at Westminster for debt, and is snugly lodged in the Fleet. A stout good-complexioned man, a dentist, about two-and-forty years of age, and much such a figure as Mr Holt."—"Just such a figure," cried Sam; "our clothes fit each other, as if the tailor had measured us both."

Mr Clutchit's evidence altered the appearance of the question, and a messenger was dispatched to the Fleet to ascertain whether the dentist was really there. In a short time he returned to the Court with the following letter:—

"Sir—I am sorry for the scrape my disappearance has got you into. On shaving myself last night, I cut my chin very severely, and had nothing at hand to stop the bleeding. On getting up very early to proceed to Westminster, I took my trunk down stairs and put it into a boat, but recollecting I had left my dressing case, I returned for it as gently as I could, for fear of disturbing the house. It was so dark at the time, that I find, in mistake, I had put on some clothes which did not belong to me. On landing at Westminster, I was unfortunately arrested at the suit of a scoundrel of the name of Clutchit, and sent off to this place. I herewith return you the things contained in your pockets; and would return the habiliments themselves, but just at present have no change of wardrobe. Yours respectfully. ABRAHAM REEVES."

Sam was now complimented and apologized to, on all hands; and though Mr Clutchit spoke in no very kindly terms of the unhappy Abraham, owing, perhaps, to the manner in which he was spoken of in the note, Sam, who was now in the highest spirits, said, as they went out of the office together,—"He's not a bad fellow that same dentist—he has saved my neck from the gallows, and I'll be hanged if I don't pay his debt. But I say, Clutchit, only think what would have become of me if he had been drowned on his way to Westminster!" "Ah, my dear sir, you know nothing about the law. But come, we must talk on business. I have not yet seen Sir Harry, but have a note from him—that he expects us both to dine with him on board his yacht to-day, which is lying at Blackwall. You had better go and arrange matters with him in a friendly way, while I draw out the deeds, and make all right."—"Just as you please," said Sam, "but in the meantime, my toggery is not just what I could wish, and my purse"—"Say no more, say no more. One can get every thing in London." And in the course of an hour, Sam found himself well dressed, with two or three shirts and other articles in a carpet-bag, and fifty sovereigns in his pocket, for which he gave the lawyer his note, Rejoicing in his recovered liberty, and anticipating a comfortable din-

ner and quiet bottle once more, he presented himself on board the Tartar at 4 o'clock. Sir Harry was delighted to see him, introduced him to some friends who were on board, and in the happiest mood possible the whole party sat down to dinner. But Sam's hilarity was doomed to be of short duration. Before he had time to swallow the first mouthful, he perceived that the vessel was in motion. Sir Harry assured him they were only going a trip to the Downs to see the fleet, and would be back the next day; and Mr Holt, who never took long to accept a friendly invitation, professed his happiness at the prospect of the voyage. But a dinner on board a little yacht of fifty tons, and in his nice parlour at Bastock Lodge, were very different things. A slight swell of the river made her motion very uneasy, and a lurch which emptied a plateful of scalding pea-soup into Sam's lap, and diverted the point of his fork from its original destination—a kidney potato—to the more sensitive kidneys of his leeward neighbour, made him half repeat his nautical expedition. When they had left the comparative smoothness of the river, and entered upon the open sea, which was leaving under a pretty tolerable breeze, Sam's feelings were of a very different nature from those of pleasure. After various ineffectual attempts to enjoy himself below, he felt that the fresh air was absolutely necessary to his comfort, and rushed upon deck. Here he was quite bewildered. The night was not entirely dark, but a dim lurid gloom spread itself all round the heavens, and even so unpractised an eye as poor Sam's saw that there was a storm in the sky. In the meantime, the wind blew fresher every minute, and the Tartar skinned on the top of the waves one moment, and the other, sunk so instantaneously into the hollow of the sea, that Sam laid himself down upon the deck, partly to repress his sickness, and partly, perhaps, to conceal his fears. Meanwhile, mirth and revelry were going on below, and even the sailors appeared to Sam to be much less attentive to the vessel than the exigency of affairs demanded. From time to time our friend lifted up his head, to satisfy himself whether the sea was becoming more

rough, and laid himself down again with an increase of his alarm. At last he caught an indistinct view of some large dark object, heaving and tumbling in the waters; he kept his eye as steadily fixed on it as his sickness would allow, until he saw that it was a ship of large size: "I say, coachman!" he said to the man at the wheel, "mind your reins; there's a London waggon coming down hill, fifteen mile an hour!" The man, whose ideas were as thoroughly nautical as Sam's were terrene, paid no attention to his warning; but still Sam's eyes were fixed on the approaching object, and he cried out, in the extremity of alarm,—"Drive on, drive on, or pull to the side of the road; or, by —, we shall all be spilt!" His exclamations produced no effect, and the ship drew rapidly near. He saw her as her huge beam rose upon the crest of a wave, and sank yawning down again, till her hull was entirely hid; but each time she rose, he perceived that she had greatly shortened the space between them. Sam cried out to the steersman, "You infernal villain, why don't you get out of the way? Do you not understand what's said to you, you tarry, quid-chewing abomination! See, see, she's on us!—she's on us!" He heard the dash of her bows through the foam, and while the bellying of her sails above sounded like thunder, a hoarse voice was heard through the storm, crying, "Luff—luff!" and the helmsman, now thoroughly awakened to his danger, turned the wheel, but it was too late. A scream, wild and appalling, burst from the crew, who were on deck, and the next instant a crash took place; the little vessel shook as if every plank were bursting, and Sam found himself battling with the waves. He soon lost all consciousness of his situation, and how long had elapsed he did not know; but when he came to his recollection, he found himself in a warm bed, while a gentleman in naval uniform was holding his pulse, and several other persons anxiously looking on. "It's of no use, I tell you," said Sam, with a rueful expression of countenance. "It's of no use—I'm a changed man. Yesterday I was nearly hanged, now I'm entirely drowned; and what's to hap-

pen next, Lord only knows. The last time I slept in Bastock, I had never been forty miles from home, but now I suppose I'm at the other end of the world."—"Keep yourself quiet, sir, you are in good quarters," said the gentleman who held his pulse. "You are on board his Majesty's ship Bloodsucker, 84, bound for the Mediterranean. Take this composing draught, and keep yourself quiet for a few days, and I have no doubt of your soon recovering your strength." And accordingly, in a very few days, Sam was able to go upon deck. By the ease and jollity of his social disposition, he soon made himself a favourite with the mess. On his first emerging from his cabin, he gazed with breathless astonishment at the prospect which presented itself—magnificent hills at an amazing distance, and a vast extent of level country, rejoicing in the sunshine. "Pray, sir," said Sam, to a tall romantic-looking gentleman in black, who was admiring the same scene, "what county may we be opposite now? Is it any part of Hampshire, sir?"—"Hampshire!" repeated the gentleman, thus addressed,—"These are the mountains of Spain. These hills were trod by Hannibal, and the Scipios, by the Duke of Wellington, and Don Quixote. This is the land of the Inquisition and liquorice. Yonder is Cape Trafalgar; there, in the arms of victory and Sir Thomas Hardy, fell heroic one-eyed Nelson! That is Cape Spartel. Hail Afric's scorching shore, hot-bed of niggers! See! we open the Pillars of Hercules! These mighty portals past, every step we'll be on classic ground or water."

Long before this rhapsody was concluded, our friend had betaken himself to another part of the ship, and did not appreciate the eloquence and enthusiasm of the classical chaplain of the Bloodsucker. It is not to be supposed that Sam was a willing encounterer, all this time, of the perils of the deep. Frequent and anxious were his enquiries as to the possibility of his return. He was assured that at Gibraltar there was no doubt of his getting a homeward vessel, but till then, he had better accommodate himself to circumstances. Accordingly, with right good-will, he set himself to enjoy as many comforts



as his position would afford. The purser, being luckily a stout individual, furnished him with a wardrobe; and the wine being good, the mess pleasant, and the sea calm, Sam's only drawback from his felicity was his absence from Bastock Lodge. On casting anchor off St Rosier, they ascertained from the pratique boat that the yellow fever was so virulent on shore, that the deaths averaged nine a day; so, without the delay of a moment, all sail was hoisted again, and with a favourable breeze the Blood-sucker pursued her way to Malta.

Here, at last, Sam was lucky enough to get information of the sailing of a Sicilian spononara bound for Catania, from which he was assured he could not fail to catch the regular passage-boat home. With many adieus and cordial invitations to the officers to beat up his quarters at Bastock Lodge, Sam betook himself to the St Agata, with every prospect of a favourable voyage. The passengers consisted principally of invalidated officers and soldiers, and Sam had the deck to himself. As night was coming on, a vessel about the same size as the St Agata hove in sight, and, in passing, made a signal of distress, and begged some water, as their casks, they said, had all leaked out. "Oh, give the poor devils some water," said Sam, as soon as he understood what they wanted. "Thirst is a horrible thing—especially of a morning after dining out." The strange vessel sent its barge; but no sooner had the crew got on board, than at the whistle of the villain who had mounted first, eight armed men started from the bottom of the boat, and, after a slight struggle, in which they shot two sailors, and threw the captain overboard, they gained possession of the St Agata, and secured all the passengers below. After being kept in confinement a long time, and sparingly fed on bread and water, they were landed one moonlight night, and marched into a dark cave among the rocks on the sea-shore. Sam's meditations were by no means of a pleasing cast. "Don't you think it a very hard case, sir," he said to the officer who was chained to his wrist, and whose strength, after a severe fever in Malta, was scarcely able to support him under the treatment of

his captors—"Don't you think it a hard case on a middle-aged man like me, that I should be moved about all over the world against my will, leaving the nicest cottage in England, and a lot of good fellows—to be first suspected of murdering somebody else, and then most likely to be murdered myself?"—"The last," replied the invalid, "we shall all undoubtedly be, as we are in the hands of the Greeks."—"Of the Philistines, you mean," said Sam—"but it's all the same." While carrying on this melancholy conversation, they were suddenly startled by a great deal of firing, mixed with screams, and the other outcries which attend an onslaught. "Mercy on us all!" said Sam, "what the devil is to come next?"—"They are most probably murdering some other prisoners," replied his companion; "it will be our turn soon."—"Then, I'll take my oath, they shan't kill me like a sheep. I'll have a tussle for it, and if I get a right-hander on some of the scoundrel's breadbaskets, I'll make them know what it is to bully a free-born Englishman." In a short time, advancing steps were heard, and our bold Briton, supporting his companion to the mouth of the cave, stood in as Crib-like an attitude as his unencumbered hand could assume; and resolved to knock down the first man that entered. They had not been long in this situation, when they perceived that their place of confinement was left unguarded, and they were still more surprised, on proceeding a little way in front, to perceive the dead bodies of several of their captors, already partly stript, while further down upon the beach they saw a large body of Turks forcing many of the unarmed natives on board of some vessels close on shore. While congratulating themselves on this prospect of escape, and while they continued gazing on the scene before them, they were suddenly surrounded by a fresh body of Turks, and, without a word spoken on either side, they were conducted down the passes of the rocks, and conveyed on board. "Worse and worse," sighed Sam, whom this last disaster reduced to complete despair—"It is my firm belief I am not Sam Holt of Bastock, but have changed places with the wandering Jew.—Jack Thomson's pro-

phesy is fulfilled, every bit of it!"—But poor Sam's lamentations were of no avail. On the third day, they were taken out of the vessel, and conveyed to shore. The unfortunate invalid with whom Sam had been chained so long, appeared so ill after landing, that he was released from the fetters; and what became of him Sam never discovered. Our friend, whose dress was of the most heterogeneous nature, consisting of whatever articles he could pick up—for, in all his misfortunes, his wardrobe was the first to suffer—was ranged along a wall, in a magnificent building, along with about forty others of all ages and countries. Many people, in strange dresses, with towels, as Sam expressed it, round their heads, passed and repassed them, looking narrowly at each. At last, an old white-whiskered man, pointing with his finger to the still portly figure of our friend, entered into a conversation with the person who had conducted them to the place, and in a few minutes Sam was taken out from the rest, and the old gentleman beckoning him to follow, walked majestically out of the building. Poor Sam, who now felt himself to be a very different being from what he used to be, presiding over his well filled table at Bastock Lodge, followed in the most submissive manner imaginable. His conductor paused at the door of a very stately edifice, and said a few words, which Sam did not understand, to a group of lounging domestics. Immediately three or four of them rushed forward, and seized violently hold of Sam, and carried him into the hall. There they let him stand for a few minutes, till the old gentleman who had preceded them, and who had gone into an inner apartment, returned and spoke to them in the same language as before. Again they hurried Sam forward, and at last when they came to a pause, the astonished Squire of Bastock had time to look round him. Seated on a low, richly covered ottoman, was an old white-headed man, with a long pipe in his mouth; near him were several others, but evidently his inferiors—while, a little way from the raised floor on which they were sitting, was a multitude of soldiers, in such a uniform, and with such arms, as had never entered into

Sam's imagination to conceive. While he was taking this survey, the old gentleman his conductor, bending to the very ground before the magnifico with the pipe, apparently directed his attention to Rosy Sam. Without casting his sublime eyes on so insignificant an object, the great man ordered the dragoman to discover who the stranger was. A young man now stepped forward and addressed our friend in French.

"No, no—no *parley vous*," said Sam, who knew just enough of the sound to guess what language it was.

He next spoke to him in English, and said he was ready to report Sam's answers to the dignitary on the sofa.

"I say," said Sam, who had now recovered a little of his confidence from hearing his mother tongue once more, "who's the old covey in the dressing-gown? He seems a prime judge of tobacco."

The person alluded to scowled and said something to the interpreter, who turned to Sam and said,—"*His Highness, the Reis Effendi, says you are a dog, and if you speak till you're spoken to, he will tear your tongue out, and cut off both your ears.*"

"He's cursedly polite—but did you say he was the Rice Offendy?—ask him if he hasn't a brass gun upon wheels that kills sea-mews at a hundred and fifty yards."

The interpreter, probably not understanding Sam's language, or willing to screen him from his Excellency's anger, said a few words, and promised obedience on the part of Sam.

• The conversation went on. "The Reis Effendi wishes to know if you have any particular wish to be strangled?"

"Tell the Rice, that with his permission I would much rather not, but am just as much obliged to him for his kind offer."

"His Highness wishes to know if you have any objections to be beautifully dressed, well treated, made rich, and have eight wives supported for you at the Sultan's expense."

"Tell him," said Sam, quite delighted, "that he is a jolly old cock; that I accept his offer with all my heart; but as to the wives, I can't think of more than one, or two at the very most."

"Will you turn Mussulman to obtain all these advantages?"

"Musselman? Aye, to be sure, I'm a devil of a fellow at all sorts of fish."

"Will you wear the turban, and swear by the prophet?"

"Turban? Yes—Lord bless you, what does it signify what a man wears? and as to swearing, 'gad I'll outswear you all for a hundred."

On the dragoman relating the result of the conversation, his highness deigned to cast eyes on the new believer, and at a nod several men stepped forward and threw little jars of rose water over his face and person; and immediately he was hurried into another apartment, stript by five or six zealous attendants, forced into a warm bath which was richly perfumed, and after being rubbed and anointed, he was clothed in the splendid flowing robes, and ornamented with the glittering jewels of a Turkish Bashla. When he came into the anteroom, through which he had already passed, he recognised the old gentleman who had brought him to the palace, and beckoned him to come near.

"I say, old boy, what can be the meaning of all this? Are ye all mad, or only drunk?" The old man, bowed, and almost prostrated himself, but answered nothing. "O, I see how it is," continued Sam. "Whereabouts is the dragman? He's no great hand at English, poor devil, but he is better than none."

The dragoman appeared, and bending obsequiously, said, "What is it your lordship's pleasure to do with your slave?"

"Pooh, lordship! nonsense, man. I say, Dragzy, he's a comical old shaver, that Rice Offendy; and fought rather shy of answering us about the gun; for my own part, I think it's a lie of Jack Thomson's."

"Your lordship is too complaisant to your slave."

"Perhaps I should be if I had him; but we have no slaves. I have a servant, a d—d old canting scoundrel, called Trusty Tommy; but pshaw! you know nothing about these things. Now, can you tell me what they want me to do, for surely all this scrubbing and dressing can't be for nothing?"

"Your highness's escort is now, I believe, at the door. You are about

to proceed as ambassador from the Sultan of the World to the Pacha of Albania. Your highness is decorated with three tails."

"The devil a tail have they left me at all—not so much as a jacket—I feel for all the world as if I were in petticoats. Well, you say I go as ambassador to some gentleman in Albania. Is it a long journey?"

"Yes, it will be some time before your highness's return."

"For I was thinking," continued Sam, "it would be as well, before I go to—to—how many wives did you say I was to have kept for me by the sultan?"

"There were eight destined to rejoice in your highness's smiles."

"The devil there were! But where do they hang out? They are, perhaps, ugly old frights."

"Beautiful as angels in Paradise. But the sultan's orders are imperative. Your highness must not delay a single moment, but leave every thing till you return."

"Well, well, what must be, must." And Sam mounted a magnificent Arab, which was standing at the door, and set off with a large retinue of splendidly dressed warriors, while another interpreter rode close by his side. As he left the gate of the city, an officer stopt the cavalcade, and, with all due formalities, delivered a packet into the ambassador's hand. The interpreter told him to lay the packet on his head, for it was the firman of the sultan. In a short time the *cortège* passed on, and Sam had ample time to moralize on the mutability of fortune. Long before the journey was over, he was intimate with every man of the escort; and when, at length, on entering the Albanian territory, all, except four, left him, they took leave of him with so much appearance of regret, as evidently shewed how much they liked their commander.

One day in riding down the side of a gentle valley, they came, at a winding of the rude track they were pursuing, upon a large body of horsemen—and as they were immediately surrounded, they had no alternative but to mention who they were, and submit. On the interpreter informing them that his master bore a communication to the Pacha from the Sultan, they drew back with the utmost respect, and fell into the line

of march, as part of his military guard. They informed the party that the Pacha was encamped a few miles farther down the valley, with an army of forty thousand men, and that he had expected the Sultan's ambassador for some time. Encouraged by this assurance, Sam put his Arabian on his mettle, and soon was in the heart of the encampment. The Pacha's tent was easily known from its superior splendour, and in a few minutes Sam was conducted in great splendour to his highness's quarters. Fierce-looking soldiers scowled upon him as he passed, and Sam was not altogether at ease, when he observed the ominous sneers they exchanged with each other.

At last he stopt short, and said to one of the soldiers, whose expression he did not like, "You popinjay in fine clothes, do you make these faces at me?"

Another soldier who was standing by, started forward and said, "Good God! an Englishman, and in that dress!—it is not even yet too late to save you; if you go on, you will be murdered to a certainty—the Pacha has put twelve ambassadors to death already."

"The devil he has! and I'm sent here to make up the baker's dozen! Well, countryman, what's to be done? If you get me out of this scrape, and ever come to Bas-tock!"

"Stay,—the only plan, when the Pacha asks you for the firman, is to say you've lost it;—here, give it to me." And Sam had scarcely time to follow the soldier's advice, when he found himself in presence of the rebel chief.

He was standing at the farther end of the tent, in the middle of a group of officers. On seeing his highness the ambassador, he advanced half way to meet him, and bowed with all the reverence of an Eastern prostration.

"I worship the shadow of the sovereign of the universe. Your highness does too much honour to your slave."

"Your servant, old gentleman, your servant," said Sam, who guessed from the Pacha's manner, that he was paying him a compliment, "a pleasant gentlemanly sort of man, and no murderer. I'll be bound—tell him I want to see him, and hope

he's well—ask him how his wife is, and the children."

The interpreter, at Sam's request, made a courteous speech.

"The messenger of the Sultan is master here. We are sorry we can offer him no better accommodation."

"The accommodation's good enough—but riding in these hot mornings with a tablecloth on one's head is thirsty work, Master Dragsman. Ask him if he could give one a glass of brandy and water—cold without."

But the Pacha anticipated his desire. He seated him on the highest ottoman in the tent, and treated him with a deference and respect which were quite astonishing to Sam, but which seemed to yield the greatest amusement to the officers of the staff.

"The bearer of the Firman is powerful as Azrael. Say, where is the imperial order for your slave's unfortunate head? The officers of the bow-string are near."

"An order for his head! Tell him, I know nothing about his head, nor his bow-strings either. I brought a letter from an old smoking fellow at Constantinople, but I've unfortunately lost it by the way."

"What! lost it?" said the Pacha, who did not seem by any means rejoiced at the prospect of retaining his head. "Your highness is pleased to jest with your servant. You undoubtedly came from the monarch of the earth to put the cord round your slave's neck?"

"I be cursed if I came for any such purpose."

"Ah, then," said the Pacha, "it grieves me we can only give you the second-rate robe of honour.—We are deprived of our sport, (he said to his attendants,) for this time at least your chief's head is in safety—Put the caftan of favour round the dragoon's shoulders."

Two splendidly dressed men, with arms bared up to the elbow, and bearing a silk cord, now advanced towards the interpreter. He clung for safety to his Excellency the Ambassador, screaming, "Save me, save me; they are going to strangle your slave."

"Strangle!—Nonsense, man—Didn't the old gentleman treat us in the most polite way possible; and isn't he laughing, and all the other people too, as if it were a capital joke?"

But in spite of Sam's consolatory observations, the interpreter continued his entreaties.

The men had now got up to him, and laid the green silk cord upon his shoulder. They then brought the two ends round to his breast; and another person, who seemed of higher rank, stepped forward, bearing a short staff in his hand. Round this staff he twisted the ends of the cord till it was closely drawn to the dragoman's throat, and then he waited with the most imperturbable coolness for some signal from the chief. That personage, however, seemed to enjoy the scene too much to bring it to a speedy conclusion, and continued to pour out his ironical compliments both to the dragoman and Sam. "The caftan of honour is given to the servant of the messenger of the Sultan; he does not seem to prize the distinction sufficiently."—"Oh, save your slave!" exclaimed the dragoman. "He is a dog, and would lick the dust; but save him, your highness!"

"Come, Mister Pacha," said Sam, as coaxingly as he could, "you have had your fun with the poor devil, though I can't see the joke of it myself. You see he's half-dead with fright. Let him go, there's a good fellow."

"There are twelve of your brethren, the scoundrelly Greeks of the Faynal, gone before you, all wearing the same marks of my favour. See that the caftan fits him close—he will catch cold, else." As he said these words, the Pacha nodded to the person who held the staff; and in an instant, by a dexterous turn of the wrist, the cord was drawn tight, and the howlings, and terrified exclamations of the dragoman, were cut short by death. The staff was untwisted e'er Sam recovered from his amazement, and the corpse of his companion, still writhing, fell down upon his feet. He started up in horror at the murder, and forgetting the danger which surrounded him, he exclaimed,—“You blood-thirsty Turk, by G—d! if there's law or justice to be had for love or money, you shall swing for this. You're a pretty son of a ———, to pretend to be so polite, and then to kill a poor devil of a fellow who never did you a morsel of harm. Keep your cursed sofa to

yourself, for I would not stay with such a Burking old scoundrel, no, not to be Mayor of London.” And Sam, foaming with indignation, stalked away; but he had not gone far when the same two men who had brought the cord stooped him, and led him back to the ottoman he had left. This time, instead of a bow-string, they carried a long thong of thick leather, and the Pacha, still continuing his respectful behaviour, said,—“Your excellency is too condescending to your slave. Ho! chamberlain—put the Shoes of Glory on his highness's feet.” With the rapidity of lightning, Sam was thrown back upon the sofa; his shoes forcibly taken from his feet, and while the whole tent was convulsed with laughter, one of the men swinging the bastinado round his head, inflicted such a blow on his unprotected soles, that Sam screamed aloud with mingled rage and pain.

“Let me go this moment, ye bloody-minded rascals—d——e if I don't hawl you up for this.—I'll bring an action!”—

But here the second blow enraged him beyond all endurance, and while struggling with enormous strength, and, roaring at the top of his lungs, he felt a hand laid on his shoulder, and, on looking up, saw Jack Thomson in his dressing-gown, and all the rest of us standing round his bed.

“Why, Rosy Sam, what the deuce is the matter with you this morning, disturbing the whole house?”

“Matter,” said Sam, sitting bolt upright, “where's that infernal Turk? I'll teach him to strike an Englishman on the feet. What, Jack Thomson! Jem! Bill!—All here—at Bastock—Lord bless ye, I've had such a dream—all coming of your confounded stories, Jack—I thought I was tried, drowned, taken, sold, beat, bastinadoed, married to eight wives—and the devil knows all what. But here we are, my boys, let's have our breakfast; then we'll have a day's coursing in the upland fields, and after dinner, I'll tell you all my adventures—how I was sent as an ambassador by the Sultan.” “And they could not have found a fellow,” said Jack, “who was a considerable punster, who could have made himself more at home with the *Sublime Port* than yourself.”

## STATE OF PUBLIC FEELING IN SCOTLAND.

DESTINED as our pages are to carry the conservative principles, and attachment to the constitution, to the remotest quarters where the English language is spoken in the world, it is with great reluctance that we mingle with such momentous disquisitions, any thing of a local or provincial nature; and our readers must long have perceived, that our pages are, in general, as free from the details of Scotch transactions as if they were written at Nova Zembla. But while this is the general rule, there must be some exceptions: occasions on which the conservative principles themselves call upon us to give publicity, and confer merited celebrity, on patriotic services; and when to pass over in silence courageous efforts and splendid talent, would be alike unworthy of the cause we advocate, and the country which has given us birth.

We have uniformly maintained, that the effect of the Reform measures in the contemplation of Government, would be to augment in some places the aristocratic, in others the democratic influence in the country, to the entire extinction, between them, of the middling and respectable bodies, who at present lie between these extremes, and moderate the fierceness with which, upon their destruction, they will assail each other. We have also maintained, that this tendency is now clearly perceived by all those different classes, and that the chief supporters of the Reform Bill in Scotland are the Whig aristocrats, with their professional dependants, in the country, and the democratical party, with their numerous filiations, in the towns: the former being influenced by the hope, through their numerous tenantry, of governing the county—the latter, through the ten-pound tenants, of carrying the borough elections.

The demonstrations of public opinion which have recently been made, or are now in progress, in Scotland, completely demonstrate the justice of these observations. While the respectable, influential, and intelligent middling ranks, of every profession and class, are combining to

express their alarm and detestation of the Bill, some of the great feudal Whig proprietors are coalescing with the manufacturing rabble to testify their support of its principles. In Lanarkshire, the Duke of Hamilton has attended a meeting of the Glasgow radicals to support reform; and the Premier Peer of Scotland was not ashamed to propose resolutions, which were seconded by operative weavers. At Perth, a meeting has been held, convened by the Breadalbane and Athol families, along with the weavers and sail-makers of Perth and Dundee, to petition in favour of a measure which promises to give the command of the Highland counties to these overgrown proprietors with their armies of catherans, and the control of the lowland cities to the burgh radicals, with their squalid and democratic followers. At this meeting the ancient title of Glenorchy was no longer heard, and the Earl of Ormelle signalized his elevation by the reforming administration, by uniting with their radical followers in the Lanes of Perth. In Roxburghshire, the Earl of Minto has coalesced with the Hawick weavers, and got up a petition, signed by such names that many of them were not thought fit to be published even in the radical newspapers.

It is remarkable, that in all these cases, the Whig aristocracy have not united with their natural friends and supporters, the tenantry of their estates, but with the weavers of the manufacturing towns in the vicinity. It is the weavers of Hamilton and Airdrie, Perth and Dundee, Hawick and Galashiels, who have coalesced with the noble families of Hamilton, Breadalbane, and Minto. It is needless to say, that at all these meetings the gentry of the country, with the exception of a few intimate friends or dependants of these great families, were absent, and the aristocratic brought into close and immediate conjunction with the democratic classes. The country understands this ominous conjunction; it portends the extinction of the inferior nobility, the gentry, the merchants, manufacturers, lawyers, higher tradesmen,

and farmers,—the destruction of the middling and useful orders of society, to leave the field clear to aristocratic pride and republican ambition.

Very different have been the manifestations of public feeling on the part of the gentry, landholders, and respectable classes in Scotland. At Glasgow, an anti-reform address has recently been signed by above 1000 of the most respectable merchants, bankers, traders, and shopkeepers of that great emporium of commerce and industry, the second city in the empire in point of population, wealth, and importance. So strongly is the intelligence and wealth of that part of Scotland impressed with the peril of the present measures of innovation, that, not content with this great demonstration of opinion, we hope very soon there will be a public meeting of the Conservative party there, for the purpose of addressing both Houses of Parliament.—In Berwickshire, one of the greatest agricultural counties of Scotland, a requisition for a public county meeting has been published, signed by 125 persons, embracing almost all the landed proprietors, and above eighty of the *principal farmers* of that opulent and intelligent district,—men superior to their brethren in any other part of the island in agricultural skill, and inferior to none in intelligence and patriotism,—who pay an amount of rent which would outweigh the income of an army of radicals, and have received an education equal to that of any body of gentlemen in Great Britain.—At a recent visit of Lord Aberdeen to his extensive Aberdeenshire estates, he was voluntarily waited upon by an immense body of his tenantry, to express their attachment to his person and family, and their admiration of his political conduct; and it would be hard to find an equal body of farmers in any part of the island, of the same natural sagacity and deliberate judgment.

The Conservative party in Perthshire have come forward in a very different way from the Highland chieftains and lowland city democrats of the county. A petition is in progress, embracing four-fifths of the noblemen, gentlemen, clergy, and farmers of the county, in favour of the constitution. These landed proprietors have not come forward

to unite with the rabble of towns; they have stood forth with their farmers, neighbours, clergy, and friends—with all who are united with them in interest, or attached in affection, to support the system under which they have lived, and prospered, and hope to die together.

It is not surprising that the tenantry of Scotland, wherever they are sufficiently educated to understand the nature and practical tendency of the changes which are proposed, should be filled with alarm at their consequences, and deprecate the fatal gift of political dissension with which they are threatened by the Reform Bill. They have sense enough to perceive the consequences of breeding political warfare between a landlord and his farmers; they compare their own condition with that of the English and Irish tenantry—they dread to convert the independent and prosperous Scotch cultivator into the fierce serf of the latter, or the obsequious tenant of the former country. They know that they must either vote with their landlords, or against them—that, if they do the former, they are converted into a menial herd, deprived of the power of political deliberation; if the latter, they are introducing dissension and strife into a peaceful community, and may ultimately cover the Scottish valleys with the fires and the murders of Ireland.

Of a similar description is the recent stand made by the Conservative party at Edinburgh. While the Reforming Journals, with their usual exaggeration and falsehood, are rehearsing the story of unanimity in the whole country in favour of the Bill—and even the Lord Chancellor hazarded, on the woolsack, the assertion, if the report of his speech be correct, that every man in Edinburgh capable of bearing arms, had signed the Reform petition—it was obvious to all practically acquainted with the state of public opinion in the country, not only that there was a very great division on the subject, but that the decided majority of property, intelligence, and virtue, had ranged itself on the other side. The knowledge that this was the case, as much at Edinburgh as elsewhere, and a sense of the duty incumbent on the Scottish metropolis to take the lead in

such a manifestation of public opinion, in opposition to the clamour and delusion of the day, induced a number of individuals of the highest respectability, to project the plan of a public meeting, to give vent to these sentiments; and the result has been a display of the combined force of energy of talent, respectability, and property, such as never was before witnessed in this northern part of the island.

In making this observation, we do not mean to assert that, in point of numbers, the persons who attended this meeting were any thing at all approaching to that of the signatures at the Reform Petition. In a question where the multitude has been systematically arrayed against the property of the country, where brute force is brought to bear against intellectual power, and liberty of thought in the peaceful, is threatened with extinction by the advocates of licentiousness in the unruly, it is not to be expected that this ever can be the case. As much is it to be looked for, that the officers of an army are to equal in numbers the privates whom they command, or the gifted spirits, who finally rule the tempests of thought, the thoughtless crowd who follow their suggestions. But there is no man acquainted with Scotland, who must not admit, that a great majority of the talent, of the property, and of the respectability of the city and its vicinity was assembled on this occasion; and that a degree of enthusiasm and unanimity was exhibited, such as never before was witnessed in this ancient metropolis.

It embraced many of the principal landed proprietors of the neighbourhood, almost all the great bankers, merchants, and traders of the city, a decided majority of the bar and legal profession in all its branches, and almost every individual known as occupying a respectable station in society in Edinburgh, whose fortunes are not wound up with or dependant on the present administration. *A priori*, it would have been deemed impossible to assemble such a meeting on account of any cause, or by any exertions whatsoever. The success of such an attempt demonstrates the intensity of the feeling against the ruinous measures of administra-

tion, which has grown up in this country, and the vehemence with which public thought rushed into the right channel, when the barriers which have so long restrained it by violence and intimidation from the lower orders, were removed.

The means by which this noble and heart-stirring display of public feeling was effected, are particularly worthy of notice, with a view to their general adoption. Edinburgh contains its full proportion of dissolute and abandoned characters, who enlist themselves under the banner of Reform, in order to gratify their malignant or licentious passions; it contains also its full proportion of popular violence; and of great but distorted, or misled ability among the higher and upright class of Reformers. The excesses and violence of the mob in this city at the last election, at one time seemed to threaten such a conflagration as has illuminated the progress of Bristol Reform. But all these indigent and reckless thousands were restrained, popular discontent was overawed, and the public tranquillity was effectually preserved, by the publication of the names of the requisitionists to the address. That list contained such an assemblage of wealth, respectability, and talent, that faction was overawed, violence was intimidated, envy and vituperation were silenced. The ignorant thousands who petitioned for Reform, beheld in that list their landlords, their employers, their teachers, their benefactors; those whose wealth gave them bread, whose benevolence had saved them from starvation, whose genius had, till recent delusion, guided their thoughts. The result of this display of moral was the subjugation of physical strength; and hence the triumphant and tranquil termination of the appeal.

It is by similar means that conservative meetings, and, what is still more, conservative *public* meetings, may be carried through in every part of the country. If a few individuals only come forward, they will certainly be exposed to obloquy—probably, in these days of popular licence and unrestrained violence, to danger. But if a great body of wealthy and influential persons stand forth at once, their wealth, charac-



ter, and connexions, overawe and subdue the turbulent. The reformers feel that, in striking them, they are striking their benefactors and their friends,—closing the channels which furnish them with subsistence, and paralyzing the hands which assuage their sufferings. The *elan* of victory, the consciousness of strength, passes over to the other side; and education, talent, and virtue, reassume their wonted ascendancy over violent and ignorant numbers.

It is of incalculable importance at this crisis, that similar meetings should take place generally through the country. We cannot expect to see elsewhere, indeed, the splendid and dazzling eloquence with which Professor Wilson captivated the immense audience whom he addressed. But we may expect to see every where the same ardent and patriotic spirit which assembled them together; and there is to be found enough of patriotic and right feeling in every British city, to undertake the labour which was so admirably discharged by the committee who made arrangements for the meeting. In every town and county in the empire, there is the same preponderance of property, talent, respectability, and virtue, over mere numbers and brute violence, which has been so triumphantly evinced at Edinburgh. All that is wanted, is, the vigour to undertake, and the courage to execute, a similar manifestation of existing thought.

The Conservative Party in both Houses of Parliament are incessantly twitted with their being a mere fraction in the nation,—a minority, whose opinion is not worth attending to in weighing the overwhelming mass of public opinion on the other side. It is by such manifestation of conservative principles that this assertion is to be disproved;—the eternal and pusillanimous argument wrested from the reformers, that changes must be made, not because they are advisable, but because the people demand them;—the minority in the Commons encouraged to continue their admirable and courageous defence of the constitution, and the majority of the Lords to stand forth, as heretofore, foremost in the ranks of order and freedom.

How is it to be expected that these patriotic and noble statesmen are to

continue their glorious resistance to the torrent of popular tyranny, if they are left alone to sustain the conflict? Are they to expose themselves to unmeasured obloquy, and their persons and property to danger, merely to support a people who will do nothing for themselves, who leave to them to fight, unaided, a battle in which the middling orders are mainly interested? Are they to fight for a nation who not only will not fight for itself, but is apparently disposed to embrace the odious chains of popular servitude? And how are the legislature to know, or how can they refer to, the overwhelming mass of property, intelligence, and character which is arrayed against the revolutionary measures, unless the individuals who compose that *moral* majority come forward to record their sentiments?

But we will not longer withhold from our readers the brilliant and poetical imagery, joined to the profound wisdom and statesman-like views which distinguished Professor Wilson's speech.

"Loyalty, I may say, has been, from the olden time, in Scotland, a national virtue. It was so when we had an independent kingdom, and our own kings—it is so still; and if, in the midst of those immense improvements wrought in the whole structure of our social and political life, since the Union, by the constant operation of countless causes at work in the progress and advancement of civilisation, our loyalty be not now so imaginative as of old, not so ardent, perhaps, nor so impassioned, yet, under the guidance and control of reason, it has become a loftier principle in the breasts of free men—(tremendous cheers.) The doctrine of the divine right of kings has been long dead, never to be revived; but it may be replaced, perhaps, by a creed with respect to their human right, which may deaden the quickening and animating spirit that belongs to every high principle of human feeling and thought; and thus may loyalty lose the name of a virtue, and become merely the cold conviction in the understanding, that as the monarchical form of government is good, therefore we ought to respect the monarch. Much of this spurious sort of loyalty is abroad nowadays, inculcated by the chilling doctrines of the utilitarian philosophy, which shows no favour to what it calls prejudices and bigotries, but which are, nevertheless, often found in alliance with, and in support of, the noblest emotions of humanity—(cheers.) We beg to express a loyalty of a

very different kind—of the deep, strong stamp—consecrated by all the remembrances of the greatness, and the glory, and the happiness enjoyed by this land under the House of Hanover, (loud cheers,) and by none more than by the remembrance of the character of him who was indeed the father of his people, under whose long reign loyalty waxed great, and grew into a kindly and reverential affection—of him who was emphatically called the ‘Good old King,’ King George the Third.—(Loud and reiterated cheering.)—The loyalists loved him for the simplicity and purity of his domestic life, for that native intrepidity that was with him when his sacred person was threatened by the assassin’s aim, and when, in the midst of timid and vacillating counsels, he saved the metropolis of his empire, when blazing with a thousand fires. They loved him for the confidence he reposed, in dark and perilous times, in the national character of the people over whom he ruled with a mild and paternal sway—(great cheering.)—The great Conservative Party obeyed their loyalty and their patriotism then, in rallying round his throne, when “fear of change was perplexing monarchs,”—when, in a prodigious revolution—call it rather moral earthquake, whose tremors are yet sensibly felt over the world, and its waves, though no more dashing so furiously, are yet seen in a sullen swell, portentous of evil, along many a shore—the throne of France was overturned, which now, after so many usurpations, abdications, depositions, and restorations, is filled by one who the ‘likeness of a kingly crown has on,’ and is supported by the feeble prop of a non-hereditary peerage. (Great cheering.) Our loyalty was with him in the dark and fatal eclipse—it went with his white and honoured head to the tomb; and that tomb is guarded by the hallowed recollection of his kingly virtues. (Immense cheering.) Nor was our loyalty withheld from the son that succeeded such a sire. We did justice to his many noble qualities and his many fine accomplishments; we recognised in him the same high English heart that exulted in the glory and greatness of Britain; we supported his government during the long and fearful contests in which, during his regency, this country was engaged, and which, after many immortal actions, which shed an equal lustre over our arms on land with that which on sea had been consummated, but not terminated, at Trafalgar, gave peace to Europe by the overthrow of Napoleon at Waterloo. (Tremendous applause.) And is that feeling colder in our bosoms towards our gracious monarch now on the throne? No. (Thunders of applause.) We hailed his ascension with a new and peculiar pride; for he had left the marble floors of his sire’s palace at Windsor for the deck of a British man-of-

war; the gallant Prince of the Blood became a companion of the gallant young midshipmen,

‘Whose march is on the mountain wave,  
Whose home is on the deep.’ (Great cheering.)

He was brought up among the stormy music, dearest to liberty, the roar of ocean, that dashes against the cliffs of Albion and Albyn, on which are wafted far and wide the wealth and the might of this rich and victorious land. (Shouts loud and long.) With enthusiastic loyalty we islanders hailed our sailor king; and thus it is that we now give vent to the fervour of our attachment; and from all foes, foreign or domestic, we swear to guard with our love or with our lives, his anointed head. (Fervent cheering.) These sentiments, I perceive, find an echo in every breast. But the virtues of no mortal man could of themselves excite such loyalty as we feel for William the Fourth, were it not that he is the guardian of that Constitution to which the country owes all its greatness, (cheers,) and because we trust that, notwithstanding the measures which we condemn, and which are his Ministers’, that Constitution will remain unimpaired and conspicuous among all the nations.”

In the following able and condensed observations, is contained a summary of the invincible arguments against the necessity of changes in the constitution.

“Men did not fear, once, to speak, without a running accompaniment of ‘abuses, defects, and anomalies,’ of our glorious Constitution. They did not scruple to exult in it, to thank Heaven they had been born under it, to teach their children to understand it, that they might become the worthy citizens of such a state. (Cheering.) Nor did our orators and philosophers withhold themselves from celebrating its praises, which were resounded in all tongues and from all lands. The wisest men of the most civilized countries came to study it among the people who lived under its beneficent sway, and to observe how had been growing up, age after age, a national character, which was feared and honoured, as the character ought to be of every great nation, all over the earth. (Applause.) While despots trembled lest the influence of our free institutions, that had grown up under its shelter, might shake their own power, built on the sandy or hollow ground of usurpation and injustice, and strove in vain to pass a non-intercourse act to exclude the spirit of our liberty; other rulers borrowed from it all they dared to adopt, and the wisest of their counsellors drew from it their maxims of political wisdom, to guide their state policy, in as far as that was possible under their form of government. Certain

it is, that none dared to vilify it but tyrants or slaves. (Loud cheers.) Nay, our liberty, ill-understood, and rashly and suddenly introduced into the system of other states, not ready to receive the generous infusion, even contributed to inflame nations to madness, and to produce those fearful excesses in a neighbouring kingdom which were saved to Freedom in her own chosen seat. Yet here, too, Freedom had its dangers; but they who had been too heedless in their hopes for man in France, remorsefully lamented the injustice they had then done to their own free government, and lived to love it the better because of that injustice, and that it had stood firm against the shock of so many storms. Then there was a return to the reverence of ancient institutions, and of all those deep and high thoughts with which they were regarded by a people who had continued to flourish under them, while other nations had been disturbed, and other thrones overturned. (Universal applause.) But now, within the space of one little year, we are told that the British Constitution is rotten at the core, preyed on by a disease of the heart, and palsied in its body and all its limbs. We must abjure our faith in the causes of our country's greatness. The Constitution must be remoulded—reformed—reconstructed; but we do not fear to call it subversion and demolition. (Loud shouts.) If, indeed, its nature be so sorely changed, by what magic happens it that, under a rotten constitution, the people are so sound-hearted? that, under oppression, they lift up their heads? that, beneath the domination of a greedy and grinding oligarchy, we see every day, and all around us, the poor man becoming rich, and on lands acquired by his own patient industry and enterprise, building up for himself a mansion like a palace, while, not forgetful of his humble origin, but exulting in it, and true to the fond remembrances of his youth, he includes within its foundation the sacred site of his father's humble domicile? (Tremendous shouts.) Strange, that under a constitution so outworn and corrupted, these should be the sights of the common day! It is a noble thing when our praises of the grandeur of any object of our love can best be pronounced in commonplaces—when it requires no far-fetched eulogium—when we have but to give utterance to self-evident truths. In what other country is the personal liberty of the subject held so inviolate?—the laws administered with such equal regard to all ranks?—the balance of justice held with so firm and untrebling—with such pure hands? To genius, to talent, to industry, and to worth, is not the path to fame, eminence, wealth, as free from all ob-

stacles and obstructions, as is imaginable out of Utopia? Can that be other, in the main essentials—in the living spirit—than a glorious constitution, whatever exaggerated pictures may be painted of its defects by infuriated zealots, under which all the noblest powers of human nature are brought thus into perfect play, and with scarcely any other impediments in their way than what they love to conquer in the enthusiasm of their highest energies? (Thunders of applause.) If, indeed, there be in it something to repair, must there not be also all that we ought religiously to preserve? And with what a gentle and reverential hand must we touch the old, but undilapidated edifice! (Cheers.) Our attachment to the Constitution, then, is founded on the same basis with our loyalty to our King. It is not an attachment to what is old, merely because it is old—though antiquity with all thoughtful minds has a claim to reverence; nor to what is established, merely because it is so—though I do not fear to declare my trust in the virtue that has had long endurance; but ours is that rational love which men feel for institutions under which they and their fathers have prospered—if not so as to satisfy discontented and ungrateful visionaries, yet in a greater degree, and with more uniform progression, than can be shewn to be the case with any other nation on the face of the earth. Shall we put all these immense, substantial, and proved blessings to risk on the hazard of a prodigious and portentous political experiment, which perplexes the wisest, and astounds the boldest, and fills the heart of the whole nation with agitation or alarm?"

The utter absurdity of the argument, so commonly urged by ignorant men, and by many who might have known better, that the Reform Bill does not remodel the constitution, but only restores it to its pristine purity, is thus happily exposed:—

"Suppose that it is demanded of us to shew the principle of the constitution as it has been exhibited in our history. Shall we go, then, to the reign of Henry VI? It would seem that none but the freeholders had then votes in the counties, the potwallopers in some burghs, and corporations in others. Who is the forty-shilling freeholder as constituted then? The owner of land at least of fifty, ~~say~~ rather sixty or seventy pounds a-year: ~~the~~ other words, the substantial yeomanry. The potwallopers are the working classes; and the corporations the more opulent class of burghers, who are either attached to the conservative side, or influenced by neighbouring great proprietors. These three great classes seem, from the earliest

times, to have represented in the House of Commons the small proprietors, the working classes, and the aristocracy, either of land or money. Thus the fusion of all the orders in the State in the House was coeval with the monarchy, (cheering,) and the influence of the aristocracy and of the crown was more felt during the time of the Plantagenets and Tudors, than in our days. This is proved by a hundred proofs; but, above all, by the steady increase of the liberties of the country, during all the last century; and, as for this, never were the liberties of the people so considerable as when the Duke of Wellington resigned. (Loud cheers.) All arbitrary or restrictive statutes had fallen into desuetude; taxes to the amount of many millions a-year had been taken off since the conclusion of the war; the number of the burghs that were daily opening was prodigious, and never had been so great as at the elections of 1830; then how mighty the power of the press, which has been called, and not unjustly, great though its abuses may be, the palladium of the people's liberties! God forbid that ever that press should be enslaved! yet who will deny that, alike in its liberty and its licentiousness, its working has long been in furtherance and extension of the rights, real or imaginary, of those orders whom, at the same time, it has of late been so violently and falsely averred, that it is the tendency of the British Constitution to degrade and oppress? (Cheers.) Firm, indeed, must have been the mysterious balance of that Constitution, assailed on the side of democracy by so many causes, and yet to stand fast. (Loud and lasting cheering.) This being, in few words, the state of affairs over the whole country a year ago, what does the Reform Bill propose to do? To annihilate the representation of the potwallopers, and so to rob of their elective franchise all the working classes; to annihilate the direct representation of commercial and landed wealth, by destroying the nomination burghs; to vest the return of all the burgh members, that is 300 out of 450 members for England, in the tenants of L. 10, or 3s. 10d. houses in large towns and cities, shopkeepers, and lodging-house keepers, alehouse keepers, and keepers of houses of a worse description. The land is no longer represented but in the counties, that is, in one third of the House,—and many strange absurdities there are even in that representation; the wealth of commerce is no longer represented unless it obtain entrance through the gateway of corruption; the working classes are altogether cut out of the share of representation which they now possess: and can this be a final settlement? Impossible: with landed wealth thrown into a minority, the influence

of commercial wealth destroyed, and the many millions of the working classes without a voice that can be legitimately raised, but which, especially in times like these, is not likely to be silent. Is it not evident that, in the contests that must ensue between such conflicting interests, the New Constitution will be overthrown? For is it supposable that a Constitution of a few years' or months' duration shall withstand a tempest before which the fabric of many centuries shall have been levelled with the dust?"

Of the Conservative Party in the two Houses of Parliament who have made so noble a stand against the principles of revolution, he speaks in the following eloquent strain:—

"Let us, first of all, speak of the House of Commons. Here there is a majority—and a large one—for the Bill. Granted, and I say freely, that I attribute honourable and patriotic motives to that majority. (Hear, hear.) But is the whole House of Commons for the measure? Are they unanimous? No; there is a strong, an enlightened, an eloquent minority: for when we consider at what troubled, turbulent, and tempestuous times the elections took place, and of all the power of Government, backed by a powerful press, availing itself of a sudden and feverish excitement, who will hesitate to call it a glorious minority?—(tremendous applause.)—a minority which, night after night, brought the greatest talents of every kind in defence of the Constitution, which drove the Reformers from all their positions, often in sullen silence that vainly imitated scorn, and which their enemies, so far from despising, fear from the bottom of their hearts? (Loud shouts of applause.) I speak next of an illustrious body of men, who, 'if our annals have been writ aright,' have exhibited among them every species of heroic virtue. I speak of a body comprehending within themselves the bravest, the most intrepid, of the sons of men—men who have scattered, like dust before the wind, the enemies of our country by land—dispersed, like the mist before the rising sun, our enemies by sea, and carried Britannia's thunder, to save or avenge, to the uttermost ends of the earth. (Tremendous cheers.) I speak of a body of men, among whom are many whose great talents and acquirements have raised them up from comparatively a humble sphere, to the highest and proudest eminence to which noblest ambition could aspire. To that eminence they were enabled to ascend but by toils severer far than that which bathes in sweat the brows of the tillers of the soil—by means of that midnight toil of mind, beneath which many an intellect of highest endowments has sunk, and

its possessor died without his fame. In that order, we see generals, admirals, lawyers, orators, statesmen of the highest rank of intellect,—many of them sprung from the people, and placed there by the gratitude of their country, acting through a Constitutional King, to defend its liberties. Such are many of the Peers, living now conspicuous objects in sight of a nation, that, in their elevation, feels its own, and understands that virtue is indeed the true nobility. But we forget not the spirit of the ancient noblesse of England—of that noblesse whose praises have been somewhat suspiciously sounded of late by the self-dubbed friends of the people. As pure and spotless blood as ever flowed through the veins of the Howards, the Russells, and the Stanleys, warms the hearts of those too, who, because they love their country with equal ardour and devotion, oppose those measures in which they see danger and destruction to so many of our best and dearest institutions. (Loud, long, and reiterated cheers.) I speak, then, of the entire order—I make no invidious distinctions—I speak of an order who, had they passed the Bill, contrary to their consciences, would have thereby miserably belied the character attributed to them all over the world; for, in what region is not held honourable and glorious, the origin, constitution, and character of our Peerage? Had they who are sprung of earth's first blood, have manifold, sacrificed that in which can lie their strength in a free state,—their duty, their honour, and their conscience,—soon had they in their turn been themselves sacrificed—consumed in the fire of a nation's righteous indignation."

Of the opinion of those highly educated classes, who are best qualified to form an opinion on the merits of the intricate question in legislation which our rulers have submitted to the suffrages of the lowest class in society, the eloquent Professor gives the following just account:—

"There is another portion of society of whom I beg to say a few words, in relation to this alleged majority in favour of the last measure of Reform—the universities, the English and the Scotch church." (Hear.) What I say of these institutions shall be said guardedly, and, if in any thing erroneous, it will be subjected to scrutiny and correction. How stand they affected towards the Bill? There is no other country, perhaps, in the world, where education is so widely spread as in Scotland. We have in that every reason to be proud of ourselves—which indeed we are at all times sufficiently disposed to be—(laughter and

cheers)—but is there a man present here who would venture to treat with scorn the intellect of the English universities? They are not the mere receptacles of Whigs and Tories, nor is party spirit the ruling spirit there, but one nobler far, derived from many high sources, and from none higher than the study of that classical lore imbued throughout with the life of liberty. There are found men of all political creeds: thither flock the illustrious and ingenious youth of England, and there are they inspired by meditations on the works of Milton, and Newton, and Locke, and those great spirits who understood so well, some of them the whole mechanism of the heavens, and others the whole mechanism of the mind, in what lies the true strength of empires, and from what flow their corruption and decay. Nowhere else in the world is there such an enlightened constituency; and we know that an immense majority of it is against those measures, with its learning and its wisdom. (Loud cheers.) It is the same in the University of Dublin. It may be coming, perhaps, rather too near home, for me to speak of our own universities; but humbler though they be in their endowments, within them the spirit of loyalty and patriotism burns as bright as any where in the world; and within them opposition to the rash experiment is strong, forming, I do not fear to say, a great majority. The men of colleges are spoken of, I know, as retired and secluded monks, little acquainted with this living world. But I for one never were a cowl; I mingle with the best of my fellow-citizens, and I claim to myself and my brethren an understanding of all the various duties and concerns of active life, equal to that of any of our opponents who may have travelled earth and seas in pursuit of knowledge of mankind. And is it to be at once disposed of, and thrust aside out of sight as unworthy of consideration by those who may have finished their own education without putting themselves to the trouble of studying at any university at all, that the great seats of science, so far from being unanimous in favour of the aforesaid reform, present overwhelming majorities against it?"

The speech concludes with a magnificent burst of eloquence on the character of that great and noble party in the state, who are proud to number its author among its members.

"Let the conduct of the Conservative Party be strictly examined, public and private, and they are seen to be the best friends of the people. Have they not been ever anxious for the adoption by Government, of all plans that promised to be of be-

profit to the poor? In times of severe pressure, have they not cheerfully made, for the distressed, the noblest sacrifices? Who dares to say, that they give to the needy with a niggard hand, or that their hearts are cold, their hands shut to the charities of life? Not among them are to be found the cruel, haril-fisted landlords. Do not they give as much as any of the Reformers ever dream of giving, in the way of reduction of rents? And are they not the friends of their tenants, who know how to appreciate their justice and their generosity? Is there any thing noble in the character of a British gentleman, to which they may not fairly lay claim? Are they not in their ancestral halls, while engaged in the peaceful enjoyment of rural occupations, ever ready to lay down comforts and ease, and fly to serve their country, dyeing the sands or the seas with their blood? (Prodigious cheers.) I, therefore, holdly claim for the Conservative Party a sincere, zealous, and active affection for the people. But let no man seek imperatively to impose on us his conviction as to the best means of promoting their happiness. Their felicity, immediate and remote, is an exemption from such interests, as are by too many ignorantly represented to be their chief concern. It is a real moral aberration, in people of the ordinary callings in trades or professions, to take a passionate part in political affairs, and deserving of sharpest rebuke the shallow doctrine, that would make that the prime, almost the sole business, of the middling classes. Must I allow my understanding to be stormed by such arguments, as, that the chief business of the poor man is to attend to politics, or his best happiness to be found in elections? I know far better, that he has far other, higher, and holier duties imposed on him by nature; and if his heart is right, and his head is clear, while he is not indifferent to such subjects, there are a hundred others far more important: he may be reading one book, which tells him in what happiness consists, but to which I have seen but few allusions made by the Reformers of modern times. (Hear, hear, and cheering.) In reading those weather-stained pages, on which, perhaps, the sun of heaven had looked bright, while they have been unfolded of old on the hill side, by his forefathers of the Covenant, when environed with peril and death,—(great cheers)—he is taught at once religion towards his Maker, and not to forget the love and duty he owes to mankind,—to prefer deeper interests, because everlasting, to those transient turbulencies which now agitate the surface of society, but which, I hope, will soon subside into a calm, and leave the whole country as

peaceful as before. (Cheers.) I feel as certain as of my own existence, of the enlightened loyalty of the Conservative Party, of their enlightened attachment to the constitution; and that they respect and glory in all ranks; that they would not injure a hair of any poor man's head. (Cheers.) We are not people to speak in holes and corners. Such conduct is abhorrent to our very nature, and to our lives, which are led in the open sunshine; we come boldly forth, in the hearing of all the nation; and if these our sentiments are mean and contemptible, let them be torn into shreds, and trampled under foot. But our sentiments are, to fear God and honour the King, and bear good will and affection to all our brethren of mankind."

These are not merely the strains of inspired genius: they are not merely "thoughts that breathe and words that burn;" they are the sober conclusions of wisdom and experience, clothed in language fitted to make them an object of admiration to all mankind. We have room only for one more extract: that of a passage where the Moral Philosopher speaks in generous and deserved terms of the dignified Prelates, who have incurred odium, as in all bad times, just in proportion to the magnitude of the service they have rendered to their country.

"We love and admire the simple beautiful establishment of our own church. We do not wish it changed or touched. We hope never to see the day, when that edifice will be shaken, the foundations of which were cemented by the blood of the martyrs. (Great cheers.) But I know well, that your most sacred sympathies are ready to be awakened with the worthies of another establishment, founded on different principles, though noble and true to nature. I hope you will not look with an evil eye, but with eyes of admiration and reverence, on the church establishment of England, which is a richer country, and therefore, possessing richer endowments. That establishment has produced as many good and great men,—as many men of genius, learning, wisdom, and piety, as any religious establishment ever did; and their names are among the most splendid that adorn the records of human intellect.—(Cheers.)—And, I maintain, there never was a time, when there were, so many men in it, who have raised themselves by their scholarship from the humblest ranks, to the highest honours of their holy profession. I have the honour of knowing many of them myself personally, and have seen them pursuing their noble career of academical in-

struction, and have so become familiar with their minds, that I challenge the production elsewhere of an equal number of wise and good men from the sacred profession, either in learning or knowledge, to those pastors, whom it is now the base fashion of the Reformers to abuse,—those bishops, who have done their duty, and will have their reward."

Our limits will not allow us to do more than make from the other able speeches, one extract from Mr McNeill's powerful philippic against those dangerous clubs which threaten to introduce into this country the mob government, and relentless democratic away, which desolated France during the reign of the Jacobins.

"And here one is naturally led to ask, if these societies are unconstitutional and illegal, why have they been tolerated so long? That question ought to be answered by those who hold the reins of government.

His Majesty's Government, liberal and magnanimous, despise such invaders of the Constitution, and disdain to trample on them? These societies may have been insignificant in their origin, but they were not on that account to be despised, still less fostered till they have grown to a formidable strength. It requires but little experience to teach, that slight beginnings lead to mighty consequences; and no system, physical or political, can long withstand the persevering, if unresisted, efforts of an indefatigable, though originally feeble, enemy. (Cheers.) The majestic oak, whose stately trunk and far-spread boughs have withstood the storms of centuries,—the monarch of the wood,—falls a sacrifice to the persevering efforts of a puny shrub.—(Cheering.) The greatest work of art—the proudest monument of human ingenuity—that which unites hemispheres that oceans separate, and converts the obstacles of nature into the most effective means of communication—that which carries the commercial enterprise and fame of Britain, and the thunder of her power, to every corner of the habitable globe—the Wooden Walls of England—fall a prey to the gnawing perseverance of an insect, whose form and lineaments can scarce be traced without microscopic aid.—(Loud bursts of applause, which continued for some time.)—I cannot believe that his Majesty's Government were actuated by such ignominious folly as to despise and overlook known invaders of the Constitution. They did not treat them as foes whom they despised, but as friends whom they fatally cherished. That has been the error. I do not suppose that they intended to encourage

that which they knew or thought to be unconstitutional and illegal; but they committed the error of recognising and encouraging these institutions—and a fatal error it has been. We have seen more than one Minister of the Crown in friendly correspondence with these unconstitutional associations. We have seen an illegal resolution as to non-payment of taxes coupled with a complimentary address to the Paymaster of the Forces, who acknowledged 'with heartfelt gratitude' the 'honour' done him! We have seen the avowed organ of the council of one of these unconstitutional—I may now call them illegal—societies, taking the head of the Government to task; and we have seen the first Minister of the Crown—yes, the truth must be spoken—we have seen the Premier of England, condescend to enter into a vindication of his conduct at the bar of a tribunal which he now denounces as unconstitutional and illegal! (Cheering.) What is it that makes these societies unconstitutional and illegal now, that did not make them equally so then? Not the proclamation, for it cannot make law—it can only proclaim what the law already is. In denouncing these societies as unconstitutional and illegal, the proclamation must have reference to the existing statutes against political societies, while, at the same time, it imports an admission that of late these statutes have not been duly acted upon by those whose duty it is to enforce the law, or to see that it is enforced. These statutes are of much older standing than the friendly correspondence to which I have alluded, and they contain some important provisions, which seem to have been overlooked by those who ought to have been better read in political and constitutional law. These statutes, while they impose severe pains on the members and office-bearers of certain political societies, also declare that those who, directly or indirectly, hold correspondence or intercourse with such societies or their office-bearers, shall be deemed guilty of an unlawful combination and confederacy,—a provision which seems to have been overlooked in the interchange of medals and of compliments, of addresses and of thanks, of remonstrances and explanations, between the office-bearers of the Birmingham Political Union, and the members of his Majesty's Cabinet."

Sir George Clerk concluded an able and statesmanlike speech, by the following extract from a paper of Mr Brougham's in the *Edinburgh Review*; which, like all the other early and philosophic writings of that celebrated man, were calculated to convey the severest censure up-

on the measures of his maturer years.

"That the whole substantive power of the Government was now manifestly vested in the House of Commons, we proceeded to shew, that the balance of the Constitution was preserved, and could only be preserved, by being transferred into that House, when a certain proportion of the influence of the Crown, and of the great families of the land, was advantageously, though somewhat irregularly, mingled with the proper representation of the people. The expediency, and, indeed, the necessity, of this arrangement, we should humbly conceive, must be manifest to all who will but consider the distractions and dreadful convulsions that would ensue if the three branches of the Legislature were really to be kept apart in their practical operations, and to check and control each other, not by an infusion of their elementary principles into all the measures of each, but, by working separately, to thwart or undo what had been undertaken by the other, without any means of concert and co-operation. (Cheers.) In the first place, it is perfectly obvious, that if the House of Commons, with its absolute power over the supplies, and its connexion with the physical force of the nation, were to be composed entirely of the representatives of the yeomanry of the counties and the tradesmen of the burghs, and were to be actuated solely by the feelings and interests which are peculiar to that class of men, it would infallibly convert the Government into a mere democracy, and speedily sweep away the encumbrance of Lords and Commons, who could not exist at all if they had not an influence in the assembly."

The reports of the speeches at this memorable meeting are now published in a cheap and compendious form, to which we earnestly invite the attention of our readers in all parts of the empire: and largely as we have already trespassed on their indulgence, we cannot conclude without making one quotation from the condensed and admirable Preface to the publication, by a gentleman, we believe, of the Scottish bar, equally distinguished for his legal talents and his literary acquirements.

"To the many who, holding the same opinions with themselves, have also the firmness to avow them, the Conservative Party in Edinburgh need say nothing more.—To the more timid, who, though they perceive the dangers of the proposed change, shrink from the public expression of their opinions, they would suggest, that to sup-

press their convictions at the present moment, is unconsciously to range themselves on the side of revolution, by falsely encouraging the idea of that unanimity in favour of the Reform Bill, which, even more than the supposed advantages of the change itself, is made the ground on which the necessity of the change is rested. Of the honest reformer, who accepts the Ministerial Bill in good faith, as a final measure which is to purify the country, they would ask, Whether the events of the last six months have made no alteration on his belief as to the probability of that result from the passing of the late Bill? Whether the wild and insane schemes advocated during that period,—ballot—universal suffrage—refusal to pay taxes—the elevation of new Peers, to force a democratic measure through the House of Lords—the abolition of the right of Bishops to sit in that House—the extinction of the House of Lords itself—an equitable adjustment of the public debt, or, in other words, an unprincipled robbery, and violation of the national creditor—the establishment of a revolutionary force, under the title of a national guard,—whether these, and the other monstrous schemes never agitated till the commencement of this ominous discussion, have done nothing to satisfy him, that, while the new Bill would increase a hundredfold the power of the innovators, it would in no way remove their hostility to the Constitution, or enlist them on the side of law and order? If these were ever so valuable, may it not be too dear, by the sacrifice of all which gives security for property, for liberty, for life? Reform may be the goal to which his wishes sincerely tend, but is it not time for the honest and conscientious reformer to pause, and ask himself if he can be in the right road to that object, when he sees that plunderers and assassins are his travelling companions, and that the path along which he is moving, or rather driven, is slippery with blood, and lighted by conflagration? Even to the unfortunate and misguided beings, to whom reform or revolution appears desirable, as holding out the hope of bettering their condition, they would put the question,—Have they ever yet heard of a Revolution by which the poor were not the greatest and the most immediate sufferers? Have they never reflected, that a man may gain little by the removal of a tax on some necessary of life, if, by the stagnation of trade, and the ruin of commercial enterprise, the very wages out of which the tax is to be paid are taken from him? Among them, too, we trust there are many that have something to lose in character, if not in fortune: self-respect, the esteem and the assistance of their superiors, the consciousness of having discharged their duty as men, as citizens, as Christians,—these are



not feelings to be lightly thrown away for the precarious chance of some addition to their worldly possessions. To one and all, the Conservative Party of Edinburgh would say, Weigh well the present condition of the country; compare it with the surrounding nations of Europe; look to the long roll of its past glories; its present attitude of dignity and power; its arts, its arms, its science and literature; its numerous institutions of charity; the purity of its religious establishments; the thousand channels by which the riches of the higher ranks are unfailingly distributed among the industrious classes of the lower; its administration of justice; its commercial enterprise; its security for property and personal liberty; its lofty instances of heroism and patriotism; its bright and numberless examples of private and domestic virtue,—and then say, whether the humblest, as well as the highest, has no interest in the preservation of a Constitution under which such results have sprung up? no cause to deprecate the sudden introduction of a plan of innovation, which, in the opinion of so many of the wise, and virtuous, and opulent of the country, threatens those institutions, and that national character and glory, with irremediable ruin?"

Those who are unacquainted with this part of the island, can form no idea of the class who compose, or the weight which belongs to the gentlemen who have signed the Edinburgh petition. The Reformers ask what weight is to be attached to the signature of sixteen hundred persons in and around the metropolis of Scotland? They might as well ask what is the weight due to the opinion of 658 gentlemen in the chapel of St Stephen's? They form the nucleus and kernel of Scottish prosperity: they are composed of men who have come up from all quarters, and risen to eminence and wealth by exertion and talent in every part of the country; they are, literally speaking, the representatives of Scotland, since she lost by the Union her local and separate legislature. They are neither composed of the feudal Aristocracy, nor the urban Democracy of the country: they are the middling

orders who have risen to affluence and prosperity by their exertions in every walk of life, and whose weight keeps the extremes, who have now combined to overwhelm them, from that fierce and ruinous hostility, into which, upon their destruction, they will inevitably break out against each other; and in which every one must see, the Aristocratic party is destined to be destroyed.

We are not so sanguine as to imagine that the Conservative Meeting at Edinburgh, *standing alone*, can have great weight. We know that this city is but a speck in the British dominions, and that, however great its influence may ultimately be, as one of the great fountains of thought and genius, it is too inconsiderable, during the strife of party, to be of any great moment. We know, that the words of Sir Walter Scott and Professor Wilson will have as little influence with the great body of modern reformers, as the recorded opinions of David Hume or Adam Smith, of Cicero or Bacon, have had upon their conduct. But still it is something to the Conservative Party throughout the empire, that *genius, destined for immortality*, should have done so much in their cause, and that they can number among their warmest supporters, names which will be resplendent in the rolls of fame, when the great mass of reformers shall be buried in the waves of forgotten time.

But still they have at least set an example, which, if generally followed, would ensure the triumph of the Constitution. The other cities in the empire have only to do *what Edinburgh has done*, and the Revolutionary Bill is overthrown for ever. Come what may, the friends of the Constitution here have the conscious satisfaction of having done their duty; of having maintained that post assigned to them with unconquerable firmness.

## PROTESTANT AFFAIRS IN IRELAND.

It has been proved in the preceding article that the heart of Scotland, in spite of all the arts of agitation employed by reformers and revolutionists, is still sound at the core, and so far from beating in accordance with the Grand Measure of Ministers, is true to the spirit of our time-hallowed and time-cemented Constitution, which is felt and known by the enlightened patriotism of the country to have been less the work of man's hands than the growth of nature, and, as such, worthy not of our admiration alone, but of our gratitude and reverence. In the midst of so many vehement but unstable passions, set agog by shallow, insincere, deceived, and desperate politicians, it is consolatory to know that the intelligence of the land remains, if not undisturbed, yet on the whole "true to the truth;" and that of the best educated of all the orders of the people, a vast majority is at this hour adverse to the Bill that has again been dug out of the dust. The clamour of the populace will no doubt be renewed, and countenance given to their cause by many who, seeking vainly to secure the triumph of their party, have pledged themselves to support "the measure," in reckless defiance of all their recorded reasonings against it during the last thirty years. But while they have wheeled suddenly round upon their heels, or described a more gallant circle, their former arguments stand fast, frowning those who have any shame left, and many have, into confusion of face as of tongues; and extorting from their own mouths, the lie direct to their present outcries for what they now falsely call reform, and then truly called revolution. Elderly noblemen and gentlemen may be as pleasant and profound as it is possible for them to be in their fancy and their reflection, on "the puerile vanity of consistency;" but the mind of the nation is made of "sterner stuff" than to tolerate, much less to be taken in by, such worthless aphorisms—and knows how to distinguish between wits and wittols. It has, too often, its idols, which it sets up and worships, worthless enough, and soon by

itself to be dashed in pieces; but, good-sort-of-a man as my Lord Althorp is, the mind of the nation has not prostrated itself before his imagined wisdom, nor as yet beholds in him, any more than in my Lord John Russell, or my Lord Durham, either an idol or an oracle. On the contrary, it knows that the intellect of all the three would not, if multiplied by nine, give a result equal to one wise man; and smiles with pitiful contempt on such legislators *legislating for it*—on men distinguished for no one talent above the common level, in nothing egregious from the common herd, *providing institutions, forsooth, congenial with the spirit of the age!* What that spirit is, must be understood by far other intellects than theirs, and told by far other tongues, and be ministered to in such "deep consult," as can be held only among statesmen. In no one department of human knowledge would their opinion go for half-a-crown; at that moderate price it may be had, but has been "with sputtering noise rejected." Yet they who cannot pen a pamphlet, or prate a speech of mandarin mediocrity, with priggish presumption have put themselves forwards to decide the destinies of earth's mightiest empire! True that Lord Grey was once a man of talents, and may be so still; but he is getting garrulous and old, and how peevishly does he endeavour to redeem the pledge of his youth, forgotten during his prime, and forfeited but some twelve months ago, through love of "his order," in his vacillating age! Among the pigmies, there is indeed one man, who, among such small infantry, may well be called a giant. But though Lord Brougham had not his own Bill in his pocket—it never having been reduced to writing—dot even, he says, so much as the heads, yet he had it in his brain, and its provisions were heard to flow from his eloquent lips—and alas! for the moral and intellectual greatness of his character, how different from them all, the blunders of that abortion, in behalf of which he lately bawled for "four glasses," and at the finale of his hollow-hearted per-

ration, like a strong man inflamed, if not refreshed with wine, beseeched the Peers to pass it "even on my bended knees!"

In Scotland, we can afford to laugh at much of the drivelling of our Ministers, however disgusting and deplorable; for the people are in peace, and will remain so, in spite of them, and all the demagogues that have enlisted themselves in their service, some unasked yet not unwelcome, many undesired, because dangerous, traitors all. But in Ireland, how different the condition of the Conservative, that is, the Protestant Party, of the State! Surrounded by bigoted and ferocious enemies, and not deserted merely, but insulted and trampled on by a Ministry who seem to be resolved to subject the intelligence, the integrity, the property, and the patriotism of Protestant Ireland to the tender mercies of Popish domination!

At such a crisis, we have read, with deepest interest, in the *Dublin Evening Mail*, an account of a meeting which was held on December 7th in Dublin, and which appears to us one of the most important assemblages of rank, wealth, intellect, and independence, which ever took place in Ireland. It was attended by noblemen and gentlemen of the highest respectability, whom a sense of common danger compelled to assemble from all parts of the island, for the purpose of laying their grievances before the King, and bearing an united testimony against the cruel mispolicy of his Majesty's advisers. We cannot sufficiently express the high sense of admiration which we feel for the calm and resolute, the solemn and elevated declaration of principle, and expression of feeling, which were elicited from the various speakers who moved and seconded the resolutions. We were not before fully prepared to believe how odious and detestable to the Irish Protestants are the measures of the present viceroy. They were, at the very outset of his administration, deliberately insulted by the dismissal of Mr Gregory. Their feelings were then outraged by the promotion of Lord Plunkett to the office of Lord Chancellor, which places him over the magistracy of this country—an out-

rage this the most gratuitous, as there never was perhaps a public man of the same degree of ability and notoriety, who was so little acceptable to any party—who was so detested by the Protestants, and distrusted by the Papists. He was not, as a chancellor, acceptable to the bar—as a politician, popular in the country—or as a statesman, serviceable to the administration. His own immediate friends and connexions have reason to set a high value upon him; as Lord Grey himself does not seem to have more scrupulously acted upon the maxim, that charity begins at home. But positively, when Lord Anglesea saddled the country with the expense of providing for a retiring Chancellor, in the person of the late Sir A. Hart, he was not merely chargeable with a prodigal waste of the public money, but with the removal of an equity lawyer of inoffensive manners, and acknowledged reputation, to make way for one in whose legal knowledge the suitors in Chancery had far less confidence, and whose temper was considered as unruly as his principles were dangerous to the Protestants of Ireland. We do not know that any administration, whether Whig or Tory, could at the present moment do a more popular act than the dismissal of Lord Plunkett from his offensively conspicuous place in the Irish administration. Then came the appointment of the education commissioners. This was the severest cut of all. Education commissioners! They are commissioners for the suppression of education, which we will prove in our next number. Suffice it here to say, that the whole affair meets the indignant reprobation of the noblemen and gentlemen assembled on this important occasion; and if their representations fail to make a suitable impression upon his Majesty's Government, it will be demonstrable that the Irish Protestants are to be sacrificed. In well-grounded fear of such a catastrophe, what is to prevent their uniting with O'Connell for a repeal of the Union? They may fairly hope to be able, from their moral weight, to make better terms for themselves and their families, in the event of separation from England, than will now be conceded to

them by adhering to their British friends, who seem willing to sacrifice them to their Popish enemies. Only let a perseverance in the present policy be continued a little longer, and the Union must be repealed, not merely from a compliance with the clamour of O'Connell's party, but from a deliberate persuasion, on the part of the Protestants, that by such a measure their condition would be improved. What have they to apprehend from it? Their discountenance as a party by the British Government? They are already discountenanced. The abandonment of the Protestant interest? It is already abandoned. The overthrow of their Church? It is, already, all but overthrown. The security of their property? Already it is marked out for spoliation. All these evils either have come upon them, or are in progress, and must speedily be realized, unless a decided change of measures shall take place; and what difference can it make to them whether their ruin be accomplished by the wickedness of an unprincipled cabinet, or the grasping rapacity of an Irish Parliament? Nay, may they not hope to obtain an interest in the latter, which would give them a better chance of safety than they can hope for, at present, from those who so grossly neglect their interests, and undervalue their numbers and importance?—These are considerations which we shall not just now pursue any farther. We are not without a hope that this Great Meeting will produce a good effect upon our rulers. If it should, THE EMPIRE WILL BE SAVED. If it should not, the ranks of the agitators may be reinforced by an accession of strength which must render them irresistible; and England will find, when it is too late, that in sacrificing Protestantism, she has sacrificed Ireland.

The able editor of the Dublin Evening Mail most justly says, that, as a deliberative assembly, that to which we have referred surpassed in rank and respectability, in knowledge and in talents, any other ever called together in Ireland. There was a solemnity attendant on the proceedings, and a depth of thought manifested in the discussion, commensurate with the importance of the subject. It appeared evident, on the whole, that

the machinations of Irish traitors, abetted as they are by the revolutionary schemes of the Ministry, are driving at, first, a repeal of the Union, secondly, the separation of the two countries, thirdly, the erection of an independent nation in Ireland; and that these three things involve the ruin of the British empire, and as it regards Ireland, the property, the religion, and the lives of the Irish Protestants. To avert such evils has been the object of the careful, deep, and patriotic deliberation of the preservatives; nor could better means be devised than the adoption of those principles which have always guided the Orangemen of Ireland, and converted that loyal and constitutional body into a sacred guard, which bulwarked the throne, and fenced property with impassable trenches, and afforded a secure asylum to the civil rights, the religious liberties, and the natural affections of this great, good, and much calumniated body. Calumniated by whom? By the enemies of order, and liberty, and truth—by the friends of confusion, slavery, and fanaticism—by the *imbecilles*, who believe they can soothe ferocious passions by submission, and cajole sedition and treason out of their long-pursued prey by fear-born flattery, and by studious insults and exquisite injuries offered, in face of day, to all that is most high and honourable in the character and conduct of the best citizens!

After two preliminary meetings, it was finally agreed on, that a junction between all classes and denominations of Irish Protestants should take place; that a committee should be appointed to prepare resolutions in accordance with the sentiments expressed by the meeting; and that such committee should come prepared with them on the following day. On the third day, Lord Roden in the chair, a series of resolutions were passed, and, grounded on them, an address, to be presented to his Majesty by the Earls of Roden and Longford, Lord Viscount Lorton, and Lord Farnham.

Lord Roden moved the first resolution, "that now, as upon all occasions, our inclination and duty equally lead us to express our devoted loyalty to his Majesty the King, and

also to assure his Majesty of our unalterable attachment to the principles which placed his Majesty's illustrious family upon the throne—principles which form the groundwork of our civil and religious liberties. His lordship, in moving this resolution, declared, that there never was a period in which the Protestant institutions of Ireland were placed in such imminent peril, since the days immediately preceding those of William the Third. "This cause is our cause—it is the cause of freedom—the cause of truth—and the cause of God. Acting under such guidance, and maintaining the pure principles of Protestantism, which have been such a blessing to the world, we may go forwards fearlessly, and despite of our enemies and the danger by which we are surrounded. We are not met here for party-purposes—we have higher objects in view. We are met here as men who love their country—who value its constitution—and who are determined, if necessary, to sacrifice all in its defence. The occasion on which we have assembled, is one of the most important in the annals of our history; no one can tell the ramifications to which this meeting may give rise through the country, and the spirit it may revive in the breasts of loyal men."

On Lord Roden resuming his seat, amidst loud cheers, Lord Longford rose to propose the second resolution—"That we should be wanting in our duty to his Majesty, and insensible of the obligations which we owe to our Protestant fellow-subjects in Ireland, if we failed to lay at the foot of the throne a statement of the universal feeling of alarm and discontent which prevails, and of the causes which have led to the present perilous crisis of Protestant affairs in Ireland." Lord Longford, after some introductory observations, spoke thus:—

"It is my clear conviction that the present circumstances of the times justified us in calling you together, and though the aspect of affairs is most gloomy at present, they will become more gloomy unless we hold together—(hear and cheers.) Different as some of our opinions are as to the propriety of establishing an association, there was one point upon which we were and are

all agreed, namely, the necessity that there be a universal combination of Protestants taking place, in order that we may counteract the schemes of our enemies—(hear, hear.) There is no art left untried to mislead those who are weak enough to be misled—there is no falsehood or calumny too gross for the agitators to assert who exhibit at their new association. Their association appears to be established for the purpose of calumniating the aristocracy of the country, of outraging the law, of traducing the clergy, and trampling upon the Protestant establishments which we look upon as a blessing—(hear, hear.) Under this impression we felt it to be our duty to call this meeting together. The state of the Protestants is such, that at the present moment we cannot permit apathy to pervade our body—apathy in itself does not actually amount to a crime, but a number of negative cases put together will amount to positive criminality—(hear, hear.) Our country from the time of William the Third has advanced regularly in prosperity, and only because its institutions were founded on Protestant principles. Latterly these principles have gradually been relaxing, and the result is manifest to the most inattentive observer—(cheers.) Having said so much of the principle generally, I shall now merely remark, that I fear his Majesty has been misled. One of the maxims of our constitution is, that the King can do no wrong. His Majesty may be too easily influenced; but however we may detest the measures which have been adopted, the blame must attach to the Ministers who advised them—(hear, hear, hear.) It is our duty to lay before his Majesty a detail of the grievances of which we complain, and I trust and believe that he will afford us redress."

The third resolution was moved by that best of patriots, Lord Farnham—"That the general sentiment of anxiety and alarm which prevails among the Protestants of Ireland, is, in our opinion, fully justified by the spirit which appears to influence the councils, and dictate the measures, of his Majesty's advisers." The pithy speech of this bold lover of his country we give entire.

"My lord and gentlemen, before I submit to you the resolution which has been confided to me to propose for your adoption, I must offer my cordial thanks to the noblemen and gentlemen who signed the requisition convening this

meeting—(hear, hear.) The thanks of the Protestants of Ireland are justly due, and I am confident will be awarded, to those noblemen and gentlemen who called us together at this most momentous crisis—(hear, hear.) We are met here to discuss the calamitous situation to which the Protestants of Ireland are reduced by the infatuated policy of his Majesty's present Ministers—(hear, hear.) I am confident that the Protestants of Ireland will respond to the call this day made on them, and that they will now, as they have ever done, shew their attachment to these principles which placed his Majesty's family on the throne of these realms, and to the civil and religious institutions of the country—(hear, hear, hear)—which are at this moment endangered by the conduct of the Government—(hear, hear, hear.) From the period of the Revolution of 1688 to the time of the legislative Union, it had been considered that the interests of England and those of the Protestants of Ireland were identified and indissolubly united—that this unity of interest was essential to the maintenance of the connexion between the two countries—and that upon all occasions they would naturally support each other. Upon this ground the Irish Protestants placed the most implicit confidence on the British Government. I lament to say that the latter period of our history displays a sad reverse—this friendly policy seems now to be abandoned, and the Irish Protestant is looked upon with jealousy and distrust. Nothing, however, can be mathematically more capable of demonstration than this, that if Protestantism be put down in Ireland, the separation of the two countries must follow—(hear, hear, hear)—and it requires no great political sagacity to foresee, that the downfall of the British empire must be the direct consequence—(hear, hear, hear.) I therefore think that the result of this meeting will not merely tend to the benefit of the Protestants of Ireland, but to the welfare of the empire at large—(hear, hear.) Now let us for a moment consider what were the inducements held out to the Protestants of Ireland at the time of the Union, and which succeeded in gaining for that measure the support of many most powerful interests which were attached to the Protestant cause. It was held forth to them by the Government of the day, that, as matters stood before the Union, the Protestants were but a small minority in Ireland, and that therefore a strong argument could be supported, that their religion, as being that of the minority,

should not in justice continue to be the established religion of the country, but that when the two separate kingdoms were united, and their population amalgamated, the great preponderance of numbers would be in favour of the Protestants, which consequently ought to be, and would ever continue to be, the established religion of the United Kingdom; that this was the case, I can refer with confidence to my noble friend opposite, who recollects the events at that period—(hear, hear, from Lord Longford.) Accordingly the faith of the Government was pledged upon this point, and by the 5th article of the Union it received legislative sanction. It was enacted, that the separate churches of England and Ireland should merge in the united church of Great Britain and Ireland—"That the continuance and preservation of the united church should be deemed and taken as an essential and fundamental part of the Union." We now see that it is the intention of his Majesty's Ministers to introduce measures in direct violation of this national compact, so essential to the integrity of the British empire, and to deal with the church in Ireland in a different manner from that which they intend to pursue towards the church in England. Is this good faith? Is it honourable, after we have confidently given up our own legislature? Every measure adopted by the present Ministry, every appointment made by the Irish Government, indicates their determination to trample on the Protestants of Ireland. If, however, we are united amongst ourselves, we need not fear. With the blessing of God, we shall defeat the machinations of our enemies. From this day's meeting, at which I see influential noblemen and gentlemen from every part of Ireland, and from the cordial unanimity and patriotic spirit which prevails, I foresee the most happy results. With the majority which the Ministers can now command in the House of Commons, I entertain but little doubt that they will carry any measure they propose, through that House; but, thank God, there is a conservative power elsewhere, which has already shewn itself able and willing to control the democratic spirit of the Commons—(cheers)—and which, I trust, will extend its protection to our cause, if a Ministry shall be found daring enough to introduce measures subversive of those principles which the King at his coronation has sworn to maintain." (Loud cheers.)

This resolution was seconded by Sir Henry Brooke, Bart., who declared

it to be his opinion, from looking at the recent appointments to the Education Board, and, at the same time, the continuation of the grant to Maynooth College, that the consequence of the measures of the Ministry would be to establish Popery in Ireland—and subject all things to a Jesuitical party under the control of the Popish hierarchy. The Ministry are led, he said, by a party of men who never will give up their views till they are firmly and strongly resisted by the Protestant population of Ireland. Henceforward, then, let all disunion be banished from among Protestants, so that they may present to their enemies an unconquerable phalanx, united as one man for the preservation of all most dear. Sir Henry Brooke knows too well the true nature of that institution to speak coldly of Orangemen. But for their exertions, at a former period, he says, “we should not now be sitting in this room, consulting how the evils with which we are at present threatened may be averted. I may be permitted to speak of them, inasmuch as, in the year 1798, I was one of the very first men who was sworn in an Orangeman. It was the Orangemen who put down the rebellion of that period, and to that loyal body you must look, at this almost equally eventful crisis, again for support.”

The fourth resolution, which was moved by Colonel Perceval, and seconded by the Rev. Holt Waring, is a comprehensive one—“That while it is impossible within the limits of a Resolution to enumerate all the grounds of this general belief, yet, among many which might be added, we specify the following, as in themselves sufficient to establish the justice of the connexion. First, the conduct of the Government in permitting the formation and continuance of unconstitutional and mischievous associations, whose efforts are evidently directed to crush the powers of the Government; the gross partiality exhibited in the administration of the powers of the Government in many cases, but particularly as instanced in the policy which induced the dismissal from the yeomanry corps of individuals, who, in their capacity as private citizens, engaged in the long-established celebration of events to which the people of these countries owe their li-

berties, and the King his throne, while processions of a really objectionable and dangerous description are permitted in the streets of the metropolis, and the head and instigator of these processions honoured and promoted; the treatment by the Government of the Protestant clergy during the late and present invasion of their property, and the encouragement afforded to that systematic opposition, as evinced in the remission of the sentence of those legally convicted of that conspiracy—the conduct of the Government in withdrawing from societies established for the promotion of scriptural education the customary Parliamentary grants, while pecuniary support continues to be given to the Roman Catholic College of Maynooth, not only by abandoning the system of education which hitherto so admirably accomplished the purposes for which it was designed, but by transferring its superintendence into the hands of those who do not possess the confidence of the people of Ireland.” In commenting—which he does most ably—on the different clauses of this resolution, Colonel Perceval speaks of that association which meets two or three times a-week in the city of Dublin, within a short distance of the nominal government, whose powers it assumes, and from which it derives its strength. For have they not heaped honours upon the man who originated it, the man, whose declared object now is a repeal of the Union, and who, after having disavowed it in his place in Parliament an ulterior object, now as publicly declares, that he has ulterior objects? “This man is upheld by the weak and vacillating Government with which we are cursed.” (*Loud shouts.*) Colonel Perceval says he is almost afraid to trust himself with a comment on the appointments which have recently taken place—the county (Sligo) which he represents having been treated with peculiar insult. But let this excellent man speak for himself.

“But I cannot help bearing my testimony of the thralldom in which the Government is held by certain members of Parliament, who appear to act under the control of the great agitator, who compelled the Government to admit that the party were too strong for them—(hear, hear, hear) These gentlemen were not

satisfied with the finding of a grand jury, or the verdict of a petite jury; no, my lord, nothing would satisfy them but the degradation of loyal and independent gentlemen, if it was in the power of such persons to degrade—(cheers.) We see in the Newtonbarry case how Government ferreted out a case, in order, if possible, to attach a stigma upon loyal men—(hear, hear, hear.) But, let me ask, are the Government always anxious to detect and punish murders? Have they never permitted an undoubted criminal to escape, if that criminal were of the favoured religion? Why, my lord, we all recollect the apathy which Government exhibited when a man was murdered by a priest—in Roscommon, I think, it was—(hear, hear.) There was no expression of disappointment at his escape, though the murder was said to have been perpetrated in the presence of sixteen persons. (Hear, hear.) There were no proclamations issued offering a reward for his apprehension—(hear, hear.)—And why was this? Because the murderer was a Popish priest—(hear, hear, hear.)—With respect to the processions which were permitted to take place, they occurred so recently, and under our own observation, that it is unnecessary for me to direct attention to them. The resolution proceeds thus:—‘The treatment by the Government of the Protestant clergy, during the late and present invasion of their property, and the encouragement afforded to that systematic opposition, as evinced in the remission of the sentence of those legally convicted of that conspiracy.’ And have not, my lord, the clergy a right to complain? Government have extended what they call mercy, but what I call injustice—(hear, hear, hear.)—to two persons, convicted of the crime of conspiring to prevent the legal collection of tithes. The Government, my lord, have evinced favouritism for every thing anti-Protestant. The resolution goes on to say,—‘The conduct of the Government in withdrawing from societies established for the promotion of scriptural education the customary Parliamentary grants, while pecuniary support continues to be given to the Roman Catholic College of Maynooth, not only by abandoning the system of education which hitherto so admirably accomplished the purposes for which it was designed, but by transferring its superintendence into the hands of those who do not possess the confidence of the Protestants of Ireland.’ Now, my lords and gentlemen, with respect to the Kildare-place Society, it appears, if we are to believe Mr O’Connell, that a fortnight before Mr Stanley

left Ireland, he was decided in his intention of supporting that grant. He, however, as you all know, soon after his arrival in England, changed his mind. I asked Mr O’Connell how it was that such an alteration had taken place in the views of the Right Honourable Secretary? and he informed me that he, and a few of his party, intimidated him—(loud cries of hear, hear.) That was Mr O’Connell’s answer to myself—(hear, hear, hear.) I will now refer to a few facts which came under my special observation, and which will further shew the vacillation of the Government. (Hear, hear.) I refer particularly to the Arms’ Bill. (Cheers.) I had the honour to be one of a body of members of the House of Commons who waited upon the Chief Secretary, to assure him of our support in that measure, and we were led to suppose that Mr Stanley would persevere in it. Mr Stanley is a Cabinet Minister, and he, of course, spoke the sentiments of the rest of the Cabinet, and had, in fact introduced a measure matured in the Cabinet. The very next day, however, after having had an interview with Mr O’Connell, he succumbed to the dictation of the demagogue,—(cheers)—and withdrew the measure. What he said was, that he gave up the measure in obedience to the wishes of an influential party in that House, to whose opinions he acknowledged he was disposed to pay every respect; nay, further, that they enjoyed his confidence. (Cries of, Oh! oh!) My lord, after this statement, I am sure no person can object to the resolutions being too strong. (Hear, hear.) There can, I think, exist but little doubt in any man’s mind, that the party who are at present called to the councils of the King, are determined to overturn all the Protestant institutions of the country—and, above all, to sacrifice the Protestant Church—(Hear, hear, hear.)

A better speech than that of the Rev. Holt Waring never was delivered, *because every syllable in it is true, and on a subject on which every syllable uttered by the Papists is false.* With respect to the grievances which the Irish Protestants suffer, they are of so atrocious a nature, so manifest, and had been so eloquently detailed, that there is no need—he says—for their enumeration. He therefore turns to another topic, on which so many gross, and base, and pernicious lies have for so long a period been in course of telling, by the unblushing, because brazenfaced, friends of a system of religious and



political tyranny, under which nothing can flourish but slavery and superstition.

"It would be well, my lord, however, to enquire who and what the Protestants of Ireland are, and having ascertained that, to determine whether or not they are entitled to the sympathy of their fellow countrymen in Great Britain, and to the protection of Government—(hear, hear.) The Protestants of Ireland, my lord, were originally an advanced guard, or rather a forlorn hope, of the army of civilisation thrown out by England to humanize this kingdom—(hear, hear.) They came over, my lord, to this country, and found that ignorance and barbarism prevailed to such a degree, that they found it extremely difficult to obtain a footing. In fact the inhabitants of the worst of the South Sea Islands were in a state of civilisation compared with the native Irish. The Protestants came here under the promises of English support, and for some time the Government of England did give all the assistance they required—under the fostering auspices of England, they established order and true religion where they found outrage and superstition in full possession. They brought with them the religion of the Gospel—through their energies, and by their care, manufactures, liberal arts, and agriculture flourished—in fact, every thing beneficial followed in their train: but notwithstanding all their efforts to impart intelligence and humanize the country, they have been opposed throughout, from the very hour of their landing up to the present period, by the obstinate and misguided race they sought to benefit. Still, though impeded, they continued to advance so long as they were encouraged by the Government of England, but since liberality has become fashionable, they have been neglected—shamefully neglected, and cast off by that Government, which was bound to afford them protection and support—(hear, hear, hear,)—and a lamentable relapse has begun. The religion of the natives was allowed to encroach upon them by degrees, the safeguards were one by one relaxed, till at length every law which was originally enacted for the preservation of the Protestants was repealed. So far from this line of conduct being met with a corresponding feeling on the part of these natives, so far from exciting their gratitude, not a single boon was ever granted to them that was not met with increased hostility on their parts—(hear, hear, hear.) Every thing was done by

the Protestants to promote good feeling—nothing was left untried to conciliate the professors of the Romish religion, but all our attempts proved fruitless—(hear, hear.) When any step at conciliation was made on our part, they invariably receded, and the result of each attempt was, that they demanded of us to go one step farther—(cheers.) Such is the description of the Irish Protestants, and such is the situation which so loudly calls on them for complaint and remonstrance—(cheers.) They are entitled to support, and it cannot in justice be withheld—(cheers.) Protection was pledged to them by the act of Union, and Ministers are bound to carry that act into force—(hear, hear.) At the time that act was passed, the Protestants of Ireland were too important a body to be set at defiance. They had not at that time descended the hill to parley in the plain—(cheers)—at that period they were not trampled upon as they have been since—(hear, hear, hear.) At the Union they were not described as a paltry faction—(hear, hear.) Their voice, and that of their aristocracy, at that period was not described as the whisper of a faction—(loud cries of hear.) No, my Lord, their voice was considered then as the shout of men plumed with victory over a deep-laid and murderous rebellion, who had upheld the throne and altar of Great Britain, and whose opinions ought to be consulted—they were described at that period, as they may at the present, as possessing 19-20ths of the intelligence, wealth and respectability of the kingdom, and a still larger proportion of its honesty and liberality—(hear, hear.) I feel we may be justified in supposing it to be the policy of the present Government to depress every thing Protestant in Ireland, aye, and perhaps in England too; but it manifestly is, with respect to this country, at least ultimately to extinguish the Protestants of Ireland—(cheers.) The hon. member who preceded me, did not wish to give utterance to his feelings with respect to the appointment of a Lord-Lieutenant to the county which he so faithfully and zealously represents. I honour his feelings, and participate in his honest indignation. Is it not notorious that an alteration took place in the nomination to that appointment, through the intimidation, or I may say dictation, of Mr O'Connell? But, my lord, I cannot stop here—I cannot look towards your lordship, or to the much-respected nobleman who sits near you, without remembering with unmixed regret the line of conduct which has been pursued towards

you. I mean, in the first place, to refer to the Lord-Lieutenancy of Louth, if I can do so without trespassing on your lordship's feelings. After the declaration that rank and county influence were in all possible cases to guide the choice, they have passed by your lordship, whose rank and general estimation established the claims, and whose character for integrity, talent, and moral worth, would have added efficiency and responsibility to the appointment—(cheers.) Your lordship they have passed over, and, as if they would make the injury more galling, they have also disregarded Lord Oriel, the worthy successor and representative of the wise, steady, and patriotic John Foster—(hear, hear)—to thrust a Governor, who, however he may be privately respectable, has no other qualification that we are acquainted with for being Lord-Lieutenant of Louth, than professing that religion which our rulers seem determined to wade every injustice, no matter how foul or deep, to advance—(cheers.) Nor do the Protestants look with less disapprobation or contempt at the indignity in a similar way offered to the noble lord near the chair, (Lord Farnham,) to whom the Protestants and every well-wisher to his country look up as the steady, the patriotic, the wise and efficient friend of all our best interests. He, too, must be deprived of the power, which he is so competent and so worthy to be intrusted with, and why?—the reason is amusing—it seems, forsooth, his lordship is warm and zealous in the support of Protestant institutions, an ardent lover of justice, and an opposer of corruption; and so they say he is a party man, and therefore unworthy of trust. This is doubtless a sufficient reason, if true; but before we allow it, let us see what is a party man? Of course Lord Cloncurry is not a party man—(cries of hear, hear, hear.) He has himself, however, in that ebullition of stupidity and egotism which he lately inflicted on the public, pleaded guilty of being an United Irishman—(cheers)—and boasts of his sufferings in behalf of a body who filled the land with rebellion and murder, and triumphantly exults in the speedy accomplishment of the objects of that patriotic body, by means less dangerous than those which were so near decorating his lordship with a halter—(cheers.) Of course this lord, I will not say nobleman, is no party man, or he never would have been advanced in dignity, and his vast talents and respectability would have been lost as an adviser of his Majesty, and an influential meddler in Irish affairs—(hear.) Can it then be

wondered at if the Protestants of Ireland should feel dejected and discontented with the present administration of affairs?—(hear, hear, hear.) But now, my lord, to descend to what may appear of less importance, though when combined with the others becomes no slight matter—I allude to the manner in which the Government persecute all persons, even to the lowest situations, who exhibit any symptom of Protestant feeling—(hear, hear.) Now, my lord, with respect to the processions of the Orangemen, about which such an outcry has been raised, I will not now argue whether they be right or wrong, wise or imprudent—but this I will say, that they were taught us by the Government of the country—(hear, hear, hear.) I myself well remember, and many I see around me cannot have forgotten, the time when the Lord-Lieutenant, accompanied by all the influential persons in the state, proceeded on every 5th November, in grand procession to College-green, and paraded round the statue of King William; the horses of the Lord Chancellor, the Speaker, and the nobility and gentry who accompanied them, were tricked out in Orange ribbons, the statue decorated, and the whole forming such a noble display of high Protestant feeling, as would satisfy the most zealous Orangeman in the kingdom—(cheers.) These scenes, my lord, were the delight of my childhood, and I have not forgotten them in my old age—(cheers.) What, let me ask, is the case now? Why, my lord, a respectable young man, who resides at Lurgan, and who held the office of distributor of stamps there, at a salary of perhaps some twenty pounds a-year, was not I say considered worthy of being trusted with the distribution of twopenny stamps because he was an Orangeman, and wore an orange ribbon on the 12th of July, and he was accordingly dismissed. The Orangemen of Ireland, my lord, have already suppressed one rebellion, and they may, ere long, be called upon to trample down another—(cheers.) They have always been found ready to support the law, and is it thus they should be rewarded? Is this the gratitude they are to expect if they should again be required to stand forward in their country's cause?—(hear, hear.) It is, however, for that cause they originally united, and for upholding which they still continue combined—(cheers.) The objects of the Government must be apparent to every person, their conduct is liable to but one construction—they first court the Orangemen and take part in their processions—they arm them—they find them brave, devoted, staunch, victo-

rious ; at first they acknowledged this with thanks—they soon proceed to neglect, then\* to discountenance, and at length they persecute, and they will, if they can, finally destroy them—(hear, hear, hear.) I think then, my lord, that the Resolution is borne out, that the Protestants have cause, abundant cause, for complaint. Indeed, the Resolution, I think, only goes part of the way ; it details but a small portion indeed of the grievances of which we complain. Now, it is important that these grievances should be laid at the foot of the throne. It is not possible, my lord, that a son of George the Third can be insensible to our wrongs ; it is impossible that the feelings of the Protestants of Ireland, who all but adored the father, can be outraged by the son—(hear, hear.) Did his Majesty but know the causes of our discontent, he, I am satisfied, would right us. In his paternal care, in his generous solicitude for us, our last best hope is reposed. One part of the legislature has been corrupted, and the other is assailed—(hear, hear)—and the prerogative of the Crown is, I fear, about to be exercised to corrupt that portion which hitherto supported us. Let us therefore appeal to the King. His illustrious family were placed on the throne expressly to support Protestant principles, and I cannot bring myself to believe that an appeal to the Monarch, admired as he is for generous feelings and love of justice, will be made in vain. The Orangemen of Ireland participate in this feeling. I am one of the earliest members of their institution, and one of its most steadfast, though perhaps ineffective supporters ; and I fearlessly assert that that body has shewn a degree of forbearance under accumulated injuries, unparalleled in the annals of history—(hear, hear.) They were in a great degree deserted by those to whom they looked up for countenance or advice. They had, it is true, a few, and but a few, high and illustrious supporters, and their salutary influence shewed what good might have been achieved by a different treatment—(hear.) One of these illustrious Princes, alas ! alas ! now no more, had he lived to the present moment, would have sympathized with our feelings, and powerfully aided his beloved and illustrious relative in our support. The Orangemen were goaded on one hand, and either despised or neglected on the other—(hear, hear.) They have been waylaid and murdered by their implacable enemies—(hear, hear.) They could not attend their ordinary occupations in either fairs or markets without being insulted, maltreated, and abused—

(hear, hear)—and though their lives were constantly endangered, and not unfrequently made a sacrifice, they did not retaliate according to the power they possessed—(hear, hear.) They did defend themselves, it is true, when they were attacked—(hear, hear)—and God forbid they should not—(cheers)—but all attempts to fix the first aggression on them has failed—(cheers.) It has been the habit heretofore to disclaim all alliance with the Orangemen, and to sneer at what was called their ultra loyalty, and to take for truth the charge of persecution, however gross, against them. These accusations, however, are all unfounded. They are absolutely a defensive—a conservative association—(cheers.) They seek not to disturb any man in the exercise of his religion. The constitution was assailed—the properties and lives of Protestants were endangered, and to support the one and protect the other, the institution was originally formed, and still continues to hold the same principles. The laws were trampled upon—the constitution which our fathers gained for us at the glorious Revolution of 1688 was rebelliously assailed and endangered, and to maintain it they arose as one man, heart and hand ; and in the same great cause they now stand firm and resolved. I find, my lord, I am led beyond the bounds to which I ought to confine myself ; I therefore entreat the indulgence of this meeting for my intrusion on their patience, and beg to have the honour to second the resolution proposed by the honourable gentleman who preceded me."—(Great cheering.)

The other resolutions, moved and seconded by Lord Dunlo, Colonel Blacker, Lord Valentia, Edward J. Cooper, Esq., M.P. for Sligo, George A. Hamilton, Esq., Lord Viscount Mandeville, and D. Crommelin, Esq., are equally strong, and were accompanied by able and eloquent comments—"That while our local grievances, and the deep and permanent injuries with which we are threatened, have led us to dwell upon our own wrongs, we fully sympathize with those steady and resolute men in Great Britain, who are struggling to preserve the Constitution of England, so often and so justly called the admiration of surrounding nations ; that we are satisfied that such a measure of Reform as that proposed during the last Session of Parliament, instead of introducing into the House of Commons men of

more intelligence, more ability, more virtue, and more independence, in place of those who at present compose that assembly, would substitute ignorant and unprincipled demagogues and adventurers, men who would impose on the bad passions of incompetent electors, and would direct their efforts to the overthrow of the most valuable institutions of this country. That the Irish Protestants are no paltry faction, as they have been represented, but a gallant people, possessing a moral and physical energy, which no power can crush—comprising the vast proportion of the property, education, and industry of Ireland—the descendants of the brave men who won privileges and rights which their posterity must not forfeit by indolence and neglect.” “We trust that that loyal and resolute body of men who belong to the Orange institution of Ireland, who so often and so successfully have come forward in defence of the laws and Constitution of their country in times of peril, will not now be unmindful of the noble principles on which they have associated, and that they, and all the other classes of our Protestant brethren, will co-operate with us in making the most urgent and decisive statement of our wrongs to our most gracious sovereign.” “That while we call upon all Irish Protestants for their instant and entire co-operation, we would, in the strongest language, impress upon them the most implicit obedience to the law, and of avoiding every occasion leading even remotely to a disturbance of the public peace; to the Protestant Clergy of all denominations we need say nothing, but assure them of our anxiety to preserve them in that condition in which they have been so effective in the inculcation of scriptural truth, and of the knowledge and practice of all Christian virtues.”

These are all resolutions of the right stamp, and worthy of the Protestant Patriots of Ireland. Lord Valentia joins the previous speakers in their indignant reprobation of the insulting and injurious conduct of the Ministry towards the Preservatives. “They have now,” he says, “been upwards of twelve months in office, and not a single appointment has taken place, from that of my

Lord Plunkett down to Mr Corcoran, that has not been hostile to the Protestant feeling of Ireland. (Hear.) There is no act of theirs, from that of permitting Mr O’Connell to escape from the hands of justice, down to the persecutions of the magistrates and the yeomanry of Newtonbarry, that is not characterised by the same anti-Protestant spirit. (Hear—hear—hear.) In every instance which we have witnessed of the exercise of power and authority, but one spirit appears to have pervaded their actions—but one motive appears to have influenced them, namely, the discovery of the most insulting means by which the feelings of the Protestants might be wounded, their dearest rights invaded, and, finally, their religion exterminated. (Cheers.) In the recent appointments to the lords-lieutenant of counties, have they not put aside men of station, of rank and character; and in the appointments they have made, have they not actually added insult to injury?” As to the Reform Bill, he believes that, if it be carried, the repeal of the Union must ensue, and, as a necessary consequence of that measure, the downfall of the Protestant aristocracy; and that if the Irish Reform Bill pass, (what is it now to be?) it will give to the Roman Catholics such an increase of power in Parliament, as not only to injure the Protestant interest, but to obstruct any administration from carrying on the affairs of the state. In that event affairs would be of a more desperate character than in England; for in Ireland they would have not merely to contend against the democratic encroachment of the mob, but against a mob who are blinded by priests, and led astray by mischievous and designing demagogues, far worse than any yet heard roaring or growling in England, though there the many-headed monster has been bellowing with all his mouths.

Mr Cooper and Mr Hamilton, in the few words they use, let us understand that the same game is played in Ireland as in Britain—getting up paltry Reform meetings, at which half-a-dozen gentlemen, at the most, shewed their faces, red with disappointed shame—and then trumpeting in newspapers the odious omnega-

therum as no less than a county-meeting, expressive by its voice (oh! what a stink was there, my countrymen!) of the moral sentiments of Ireland! Thus, in Sligo such a wretched assemblage was lately got up, the gentlemen present being nearly numerable on the fingers; and at Kilmainham, a meeting, purporting to be a county meeting, was graced by the presence of about 30 out of 1200 registered freeholders—and yet the address will be presented to the King as emanating from the Freeholders of the County of Dublin!

Lord Mandeville's speech is little inferior in straight-forward truthfulness to that of Mr Waring. The following passage is excellent, and well-timed:—

“Such, gentlemen, are the terms of the Resolution; but why does it appeal to the physical force of the Protestants of Ireland? Not for the purpose of threatening or intimidating the Government; but in declaring that ingredient in their political importance, it does a service to a weak Government, by shewing them that if they act with less injustice and more impartiality towards them, that, in their hour of peril, they may calculate not only upon a tried and loyal body, but also upon the support of those who will enable them, by physical means, if they should become necessary, to act independently of a faction which now forces them not only to abandon measures which they had intended to pursue, but to originate others which I would fain imagine are not the spontaneous productions of their own inclinations. The resolution states, that the Irish Protestants are no paltry faction—(hear, hear.) The proportion of the numbers of Roman Catholics, as stated by Mr Leslie Foster, is about two and a half to one, and this agrees with other calculations I have heard, in making the Protestant population about two millions and a half—(cheers.)—It is right that this fact should be stated, in order that our brethren in England and Scotland may know that our number is so large, and thereby ensure us, when our voice is heard, their sympathy and support. It is most advisable to do away the error that exists in England with respect to our numbers. The general impression there is, I believe, (at least it was mine until I came to this country,) that the number of Protestants was so small, that their opinions, and privileges, and rights, could not be put in

competition with, but must be sacrificed to, the feelings of the great mass of the preponderating Roman Catholic population. Can it be possible for a moment to conceive that their feelings and interests will not be considered, when it is known that their numbers exceed the entire population of Scotland?—(hear, hear.) Moreover, in calculating the physical force of Ireland, something besides mere numbers ought to be taken into account—(hear, hear.) We must bear in mind the moral energy capable of applying and directing that force—(cheers.) I simply declare the feelings of others when I say there is not a Protestant in Ireland who does not consider that he is the descendant of a conqueror—(cheers)—that there is not a Protestant in Ireland who is not imbued with that recollection of the past, which assures him of a confident anticipation of the future. That he moreover is determined to maintain that character which is his inheritance, whenever the King, the Constitution, and the laws shall call upon him to do so—(cheers.) It is also necessary that the people of England should know that the necessity of the combination is not for the purpose of resisting the legal authorities, but is considered necessary in order to prevent the massacre of our people. For I feel conscious, that if the Protestants were left unprotected by these means of self-preservation—if the Protestants were left unarmed and uncombined, I fear, I say, that the scenes of an Irish St Bartholomew would be again enacted—(loud cries of hear.) With respect to the property of the Protestants, I have no hesitation in saying, that not only are nineteen-twentieths of the wealth and respectability on our side, but we have actually that which, among a free people, will create wealth, viz. a greater proportion of morality, and sobriety, and activity. I must say for myself, that I have not discovered a want of sobriety or honesty on the part of the peasantry any where, except where they had not Protestant principles to actuate them.”

His Lordship then speaks, in terms equally just and animated, of the Orange institution, as being composed of a loyal body of men, *not contenting themselves with clamorously proclaiming the general popularity of the individual who sits upon the Throne, but who have always, by their deeds, declared their devotion to kingly rule, to his Majesty's family, and the constitution of the country.* He acknowledges that he brought with

him to Ireland prejudices against the Orange institution—that he had heard them described as “a despicable race!” But “I found them loyal, peaceable, well-disposed—arrayed in a society (comprehending 1800 lodges and 150,000 men) acknowledged by the law, and countenanced by the royal family—ramified through Ireland—and are these the men to be despised, and insulted, and degraded?” No. He hopes that “the effect of this meeting will be to combine with them, in one powerful phalanx, the whole moral and physical energies of the Protestants of Ireland.”

In seconding the resolution moved by Lord Mandeville, D. Crommelin, Esq., confirms the important statements made by Mr Holt Waring and others respecting the relative amount of the Protestant and Catholic population. On that subject the ignorance too common among us in Britain emboldens all agitators, great and small, to utter the most atrocious doctrines, based on the most flagrant falsehoods.

“Reference has been made, in the course of our proceedings, to the numerical strength of the Protestants. Our strength, I apprehend, has been rather underrated than the contrary. We come more near, it will be found, to three millions than to two and a half millions, as has been stated. Now, with all Mr O’Connell’s boasting, he is not able to shew that there are more than five millions of Roman Catholics in this country—and surely the disparity of numbers is not so great as to warrant the Government in heaping all its favours upon the Roman Catholics, and in depressing, by every means within their power, the loyal Protestants of the country—(hear, hear.) And, my lord, let me ask, is property to have no weight in a civilized state? If we look to the property of this country, we will find that nine-tenths of it are in the hands of the Protestants—(hear.) My lord, it is not merely because the property is in the hands of the Protestants that we now set up a claim for protection. At the time of the Union a pledge was given that property should be represented in Parliament in proportion to its amount, and without reference to the numerical strength of the party possessing it. The pledge given at that period was, that the Protestant boroughs were to remain as they were, and were not to be opened to the Roman Catholics

—(hear, hear.) It should be impressed on Parliament, that if they pass the measure of Reform, they will be guilty of the grossest breach of faith towards the Protestants of Ireland. Our brethren ought to be assured that they may rely with confidence that there is a force in this country ready to support them in their hour of peril, and all that we seek for in return is their sympathy for the wrongs which we endure—they ought to be assured that we are ready to stand by them to the last, provided they will not allow these changes to take place, which, if accomplished, must destroy the Protestants of this kingdom. It is an undoubted fact, that if Reform be carried, from sixty to seventy Roman Catholic members will be returned for this country; and if this number do but stick together—as they most assuredly will, what Ministry, may I ask, could withstand such a combination?”

A vote of thanks having been moved to the noblemen and gentlemen who called the meeting, Lord Roden left the chair, and in reply to Lord Longford, who intimated to him the resolution, passed by acclamation, concluded the business of a day—which will be felt widely over all Ireland—in a speech worthy of the occasion. One extract from it we must give:—

“Gentlemen, I lament that the lateness of the hour prevents me from going at any length into the subjects which have been referred to; but there is one topic contained in the Resolution moved by my friend Lord Mandeville, upon which I must say a word—I mean the strong necessity, the imperative duty, which devolves upon the Protestant magistracy, not to yield to the feelings of disgust which are so naturally excited by the indignities and insults which have been offered to them. I trust these magistrates, who have ever been foremost in the discharge of their duties, will not act precipitately, but will remember, as has been stated, that there are two millions and a half of Protestants at least in this kingdom, who must look to them for justice—(hear, hear, and cheering.) I think it a most important matter that our numerical force, which has been so faithfully and so boldly put forward here to-day, should be clearly stated, as I think the times are at hand, when to the sinews and strength of these Protestants, under God, we must look for the preservation of our properties, and the maintenance of our faith. I have no doubt of the issue, if we are but united; but it is because the

times may be near when great privations may arise, and nothing but that strength which is given from God can enable, when you and I may be called upon to imitate the noble conduct of our ancestors, and ascend the scaffold rather than renounce our faith. Gentlemen, it is on that account that I view with peculiar regret the appointments which have been made of commissioners, to regulate the education of the people of this country—a commission which does not hesitate to avow that the Bible is not to be the foundation of their system—that Bible, which alone can enable us to meet the trials which surround us, and to die in the land in which our forefathers have bled—(loud cheers)—which has ever been the birthright of Protestants, and the charter of a Christian's privilege. Is it possible that the Protestants of Ireland will consent to consign their children to a system of education, in which the Book of God is denied them? and garbled extracts of Scripture are substituted for the whole, to meet, forsooth, the prejudices of the Romish priests, or the doubts of the infidels of the day? I trust not! for how can God bless such a system? How can such unchristian trickery ever be submitted to by them?" —(loud cheers.)

That the affairs of Ireland have long been in a most distracted and dangerous condition, is known to all men; but it is not known to all men that by far the most of the misery has been produced by the discountenance and discouragement by Government—not the present only—of the great Protestant Conservative Body, by whom alone that country can be saved from ruin. Knowledge there, as every where else, in the world now, must be the stability of the state. But what true knowledge ever flourished under the shade of superstition? We mean not insult to our Roman Catholic brethren.

We know, and admire, and love, the virtues of the many thousand enlightened persons belonging, in Ireland, to that faith. But not for their sakes can we be withheld from declaring what all the reformed world knows, that in Protestantism alone resides the power to spread light over that thick darkness of ignorance in which so much of Ireland has so long been benighted. It is illiberal, forsooth, to prefer one religion to another—it is baseness, and bigotry to believe that the soul is made free by breaking up the moral and intellectual bondage which the wisest men have shewn the soul suffers in Papistry, and against which the noblest faculties of a noble race struggle in vain. Were the Church of England in Ireland to be shaken—we shall not say overthrown—into what profounder barbarism would the nation fall! It is cheering, certainly, to hear Mr Stanley declaring the determination of Government to defend and secure the rights of that noble establishment. May the means about to be adopted for that end be wise, and their adoption uninfluenced by clamour and intimidation.—Let that wicked faction be silenced who calumniate that establishment—and while they brutally abuse its learned, enlightened, conscientious, and active ministers, keep eternally trumpeting the praises of other pastors, among whom there are many good men, but who, generally speaking, are far down indeed in the intellectual scale, and all unfit for spiritual instructors. But on this mighty subject we shall speak in a series of articles from the pen of one who understands it well in all its bearings, and who will utter not a word which his conscience does not tell him is the truth!

## THE PREMIER AND HIS WIFE.

## A STORY OF THE GREAT WORLD.

CHARLES MONTFORT's history, from fifteen to five-and-twenty, might be comprised in three words, Eton, St James's, the Guards. The first had sent him forth a tolerable scholar and an intolerable coxcomb; the second had made him a King's page, and taught him the glory of a pair of epaulets, and the wisdom of seeing much, and saying as little about it as possible; and the third had initiated him into the worst mess and the best company in London, into the art of walking St James's Street six hours a-day, and balancing the loss by the productive employment of as many of the night at the Clubs, concluding with a mission to the Peninsula, which returned him with a new step in the Gazette, a French ball through his arm, and a determination to die a generalissimo.

But what are the determinations of men, even of guardsmen? His first intelligence, on rejoining his fellow promenaders on the *Campagna felice* of St James's Street, was, that fate had decided against his laurels. The venerable Earl, his uncle, was on that bed, from which the staunchest devotion to the bottle, and the minister for the time being, could not save him. A fit of apoplexy had wound up the arrears of the physicians. Expeditious as *art* might be, nature outran her; and before the most rapid and royal practitioner in town could prescribe a second specific for the Earl, the world had lost one of its "best of men," and steadiest *bons vivants*—the Treasury one of its most vigorous voters, the opera one of its most persevering patrons, and Charles Montfort his only chance of rivalling Napoleon or Wellington.

Charles's father was still alive, and a brother stood between himself and the title. But an earldom in prospect, or possibility, made him a more important object than he had been twenty-four hours before. It was decided, in a grand council of the family, that the son of so ancient a house was fit for better things than the thrust of a French bayonet. A hint from the Treasury, which was

solicitous of keeping up an interest in the family, pointed out diplomacy as the most natural career for the cadet of the noble house; and Charles, with such sighs as a King's page nurtured into the guardsman can heave for any thing under the moon, wore his epaulets for the last time, when at Court he kissed the King's hand, on his appointment to the Secretaryship of the Tuscan mission.

Nelson said, in his sailor-like way, "That he never met an Italian who was not a fiddler or a scoundrel."—But to the honourable Charles Montfort, Tuscany was a bed of roses. Whatever the Court may have become during the last ten years, it was then the consummate scene of *la belle folie*. The men were all *preux* of the first distinction, high-bred, happy, and heroic—the women, the perfection of grace, constancy, and quadrilling. All was accomplishment. Dukes led their own orchestras, Marchionesses presided at the piano, Sovereign Princes made chansons, and premier Barons played the trombone. The whole atmosphere was music. The influence spread from the ear to the heart, and the *lingua Toscana* required no *bocca Romana* to transfuse into the very "honey dew" of the tender passion.

It is true, that there was not much severity of labour going on in this land of Cythera. The envoys were not often compelled to forego the toilet for the desk, nor the *beaux secrets* to give up their lessons on the guitar for the drudgery of copying dispatches. A "protocol" would have scared the gentle state from its propriety; and the arrival of the *Morning Post*, once a week from London, with the account of routs in which they had *not* shared, and the anticipation of dinners and *déjeûnés* which they were never to enjoy, was the only pain which Diplomacy suffered to raise a ripple on the tranquil surface of its soul.

The Tuscan ladies are proverbially the most frightful among the females of Italy, a country to which



nothing but patriotic blindness, or poetic rapture, ever attributed the perfection of womanhood. But all the world goes to Tuscany—of all the Italian principalities, the one which offers least to the lover of the arts, past or present, but which has the softest name. Romance is the charm of the sex; and all the fairest of the fair, of every land, tend to Florence, like shooting stars darting from every quarter of the heavens to the zenith. And fairest of the fair was the Lady Matilda Mowbray. The description of female beauty is like the description of pictures and churches, out of taste; and, like the architect of old, who desired to rest his claims, not on his words, but on his performances, Lady Matilda's charms are best told by what they effected. In the first hour after her display at court, the honourable Charles Montfort quarrelled, *pro tempore*, with the Countess Carissima Caricoletta. In a week, he confined himself to a single opera box, and that the Lady Matilda's—and in a month, he had constituted himself her declared attendant, abandoned the Casino and five guinea points, drawn upon himself the open envy of the cavalieri, and earned the irreconcilable hostility of as many duchesses and countesses as would have made a female legion of honour.

The Lady Matilda had not much in her favour—she was only young, animated, and beautiful. Her rivals were pre-eminent in rouge and romance. The cavalieri wondered round all the circles, ice in hand, how a man of the secretary's tact could contrast the brown skins, fire darting eyes, and solid shapes of the enchantresses of Florence, with the *naiseries* of the English physiognomy, with dove-like eyes, cheeks of rose, and the proportions of a sylph. But the secretary had been but six months in Tuscany, and that must account for it. His education was incomplete; he was still but a diplomatic *barbare*; and he would still require six months to mature his taste, make him see the beauties of a half negro skin, and worship a female cento of rappee, macaroni, and airs from the last opera.

But the Lady Matilda had her admirers even among the cavalieri. She possessed one charm, to which

the foreign heart has been sensitive in every age from Clovis, and in every corner of the continent, from the White Sea to the Black. She was the mistress of five thousand pounds sterling a-year; a sum which, when converted into any shape cognizable by the foreign eye, rixdollar, franc, or milrea, seemed infinite. She had at once a Polish prince at her feet, a German sovereign, with a territory of a dozen square miles, and an army of half a regiment, honouring her each night with his supplication for her hand, in the first valse—and an Ex-French count, who had been distinguished in the runaway from Moscow, the runaway from Leipsic, and the runaway from Waterloo, until he had become so expert in fugitation, that he had run away from his creditors and his king alike, in Paris, and was free to exhibit his showy figure, and a dozen stars, at every ridotto, ball, and billiard-table in Christendom. The Lady Matilda was not born a coquette; but

“Who can hold a fire within his hand,  
By thinking on the frosty Caucasus?”

In this blaze of cordons, and perpetual glow of homage, what female heart, not absolutely stone, could resist a little nitrification? Besides, the *dolce far niente*, which an Englishman devotes to the infernal gods every hour he remains under his own foggy sky, molested by the sight of the myriads round him, all busily making their way through life, is the very principle of existence under the bluest of heavens, and in an atmosphere which burns out the activity of man at the summer heat of 150 of Reaumur. Those who must shut their casements at ten in the morning, or be roasted alive, find the necessity of consuming the next six hours in sleep, and the next in paying or receiving the attentions due to the sex in every quarter of the globe. The Chevalier melts down the twelve desperate hours of his day in regulating his mustaches, counting his fortunes at Faro, or preparing those exquisite civilities of the moment, those *impromptus faits a loisir*, which establish a lord among wits, and a wit among lords; the brilliant *fanfaron* of a brilliant circle; and among women, the happy title of the “most

dangerous of men." With the fairer portion of the earth, the natural resource is a French novel, or a poodle, inveterate scandal, or a cabinet council with Madame Vaurien, the most celebrated marchande that ever added loveliness to the lovely on the sunny side of the Apennines.

In this world of rapture and yawning, this central paradise of passion indescribable, and tediousness beyond a name, the Lady Matilda was gradually assimilating to the climate. She had already discovered that English reserve was a remnant of the original Pict, which could not be abolished too soon by an aspirant after the graces. The Polish prince was found to be essential to her toilet; the German potentate was the best carrier of an opera-glass within the limits of civilisation, and the ex-aide-de-camp of the ex-emperor was the soul of quadrilles, polonoises, and pas a la Turque. The fair Matilda was on the point of becoming a figurante of the most ardent quality—when Montfort stepped in between her and this height of foreign fame. He was handsome, manly, and sincere. The heart of the lady recovered its right tone, like an instrument struck by the master's hand. The foreign plating was found light beside the solid material of his honourable heart and matured understanding. The mustached adorers grew tiresome. Foreign love-making is an art, and when the secret is found out, the whole affair is too easily copied to be worth caring for. But Montfort had not been long enough in the school to have acquired the style. He was in love, seriously, gravely, with his whole sober soul. Let the world, whether of St James's or St Petersburg, say what it will, this is the true victor after all. "L'homme qui rit," says Voltaire, "n'est pas dangereux." The adage is true in more than politics. And when Montfort "pulled his hat upon his brows," forgot, like Hamlet, his custom of exercise, and saw this gentle heaven and earth but a pestilent congregation of vapours, when he was seen at Court only to be pronounced dull, and sat in the opera-box of the brilliant Condessa di Cuor-ardente, like one of the carved Cupids on the back of her gilded chair, the English heart of the fair Matilda pronounced him instinctively

the most animated of all companions, the most intellectual of all envoys, and the most promising of all lords and masters to be. Obsolete as the phrase is, and suspicious as it makes the history, they were both prodigiously in love.

But the denouement lingered; for of all passions the true one has the least power of the tongue. That member which acquires such sudden faculties in general after a month of matrimony, is as generally paralysed a month before. Montfort, by nature eloquent, and by habit conversant in the happiest turns of levee language, found his art of speech unable to express what his footman could have told in three words. The Lady Matilda, the mistress of three languages, could not find one to say for her what lay before her glance in the first page of every novel on her dressing-table. But there is a time for all things, and the time for the recovery of their organs was at hand.

Montfort and his fair one had met at a *bal masqué*—danced together, supped together, put on, and taken off their masks together. Still the mysterious word which each pined to utter, was unpronounced, when the lady chaperon came to declare that it was the hour of retiring. The command was like the law of the Medes and Persians, and Montfort saw with a sigh the withdrawing vision of that beauty which carried away all his aspirations. As he was leaning, in the true lover-like wistfulness, on the rose-wreathed balustrades of the concert-room, his ear was caught by a whisper from one of the attendants. "The fellow was hurrying one of the fiddlers to get rid of his task, to change his silk draperies for a surtout, his instrument for a case of pistols, and be on the watch at the corner of the Casa Doralice. The name startled Montfort. The Lady Matilda tentanted the two-and-twenty marble salons of the Casa. He sprang from his position to seize his informant; but as the crowd were gathering at that moment round a Signora with an irresistible voice, and a *panache* presented to her by the Autocrat of all the Russias he might as well have charged a division of cuirassiers. The valet escaped, and Montfort's sole resource was to fly on the

wings of the wind to the Casa Dorice.

But when did "the course of true love run smooth?" The night without was the most formidable contrast to the night within. Tempest in all its shapes was doing its wild will, from the Zenith to the Nadir. Thunder, lightning, and rain had met, as if by general consent, to celebrate their orgies over the capital of Tuscany. Cavalry, cabalolets, and chasseurs, all had disappeared, and the lover, raging with impatience, fear, and passion, felt how empty a thing it is to be but an ambassador, or even that more potential thing, the secretary to an ambassador.

However, the lady's danger prohibited delay, and throwing his cloak round him, he rushed into the deserted streets, through ways that might have repulsed Hannibal or Napoleon at the head of their *braves*, and under a deluge from skies and roofs, which left little to be filled up by the imagination on this side of Niagara.

The streets of Florence at the best of times share but little of the illumination of the nineteenth century. The little Virgins in the niches had all put out their lamps—the last ray of sanctity or safety had expired on the first blast, through a circuit of five miles of streets, that even in daylight make one of the most difficult tours of Europe. An Englishman in a foreign city, is proverbially of all animals the most easily perplexed. He loses his way by nature. Montfort was no more gifted with the "organ of direction" than the rest of his countrymen, and at the first turning from the palace, and while the flash of its hundred windows was still gleaming in his eyes, he was as much astray as if he had bivouacked in an American prairie.

But Cupid never deserts his true votaries. The storm which had drenched him, and the darkness which had forced him to feel his way from portico to portico, brought him full upon an overturned coach. A group of muffled figures were round it, and the twinkle of a lantern in one of their hands, showed him the fair Matilda fainting on the shoulder of a tall ruffian, with a

mask on his face, and a huge Inspruck cut-and-thrust flourishing in his hand.

This was an adventure in the established style. A more considerate lover would have paused to ascertain whether the design was upon the lady's person or her purse; whether she was not carried off with her own consent, and whether an intruder might not get the Inspruck cut-and-thrust through his præcordia. But Montfort was in love a *l'Anglaise*, which accounts for all kinds of frenzies. He rushed upon the group,—they gathered round the leading cavalier,—some of the straggling police came up,—a regular *mêlée* ensued. Pistol-shots were fired, sabre-cuts were exchanged; and after a skirmish of a few moments, in which the Italians thought that they were assailed by the majesty of the fiends in person, the paroxysm finished by Montfort's finding the bandits fled, the street empty, the chaperon clinging to his knees, the fair Matilda breathless in his arms, and the whole drenched from top to toe in sheets of immitigable rain.

The morning rose in poetic glory. Homer's Aurora never scattered her roses more profusely than on the skirts of the retiring storm. The story of Montfort's heroism, and the lady's escape, had run through every boudoir before its fair tenants had drawn out the first papillot. A rescue is, by all the laws of romance, an irresistible claim. In the course of that memorable day, Montfort found his lost faculty of speech, the Lady Matilda had acknowledged his *right* to the hand which he had so gallantly preserved, and at her *soirée*, the whole circle of the Tuscan *comme il faut* presented themselves with renewed homage; the German Prince and M. le Comte alone sending their excuses, as "suffering under sudden and severe colds." Their indisposition was severe, for the Court Chronicle rapidly let out the secret: The Count's cold had taken the form of a pistol-shot in his knee, which disqualified him for Mazurkas for life, and the German Landgrave had, by the same unaccountable accident, received a sword-cut across his cheek, which laid it open, and swept away one half of his mustaches for the rest

of his days. The nature of the night's adventure was now disclosed, but the agents were gone. The German had made up his mind to carry off the heiress. The Count had nothing to do with his time, but a great deal to do with his last half rouleau of Napoleons. The German offered to make it a whole one. The Count's heroism was at his service to the last extremity. The affair was commonplace, and before a week it was numbered with the things that were.

The close of that week brought a dispatch from England. A long, dry letter from a female cousin informed him, "by the Earl's desire," that he was now Lord Castleton, the last hope of the family; his elder brother having died of the combined effects of a steep chase and a county election; fatigue and the due quantity of popular oratory finished the work of Oxford port, and the champagne of the Clarendon. The stamina of the young lord were not sufficiently iron for this discipline, and the British empire suddenly lost a legislator. The new lord was now summoned peremptorily to England.

Montfort was distracted at the news. Of his brother he had seen but little, and known less. But the decencies of sorrow once done, how was he to leave his *bel tesoro* behind? The lady herself settled the question at once. She would marry him,—when and where he pleased. "In Florence then," exclaimed the lover, "happiness cannot come too soon."—"In England," sighed the lady, "for I am determined in all things, in mind and in marriage, to be English." The sentiment raised her higher than ever in the Englishman's heart; "In England be it then." The carriages were ordered, the passports sealed, the farewells made, the couriers on horseback, and in twelve hours, the chaperon, the lady, the lover, and a whole caravan of whiskered valets and chaperoned *femmes de chambre*, were whirling on the noble road to Genoa, the Comice, Nice,—and that city where all the roads of the world meet, the city of cities,—London.

The marriage was happy, under all its circumstances. The weather was summer, the season was the *élite* of a London winter, the ceremony was performed by an archbishop, the equipages were built by the royal coachmaker, the *Morning Post* ex-

ceeded its usual eloquence in the pageyric on the bride, the dresses, the breakfast, and the liveries; a royal duke handed the lady to her carriage, and the happy pair drove off amid the loudest acclamations of the most numerous crowd that had attended, within memory, at the Jermyn Street side of St James's.

A month of rapture passed; a second month, singular as the tale may be, and the young lord was on the point of commencing his third. *June le miel*, inconceivable as the idea is, when he received a double dispatch from the Earl and the Ministry, to come up to town. Rinaldo in the bower of Armida was never more startled by the recollection that he had still something to do in the world. The Earl's letter announced to him that he had been elected for one of the family boroughs; and the Minister's expressed, in the blandest terms of office, how signally his presence on the *first* night of the Session would be considered as a favour. Castleton flung the letters from him, and vowed retirement for life. But his Matilda forbade the resolution like a heroine, and offered to accompany him instantly into the very focus of ambitious politics, Downing Street, if such should be the necessities of a lord and a legislator. Resistance to reason and smiles together was useless, and the bowers and fields were left behind with many a regret, but with Roman firmness; a long adieu was bade to streams and groves, and before the time so anxiously appointed by the Minister, the travelling-carriage-and-four of the married lovers was delving its way through the solid atmosphere of London.

Castleton's qualities were known to the leaders of office, and seldom as the emergencies of Tuscan diplomacy called on energies of a higher kind than the transmission of the *Diario*, or the folding of a letter, yet a man of talent will even fold his letter in a way different from a dunce. His communications on his arrival, relative to Italian affairs, had given a striking impression of his intelligence, and the result was a note from the Premier, requesting him to propose the Address.

This request it was next to impossible to decline. He showed the note to the partner of all his secrets,

and the confirmed him in his acquiescence. He spoke the Address, was complimented by both sides of the House on its manliness and eloquence. The leader of Opposition "regretted that such abilities should have embarked in a cause so fatal to all the principles of the Constitution." The Premier silently shook him by the hand. The subordinates of the Ministry crowded round him with their congratulations, and as he passed through the lobby, his ear fed on a buzz which passed into his heart of hearts. From that day forth, Castleton was a politician.

Time flies, and neither men nor Ministries can escape its rules, as it passes by. The Session turbulent, the debates anxious, the Opposition stronger than ever. Castleton spoke often, and well. But while he was buckling on his armour for the national cause, retorting logic by logic, and earning *hear him* innumerable from the Treasury bench, where was the Lady Matilda?—sitting alone, blinding her bright eyes with the last dreary novel, and longing to see the first grey light through the windows, which announced the hour of the division.

Castleton came duly home, but it was after a night of feverish excitement, with a pallid cheek and faltering tongue, to hurry, after a few words of kindness, to his chamber, and there linger out the day unseeing and unseen but by his wife, or perhaps his physician.

The lady remonstrated in vain.—His constant reply was, that he owed a duty to his country which it would be unmanly not to fulfil. The Session would be over in a week, and then for the country, Matilda, and happiness again.

The week passed, but the Session had only grown more perplexed. The debates were now perpetual, and Castleton's assistance was felt to be of so much value, that even his day was broken in upon by frequent summonses to Downing Street. On his return one morning after a debate of peculiar agitation, he found Matilda with her head resting on the table, beside which she had passed the night. She was asleep, and as he stepped softly towards her—the morning light fell on her features with a gleam so pallid, that he thought she was actually dead or dying. He

raised her in terror, and saw then for the first time the full effect that this watching and anxiety had produced on her young beauty.

"We must go to the country at once, Matilda," said he, pressing her pale cheek to his bosom; "this life does not suit either of us. Before to-morrow morning, we must be many a mile from this spot of perpetual fever." Matilda was all delight at the thought.

At dinner, a note marked "most private and confidential," was handed to him. It was from the Minister, requesting his "immediate presence." He found the great man in a state of serious agitation. "Lord Castleton," said he, "I have no reserves with you; a man of your honour is made to be trusted. That pitiful fellow," and he named one of the most bustling members of his cabinet, "is endeavouring to outwit us. I have certain knowledge that he is at this moment making terms with the enemy, and that if we suffer him to remain among us another night, wherever the disgrace may lie, the fall will be ours." Castleton "fully agreed with the view which his lordship had taken—he had long seen that a game was going on, and he had only wanted the Minister's permission to expose it."

The Premier half embraced him. "You have now my full permission," was the answer; "and that you may execute this act no less of justice than of public good with the more weight, my colleagues have come to a determination to request your acceptance of his office."

Castleton recoiled. The recollection of his promise flashed across him; he declined the appointment, "high as it was, and gratifying to all his feelings."

But the Minister had too strong an interest in the question, to be repulsed by what he considered as mere political coquetry. The discussion lasted for a considerable time, during which Castleton was beaten from point to point, until, nothing loath, he yielded, and walked home that night to communicate to Matilda that she was the wife of a Secretary of State.

The appointment justified the Minister's sagacity. Castleton, assisted by the impression of his new official rank, produced a powerful effect in

the House. The intriguer was the first to feel the change; and the indignant lashing which he received on the first attempt to defend and re-criminate, put him out of the pale at once. Real talent is inevitably developed by the occasion, and the Secretary, in a short time, equally surprised his friends and enemies by his skill, activity, and force in debate. The tide now rapidly turned, and he had the honour of steering the lucky vessel of the Ministry into harbour. Opposition relaxed, and the Session closed with a triumphant majority for Ministers.

But what had become of the Secretary's lady meanwhile? A change had been wrought upon her still more signal than upon her ambitious lord. Her public rank had now placed her in the front of fashion. As the wife of one of the most prominent members of the Cabinet, she too had her "public duties to perform," her levees, patronages, her receptions. The court, the opera, and the *petit souper*, the most select of the select, an admission to which constituted of itself a title to the first society, and was the object of as much canvassing, and the source of as much jealousy, as the most distinguished honours of the state; and a perpetual round of amusements half official, and politics half pleasure, occupied every hour of the fair Matilda; still the watcher of the dawn, but no longer the pale, the pensive, or the solitary; but the high-roused, the high-toned, and the highly-surrounded leader of those by whom every thing else is led, the beaux and beauties of the land.

The current of public affairs ran on prosperously, and Castleton was now openly named as the inevitable successor to the premiership on the first vacancy. He sat at the full banquet of power. He was ambitious, and every object that could awake or reward the ambition of man was within his grasp. But there were times when he felt that the spirit longs for simpler, yet not less substantial luxuries; and in the very proudest hours of office, with ambassadors crowding round him, and the fate of kingdoms all but depending on his will, he has found himself thinking of the fields and streams, the quiet meals, and the pleasant

evenings, which he had forfeited for this fiery whirl of heart and brain.

The image of his wife, too, as he had seen her in their retirement, young, lovely, and fond, rose up to add at once beauty and melancholy to the picture. But where was she at that moment?—in the centre of the most heartless, nay, the most hazardous, life. The latter idea was rejected at once. Yet, if the thought was accidental, it reverted with new power. Some rumours at the Clubs, too, recurred painfully to his mind. He was inflexibly secure that the heart of the woman whom he had so thoroughly known, and so sincerely loved, could not suffer even a thought injurious to his feelings. Yet the thought would recur. To drive all suspicion from his mind, he plunged into business with more avidity than ever.

One night as he was returning from a debate, protracted to an unusually late hour, a shower drove him into one of the Clubs in Pall-Mall, where he had been an absentee until his face was forgotten. Throwing himself into a corner beside the fire, he took up a newspaper, and was roving over the Ukraine, and following the fates of a Tartar incursion, when he heard his lady's name pronounced, and in something of a peculiar tone. The voice proceeded from a party lingering over their concluding bottle at the further end of the room.

The observation, be it what it might, found an answer in one of the guests, who exclaimed theatrically,

"Be thou as pure as snow, as chaste as ice,  
Thou canst not escape calumny!"

"Calumny, none whatever!" was the reply. "But let the thing be true as it may, what else can you expect from the nature of the case? Here is a pretty woman, a very pretty woman, with as much money as she can spend, with rank, and every thing that rank can give, to make a pretty woman play the deuce."

"While my lord plays 'the Careless Husband,'" interrupted another.

The point was considered worth a laugh, and the laugh was fully given.

"Yet not so much 'the Careless Husband,'" said another, as "'the Fool of Quality.'" Here is now what is

called a man of talents, and I fairly allow him the possession. He is, in fact, a fellow of great public powers; and yet, while he is haranguing away by the hour, convincing, explaining, and certainly giving Opposition as much to do as they can manage, he leaves his house open to every lordling, guardaman, or foreign puppy, that takes the trouble to pay his devoirs."

"But can he help it?" observed some one.

"Not without making himself ridiculous. Jealousy of any kind is out of fashion, but jealousy in a Secretary of State would set the world a-laughing. No, the man must submit to his fate. If he must be pinned to the desk all day, and to Parliament all night—if he must have separate meals, separate equipages, separate friends, and separate beds—the consequence is as plain as the sun at mid-noon, which either of the parties so seldom has an opportunity of seeing."

"Come, you are too hard upon the world," said a would-be moralist. "The lady has exhibited no decided *penchant*, and, in that case, the more adorers the safer."

"Yes, as in a multitude of counsellors there is safety," said another, laughing—"A proverb which has as little of the practical in it, as any in the whole round of human wisdom. Why, I could name half-a-dozen, horse, foot, and dragoons, who carry on a regular fire of sentimentality with her ladyship, are as essential to her as her waiting-maid, who swear that they could carry her off to Scotland or Kamschatka, in a twist of their mustaches."

Castleton sprang on his feet; and was about to rush upon the throat of the speaker. But a moment's recollection checked him. He stood in an agony, that need not have been envied by the criminal on the gibbet. His head grew dizzy, his eyes grew dim. He hastily swallowed a glass of water that stood beside him, or he must have fainted. When he had recovered, the party, disturbed by his movement, had separated, and gone down stairs.

He reached home. It was a night of gala. Lady Castleton had given a masquerade, to which the whole beau monde had pressed in a *levée en masse*. All London had been ra-

ving of it for the last month. The choice of costumes, the hopes of getting tickets, the terror of not getting them, the showy anticipations of a fancy ball, given by the most showy leader of the exclusive world, had kept the pillows of the fair and noble restless; or, as Johnson says, on a scarcely more anxious occasion, the amnesty at the Restoration, "awoke the flutter of innumerable bosoms." The night came; the ball was given; and the master of the mansion entered his house with no more knowledge of the proceedings under its roof than if he had dropped from the moon.

No man at least could have been less in the temper to enjoy the festivity. The glare and glitter, the multitude, every thing round him overpowered his eye and feelings alike, and, after an attempt to exchange civilities with a few of the persons who had been fortunate enough to establish a position on the landing-place, he retired to his chamber and threw himself on the sofa—which he had not pressed for a fortnight of oratory and diplomacy—to get rid of the world and its revellers, and fall asleep, for once, without caring for "the Division."

But to sleep was impossible. The conversation at the club-room came with fresh keenness upon his mind. A domino, one of the dozen changes, which the spirit of his fair wife was to undergo during the night, had, by some accident made its way into his apartment; he flung it over him, and hurried down, and figured among the bacchanals and bashaws, shepherdesses of the Alps, and suitors wrapped up to the chin in their silks and furs of Doria and Dandolo. For the moment Castleton determined to enjoy the scene. But he found himself unconsciously looking for the lady of the *fête*, and at length asked a superb Spanish cavalier, lounging in stately idleness over his sherbet, whether Lady Castleton had yet made her appearance among the masquers. "I presume, not till supper," was the Don's easy answer, "her ladyship is too '*supreme bon ton*' to appear in the *mélée*, that she sets dancing and yawning here. Besides, after all, it depends on the reigning chevalier whether she appears at all."

Castleton gave an involuntary start. The Don, pleased with having some-

thing to say, and some one to listen to it, disburthened his soul. "Her ladyship is a beauty and a belle; but where are the advantages of either, unless they are enjoyed? She loves admiration, as every fine woman does. It is paid to her as every fine woman receives it, by right divine; and if, within a month or a minute, she shall take a trip to the continent, under the protection of her Polish Count, or retire to the soft solitudes of the lakes, under the guidance of her Colonel of the Blues, the whole matter will be, as you know, *selon les regles*."

Castleton's inmost feelings were wrung by this unconscious tormentor. That the man to whom so many knees bowed, that the Noble, that the leader of the leading interests of the State, should thus degenerate into the subject of a sneer among the triflers of society, was a sting to his proud heart. But that the sneer should be fastened on him in that relation, where every man feels most sensitively, and where he had once fixed all his hopes of personal happiness, was an agony. Still he paused. To find out his wife instantly, to declare his indignation at the career which she was running, to expel with the most marked ignominy, on the spot, the whole train of parasites or lovers, or under whatever title they brought his wife's fair fame into the public mouth, was his first impulse. But then his knowledge of human nature told him how little insight he should gain, into the real state of the case, by this public explosion; how irretrievable he would make the offence; nay, how possible it was that the whole was the mere thoughtless complaisance of a gay and lovely woman, with the supposed necessities of her position at the head of fashionable life. His purpose softened, her beauty rose before him, the homefelt enjoyment of those hours, when party had not checked the current of domestic life, to pour the whole force of his head and heart among the rocks and precipices of public life, recurred with a self-accusing sensation to his memory.

The air of the splendid saloon, vast as it was, suddenly felt hot, intolerably hot, to this sufferer under the fever of the mind. The glare of the innumerable lights vexed and

smote his eye; he threw himself into one of those recesses, that, covered with shrubs and flowers, make the little temporary retreats of the guests for coolness and air.

A picture of Lady Castleton, hung in the alcove, caught his glance. It had been painted in her Tuscan excursion; and the costume, the loveliness, and the look of innocent animation, instantly brought back the whole scene. "Why," he almost audibly exclaimed, "are we not now as we were then? Or why am I now the husband of a gaudy, glittering thing, with a heart for none, or for all; turning my house into a caravansary, and giving my name to be scoffed at by every coxcomb who will condescend to waste an hour upon her extravagant entertainments? And yet, is it not the nature of woman to be fond and faithful, until she is cast off from her natural protection? Have I done the duty which I owed to her weakness? Have I not given up to office the time and the thoughts, that in common gratitude, if not in common justice, I ought to have given to a being who trusted herself, her fortune, and her hopes of happy and honourable life to me, in preference to all mankind?" The meditation was broken off by the sound of voices on the other side of the little screen of shrubs; the voices rose gradually from a whisper, and Castleton heard their words before he could distinguish the tones of the speakers. The topic was the very one which had just occupied himself. One of the party was evidently urging the other to some hazardous step, by arguments drawn from the remissness of a husband. The reply was half serious, half gay, but the badinage of the lady seemed only to encourage the gentleman to presume further, until he ended with a direct proposition to fly from the roof of a husband who palpably neglected her, or probably was anxious only to urge her, by this open insult, to break their mutual chain. The proposal was received in silence, which seemed the silence of consent; but it was soon evident that it was the silence of indignation. The lady reproached the tempter with the folly which had made him construe the common acquiescences of fashionable life into crime; and declaring that she



would instantly denounce the offender to her husband, attempted to withdraw.

"Your husband!" was the answer, "and where will you look for him? If truth must be told, is it not notorious, that you are as much separated from each other, as if you were already divorced; that he pursues one mistress, Ambition, or perhaps twenty other mistresses more nameless, and leaves you to solitude and neglect? How often in the last month have you seen the face of the husband to whom you profess yourself so much attached? Bound you may be, but attached, pardon me, is totally impossible."

No reply followed; the indignation had given way to tears. "Come," said the tempter, "let those tears be the last that you shall ever shed under this roof. All is ready to convey you from the house of a cold-blooded and careless tyrant, who, before all the world, treats you with a contempt not to be endured by youth, birth, and beauty, and convey you where you will be received with honour, and treated with the homage due to loveliness and Lady Castleton."

"Villain! let loose my hands!" were the only words that Castleton could hear, before he had burst through the screen, and stood before the astonished pair. The gentleman was the identical French Ex-Count, who two years before, in the streets of Florence, had received Castleton's pistol shot, and who, with the double object of gratifying his revenge, and of carrying off the handsome settlement of the handsome heiress, had availed himself of the first moment of his recovery, to ask passports for England, and present himself at her ladyship's levee. The Count was a dancer no more, for the pistol ball had spoiled his talent in that direction, but he made charades, sung canzonettes; played the guitar, and was a *Frenchman*! qualifications which are found irresistible with the sex, and which naturally authorized him to think himself indispensable to the brilliant lady of the Minister, and as they have done to a host of brilliant ladies, who having spent six months beyond the Channel, are thenceforth entitled to feel the exquisite superiority of the foreign graces. But in the present instance

the Count had calculated too rapidly; and the lady, who had indulged him with her smiles, was perfectly surprised at the accomplished stranger's expecting more than smiles. She had flung him from her, with a sincerity, that perfectly surprised the Frenchman in turn. He was a ruffian, and would probably have dragged her reluctant ladyship to the chaise and pair, which he had waiting for the result of his argument, but Castleton's sudden presence put an end to this portion of the plan; and the Count had scarcely begun to make a speech, "accounting for appearances in the most satisfactory manner," when the indignant husband's grasp was on his throat. The struggle was brief, but it was effective. Castleton was strong, but if he had possessed but the nerves of an infant, his towering indignation would have given him vigour. To drag the offender through the saloon would have been tedious, and have attracted attention. The alternative was the window, and through the window was flung the Count. It was, fortunately for his limbs, not high, and it opened into the garden. He alighted in great astonishment, and, in a whirlwind of *sacres*, made solitary use of that post-chaise which was to have carried along with him the matchless "mistress of his soul," and restorer of his fallen finances, and took the Dover road, inventing epigrams on the country, fierce enough to make England wish herself at the bottom of the sea.

Castleton turned to his lady. He, too, had his share of astonishment; he had expected a contrite speech, clasped hands, and a flood of tears. He saw none of the three. But the lady laughed; as far as *bienséance* will suffer so rude a thing as laughter to derange the etiquette of a high-born physiognomy. She extended to him one of the fairest possible hands. "You seem to be horribly angry with the Count, my dear lord," said she, "but he is excusable from the manners of his country. I hope you have broke none of my poor admirer's limbs. He must live by his talents, and if you disfigure him, he will be excluded from giving lessons on the guitar to any woman of fashion."

Her husband listened in undissembled wrath, "Madam," he at

length exclaimed, "am I to believe my senses? Can this tone be serious? It would better become you to fall on your knees, and thank Heaven for having saved you from the miseries of a life, the most contemptible, the most wretched, and the most hateful that can fall to the lot of a human being." He turned to leave her—he gave a last glance. She still smiled. "I beg but one thing, my dear lord," said she, once more holding out the lovely hand; "if those *can* be your real sentiments, that you will keep them as private as possible. They are totally *tramontane* in this part of the world, however they may exist in Westminster. Attentions from all men are considered a natural tribute on their part, to women of a certain rank; and to refuse them, would be an absolute breach of decorum on ours. At least, these are the lessons which I understand to be essential to the leaders of society; and as your lordship has been too much occupied by higher pursuits, to care what I learned, or who were my teachers, I have only availed myself of such instructions as make the law of fashion."

"And this is your ladyship's determination," said Castleton, sternly.

"Certainly, until your lordship shall condescend to teach me better," said the lady, sportively. Her husband, without look or word more, quitted the apartment. The lady rejoined her guests, was more animated, more brilliant, and more admired than ever—was the soul of every thing gay and graceful, till the morning sun, breaking in through curtains and casements, began to make those discoveries in exhausted complexions and dilapidated ringlets, which drive beauty to her couch, saw the last fairy foot glide over the last semblance of the chalked lilies and roses on her floors, heard the last clang of the last steeds over the pavè of her court-yard, and then retired to her chamber, to take a miniature of her husband from its case, and weep over it, and sleep with it hid in her bosom.

The season flourished still, and Lady Castleton was now more incontestably than ever, the sovereign of the season. Her fêtes were decorated by more counts, ambassadors, and lords of principalities, from Siberia to the Seine, than any within

memory. In the midst of this glory, she herself was the guiding star, the most glittering where all was bright; but the rouge covered a cheek which was growing paler and paler, and the jewels covered a bosom filled with pangs, that the envied possessor of all this opulence felt preying on her existence.

Castleton had turned to his old career with still more activity and success. His mind, once at rest upon the subject of Lady Castleton's fame, and feeling that he might confide in her honour, if he had lost her heart, he determined to forget domestic cares in the whirl of public life. Distinctions now flowed in upon him irrepressibly, as they do upon the favourites of Fortune. A new step in the peerage only ushered in his Majesty's most gracious commands, "that he should lay the basis of a new administration." In another week he was Premier. He had now attained the height for which he had panted; but he had now attained all that once brightened the future, and he feelingly discovered the truth, that hope is essential even to the vigour of ambition. In the loftiness of his public rank, he experienced the common sensation of all men who have nothing more to gain, and whose anxieties now turn on what they have to lose. In the full blaze of prosperity, he felt chillness of heart growing upon him. To his own wonder, the generous, the daring, the ardent aspirant, was gradually withering into the suspicious, the anxious, and the stern possessor of power. The discovery pained him still more than it surprised him. He had now been for some months habitually estranged from home; and the newspapers, in their notices of routs and concerts, alone gave him the intimation that his establishment was splendid as ever, his mansion still the temple of the great and the fair, and his lady the presiding priestess of the temple. An involuntary sigh broke from him, as the memory of gentler days came across his mind. He would have thrown off the chains of office, of which he now felt nothing but the weight; the gilding had long lost all its temptation to his eye. But "national emergencies, the will of a sovereign, the necessity of keeping Administration together," the cloud of reasons that gather over the

understanding when we are yet irresolute in the right, bewildered even the strong mind of the Minister.

He was roused from one of those meditations, by his valet's announcing that he would be too late for the "drawing-room." It was the last of the season, and he *must* attend. With a heavy and an irritated heart, he obeyed the tyranny of etiquette, and drove to St James's. Nothing could be more gracious than his reception; but while he was in the very sunshine of royal conversation, a face passed him that obliterated even the presence of royalty. It was pale and thin, through all the artifices of dress. No magnificence could disguise the fact, that some secret grief was feeding on the roses there. The face was still beautiful and beaming, but the lustre of the eye was dim. It was Lady Castleton. Both bowed, and a hurried word was exchanged, they passed out of the circle together, and returned to their home together. The phenomenon excited more astonishment than a treaty between the Knights of Malta and the Algerines. It was the universal topic of the evening. The next day, the fact transpired that Lord and Lady Castleton had sent their apologies to the noble mansions at which they were respectively to have dined, and were surprised to have even dined *tête-à-tête*. Expectation was now fully afloat, and the news followed that a succession of equipages had started from his lordship's mansion at an early hour on the day after the drawing-room. But one wonder more was to be completed, and the wonder came—the announcement to the Peers and Commons that a new Ministry was about to be formed, "the Lord Castleton having, from ill health, resigned." The reason was, like the friar's beard in *Rabélais*, partly the work of nature, and partly of convenience. The Premier's frame had been sinking under the anxieties of his mind, and if he had delayed his retirement from office a year longer, it must have closed with a retirement into his grave.

Castleton and his lovely lady were forgotten in an eternity of three months; and as his lordship was no Meltonian, nor her ladyship the president of a mission for teaching the peasantry to preach in the unknown tongue, they thus threw away the natural means of keeping their names alive.

They remained in their exile for the intermediate period of five years, under the unimaginable penalties of a noble mansion, a lovely landscape round them, a grateful tenantry, and a life full of the diversified occupations of intelligent minds, determined to do what good they can in their day. At the end of the five years they returned to London, on their way to a summer tour among the glories of the Swiss Alps. Time had made formidable inroads among their circle. The beauties had become blues, and the blues had become card-players, critics, and gorgons. Nine-tenths of the lady's acquaintances had become terrible beyond all power of the toilet.

His lordship's friends had felt the common fate, in the shape of loss of office, or loss of money; claret had extinguished some—gout had made an example of others—and a new Parliament had so unfortunately exempted others from the duty of tending the public interests, that they had summarily crossed the British Channel, to study ways and means of their own.

Castleton was in the prime of life and health, and was rustic enough to think the dulness of the country more wholesome, and even more interesting, than any number of nights spent between the House and the Clubs. His lady was now the mother of four children, wild and lovely as the wild flowers of their native meadows. She had recovered her beauty; no fictitious colour was now required to give the rose or lily to one of the finest countenances of woman. She had the health of the mind. Her spirit was not now wasted in flashing at midnight over a crowd of sumptuous and weary revellers;—hers was the lamp that threw its sacred light over the sacredness of home. She honoured her husband for his talents, his acquirements, and his fame, but she loved him for his heart. He had made a high sacrifice for her; and she was proud of him and the sacrifice. Neither count nor prince was now found essential to her existence. Her husband's praise was worth the incense of a kneeling circle of sovereigns. Castleton was an English husband to her; she was an English wife to him, and the name includes all the names of love, honour, and happiness.

## ON PARLIAMENTARY REFORM AND THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

## No. XIII.

*Revolutionary Concession—The New Bill.*

It was this day twelve months that this course of papers on Parliamentary Reform and the French Revolution began. At that period all the journals, and a great proportion of the people of this country, were unanimous in favour of the French convulsion; and a large majority, if point of numbers at least, were inclined to expect public tranquillity, general satisfaction, increased prosperity, and renovated vigour, from the infusion of popular power into the ancient veins of the British Constitution.

Foreseeing the disastrous consequences which must inevitably ensue from the prevalence of such absurd and unfounded illusions, we applied ourselves vigorously to stem the torrent; never expecting, indeed, that any single efforts could at once effect any considerable change in public opinion; but confident that Truth would gradually assert its ascendancy over Falsehood, and that in the end the truth of the principles we advocated would become obvious to the most prejudiced of mankind. With this view, we endeavoured, in a series of papers, to illustrate the fundamental principles which govern such questions, which may be summed up in the following propositions:—

1. That the late French Revolution, like every other sudden change in government brought about by popular force, was a calamity of the deepest kind, which threatened a grievous series of misfortunes to that unhappy country, and promised to retard for a very long period, in every European state, the progress of real freedom. That it was not, like our Revolution in 1688, a national movement, headed by the higher classes, and in effecting which the different bodies of the state retained their respective places, and were kept in subordination to the

requisite authority; but a violent convulsion, in which the lowest classes at once subverted the highest, and the mob of Paris re-assumed its fatal revolutionary ascendancy over the rest of France. That from such a catastrophe, nothing but weakness in government, vacillation in council, and anarchy in the nation, could be anticipated; and that the first and greatest sufferers from such a state of things would be the very lower orders, by whose infatuated ambition it had been occasioned.\*

2. That in solving the difficult question, of how to deal with a nation in a state of reforming or revolutionary excitement, the only method is to afford the utmost redress to every real and experienced grievance, but to resist steadily all the advances of democratic ambition; that inattention to complaints founded upon real suffering is as fatal an error, as concession to revolutionary fervour; and both tended equally to plunge the nation into the horrors of anarchy; the first, by causing them to brood over unredressed wrongs—the last, by awakening in their minds the insatiable passion for democratic power.†

3. That in considering the question of Parliamentary Reform, it was above all things necessary to await a period of coolness and moderation; that such a temper of mind could not be expected, while the transports consequent on the French Revolution continued; and therefore the subject should not be broached till those transports had subsided, and the real consequences of the change in the neighbouring kingdom had developed themselves; and consequently, that any Ministry would have the fate of the country to answer for, who, at such an excited moment, should throw into it the additional firebrand of democratic ambition.‡

\* No. 176, Jan. 1830.

† No. 177, Feb. 1830.

‡ Ibid.

4. That the passion for democratic power, like every other passion which agitates the human breast, is insatiable, and becomes more violent, the more it is indulged, and therefore that it is chimerical to expect that any concessions made to that desire can have any other effect, than rendering the discontent and fury among the classes excluded from the legislation more violent; that, therefore, if change on a considerable scale is once begun, it is impossible it can be stopped short of universal suffrage, by any other method than the sanguinary and unangverable force of military despotism. That the power of the people, so far from diminishing of late years in the legislature, has been steadily and progressively increasing, and is already, without any reform, more than a match for the influence of the Crown and the Aristocracy put together; and therefore that it is utterly impossible that any great change in the constitution can have a beneficial effect, because, if it makes any considerable addition to the power of the people, it must at once subvert the constitution; if it does not, it will increase the existing discontent, by awakening desires and expectations which were not destined to be realized.\*

5. That at all events, whatever change is introduced, should be gradual and progressive in its operation, experience having proved in every age that constitutions suddenly formed are ephemeral in their duration, and those alone are destined to endure for ages, which, like those of Rome and Britain, have slowly arisen with the wants of successive generations.†

6. That of all the methods of preserving the public peace during revolutionary fervour, the most chimerical and fatal is the institution of clubs and national guards. That from the former, all the horrors and atrocities of the first French Revolution directly emanated; and from the latter, the fiercest and most sanguinary of their civil conflicts: that the National Guard invariably failed at the critical moment, and witnessed, without a struggle, devastation, blood-

shed, and horrors, unparalleled since the beginning of the world; and that this was always to be expected from a domestic force so constituted during the unhappy periods of civil dissension; because it shared in the passions of the different classes of citizens of which it was composed, and was itself as much divided as the inhabitants whom it was intended to protect‡.

All these principles were laid down, and illustrated by historical references, before the dissolution of the late Parliament; before the first debate on the Reform Bill; while as yet England was free from revolutionary convulsion, and her cities had not been lighted by popular conflagration. Were we actuated by the malice of demons, we should feel a malignant satisfaction at the extraordinary proof which subsequent events have given to the *very letter* of the truth of all these principles. We do not pretend to the gift of prophecy, but only to the results of patient historical research. It is in the book of history that we looked for "the shadows which coming events cast before," and in the lessons of historic experience, that we have sought to portray the mirror of future fate. The reformers have adopted the opposite course; they have rejected the "old Almanack" with all its contents, and put to sea without either rudder or compass, in the midst of a tempestuous gale; and the nation is astonished that they are drifting upon the breakers!

It is hard to say whether the progress of events in France or England has most strongly demonstrated the enormous peril of the course upon which the Reformers have perilled the national existence. The pressure of domestic danger, the rapid succession of subjects of interest in our own island, have withdrawn our attention from the tragedy which is approaching its catastrophe on the Continent; but the recurrence of a new year naturally suggests some reflection upon the march of events in that which is passed. They have become the province of history; the conclusions to be drawn from them now belong to a loftier class than

\* No. 178, March 1830.

† Ibid.

‡ No. 179, April 1830.

the contentions of party; they constitute the basis of thought and instruction to the end of the world.

We have all along stated that we give no opinion upon the question whether the ordinances of July were justifiable or not. A new dynasty, dating from their overthrow, is on the throne; revolutionary passion, springing from their repeal, has overspread the land, and the period has not yet arrived, when historic truth can return its eternal verdict. It must be evident to the most impassioned observer, that the crown at that period, and for months before, had been engaged in a desperate struggle with the democratic party, and that the famous ordinances were but one step in a contest which was already become so violent as to preclude any hope of an accommodation but by force of arms. Whether the measures of the King were, as the royalists affirm, an indispensable, though unsuccessful, effort to stem the torrent of democracy, or, as the democrats maintain, a flagrant and unjustifiable invasion of the constitution, is a question upon which there is no man in Britain who possesses the information which qualifies him to give an opinion. But one thing is perfectly clear, that the imbecility of the royalist administration, in *either view*, in engaging in such a contest with such feeble means provided for resisting the public effervescence as they had assembled when it broke out, was such as to preclude all hope that they could for any length of time have steered the vessel of the state through the storm with which it was surrounded.

But let it be conceded, that the ordinances were the most violent stretch of tyranny that ever was witnessed, and the Revolution the most legitimate exercise of the "sacred right of insurrection" that ever took place, the conclusion only becomes the stronger in favour of our argument. For the consequences of the French Revolution upon the people of that country, are now rapidly developing themselves; and if such have been the effects, even of a *justifiable burst of democracy* on the southern, what may be anticipated from an *unjustifiable* indulgence of it on the northern side of the channel?

The Revolution broke out at Paris on 27th July, 1830, and it may be doubted whether, in so short a time, so great a change ever was effected as it has worked upon the prosperity of any people from that time to the present moment. There is no country which has made, in modern times, such extraordinary progress in wealth, industry, and public prosperity, as France did during the fifteen years that the expelled dynasty was on the throne. They enjoyed the advantages of order, tranquillity, and general protection; the press, during the whole period, in all works of information or value, was unfettered, and latterly had reached a degree of licentiousness unparalleled till of late years in this country; books had enormously increased—general information was diffused to an extent altogether unknown in former times—their agriculture, so solidly established upon the basis of an extensive division of landed property, kept pace with the wants of an increasing population, and their manufactures thriving under the shadow of a pacific government, had sprung up in a few years to a state of unheard-of and perilous greatness. The traveller, as he traversed the provinces of that great country, was struck with astonishment at the resources, both natural and artificial, which it enjoyed. He admired the animated activity of its cities, and the boundless fertility of its plains; the increasing splendour of its edifices, and the Eastern luxury of its theatres; the vine-clad slopes of its hills, and the waving riches of its harvests; and he was tempted to ask whether this was really the country which had been watered by the tears, and stained by the blood of the Revolution, and to bless the healing powers of nature which had so soon obliterated the traces of human wickedness. He little thought that all this glow of prosperity was but the vegetation which springs up upon the smouldering lava of a volcano, and that a new torrent of fire was so soon to overwhelm it with destruction.

What is the present state of France, after they have had a year and a half to inhale the blessings of democratic sway, and luxuriate under the fostering influence of revolutionary spirit? Are their cities more animated, their

plains more cultivated, their higher ranks more opulent, their poorer more prosperous, than during the hated government of the Bourbons? The reverse of all this is avowedly the case: from the very height of prosperity, France has fallen into the depths of misery; her nobles are banished, her shopkeepers bankrupt, her manufacturers starving; squalid want and hopeless suffering have succeeded to contented labour and requited employment; her cultivators are dejected, her commerce declining, her artisans in rebellion; the enormous military force she has raised is fully employed in repressing the insurrections which the agony of famine has produced. One-half of the shops in Paris are closed; the authors of the glorious revolt are bankrupt, fled, or lingering in hospitals; the peasantry of La Vendée and Brittany are in a state of smothered but incessant insurrection; the vine-growers and mariners of the Garonne are starving; the commerce of Havre and Marseilles is ruined; the workmen of Lyons, after a desperate revolt, have been crushed only by Marshal Soult, the rival of Wellington, with 30,000 men; and those of Rouen are merely maintained in the lowest state of existence by the charity and beneficence of their employers. The five stories of the lofty houses in the streets of Lyons, which used at nights to be resplendent with the lighted windows of busy workmen, are dark and deserted; unheard is the anvil of the smith or the shuttle of the weaver; and the only lights which illuminate its sad and gloomy piles, are the flames of the bivouacs, and the burning torches of the canoniers who sleep under their guns. Such are the fatal effects of popular government; such the misery which it brings upon the poorer classes, whom the ambition of demagogues has instigated to revolt. When Providence sees fit to punish the sins of a guilty world, it needs not send down the fire of heaven, nor raise the fierce tempest of Scythian war; it is only necessary to rouse the passions of democracy, and the generations of men drop like the leaves of autumn before the blasts of winter.

The instability and vacillation of government in France, since the glorious revolt of July, is singularly

characteristic of the inevitable consequences and fatal effects of democratic ascendancy. Guizot and the *doctrinaires*—the philosophers and declaimers in favour of freedom—were first brought in on the shoulders of the populace, as Mr Croker finely expressed it, by an ascent yet slippery with blood. Unable to stem the torrent of revolution, they soon gave way to make room for men of sterner mould and more unflinching democracy. Lafitte, by whose prodigal expenditure the workmen of the Faubourg St Antoine had been arrayed in arms, and the old government overthrown, was next placed at the head of affairs; but he was as little equal to the task, and was soon dismissed from the helm, bankrupt in fortune and ruined in reputation. Five successive administrations have been formed and displaced in less than fifteen months; and the reign of Cassimir Perrier is only upheld by the usual termination of democratic strife—cannon and the bayonet. The rule of the sword has begun in France; Marshal Soult has stood forth the viceroy over the King in fierce and fearful prominence; the cries of suffering thousands have been answered by volleys of musketry, and the agony of approaching famine drowned in the terrors of military execution.

The whole institutions of France which savour at all of monarchical tendency, are fast melting down in the revolutionary crucible. The hereditary peerage has been abolished, by an immense majority, in the House of Commons; the Established Religion destroyed; the law against the assumption of titles of honour by any one among the people, and against the breach of observance of Sunday, repealed. Any cobbler may now, with impunity, assume the title of Duke or Peer, and expose his aristocratic wares for sale, with impunity, at any time on Sunday. This regulation, coupled with the abolition of the hereditary peerage, promises soon to extinguish the last remains of religion or aristocracy in France. As usual with all sovereigns who place themselves at the head of a revolutionary movement, Louis Philip has been obliged to adopt measures ultimately destined to subvert the monarchy. By a royal ordinance, thirty

new Peers have been created for the purpose of overwhelming the last defenders of the throne. Strange that the Ministers of the Crown in both countries should, at the same time, urge the adoption of measures so fatal to the authority it is their first duty to uphold: and a memorable proof of the impossibility of resisting the revolutionary torrent when once the supreme authority of the state places itself at its head.

How have the finances of France stood this successful tempest of democratic power? Have they thriven in consequence of the more extended influence of the people at elections, or the victory of the mob of Paris over the regular government? The reverse is the fact; taxes upon most articles have been doubled under the popular regime; the expenditure, which was forty millions sterling under Charles X., has been screwed up to *sixty millions* under his citizen successor. And as the revenue, notwithstanding the great increase of taxes, has fallen off from the general distress, new and extraordinary expedients to meet the public exigencies have been adopted. A loan of L.13,000,000 sterling has been contracted in a period of general peace, and crown-lands to the extent of L.8,000,000 sold. "With truth it may be asserted," says Chateaubriand, "that the revolutionary baptism has cost France more than any royal inauguration since the days of Clovis."

These simultaneous effects of a decreasing revenue, an increasing expenditure, and a general spread of suffering among the poor, are the invariable attendant of democratic ascendancy, and are in fact a step in the chain of causes and effects, by which nature expels the deadly poison of democratic ambition from the political body. It was exactly the same in the first French Revolution, where the decrease of the revenue, and the misery of the people, was such for *seven years* after the convulsions began, that government were *forced*, as the only means of assuaging the public distress, to issue a forced paper circulation, and enforce arbitrary requisitions over the whole kingdom; measures which speedily produced a national bankruptcy,

stripped every proprietor of his possessions, and induced a greater change in the state of property than ever occurred in any state in so short a time since the beginning of the world.

The steps of the progress succeed each other in natural and inevitable progression. The convulsion into which society is thrown by the elevation of demagogues, and the violence of the populace, paralyzes every branch of industry, and contracts every expenditure of capital. The rich, fearful of the future, diminish their expenditure, and seek to conceal, or withdraw their wealth. The capitalists decline to embark their capital. The affluent cease to pursue their pleasures. Distrust succeeds to hope, inactivity to industry. The poor, dependent for sustenance upon their daily bread, are the first to suffer from this stagnation, and the augmented suffering which they endure, is felt with increased poignancy, from the bitter contrast which it affords to the brilliant prospects in which they had indulged, and the splendid chimeras by which they had been seduced. These deplorable effects following rapidly on an excited and highly-wrought state of public feeling, necessarily lead to agitation; they give rise to revolt and insurrection, and they, in their turn, furnish both a reason and an excuse for a great increase of military force. Thus the expenses of government are increased, at the very time that the revenue is declining, from the contracted expenditure of the rich, and the diminished consumption of the poor; and this, in its turn, necessarily leads to measures of robbery or spoliation, the confiscation of property, the breach of faith with the public creditor, or the establishment of a forced paper circulation. These measures, by paralyzing every branch of industry, complete the revolutionary progress, and bring men back through the protracted agony of national suffering, to the tranquillity of despotism, and the unresisted empire of the sword.

So uniformly has this progress been observed in all ages to attend the excitation of democratic ambition, and so clearly do we perceive its symptoms among ourselves, that



the following diagnosis will furnish a picture of the disease, in all probability, to the end of the world :—

First symptoms—extravagant expectations of the benefit to be derived from reform ; an universal passion for change in every department of life ; a loosening of the bonds of religion, and general hatred at its ministers ; general enthusiasm among the middling and lower orders ; distrust and apprehension among the higher ; vehement applause of the leaders of the people ; unmeasured abuse of their political opponents.

Secondary symptoms—general diminution of expenditure, and alarm among the rich ; increased suffering and bitter discontent among the poor ; universal stagnation of industry, and want of employment ; partial insurrections of the populace ; evident weakness of Government ; an increased popularity of more extravagant demagogues, and an abandonment of the early leaders of the movement ; an augmentation of the standing army, and a diminution of the revenue of the state.

Third symptoms—excessive distress for money on the part of Government ; increased expenses, and grievous diminution of income ; universal suffering and anguish among the poor ; a general clamour for more vehement revolutionary measures, and leaders of more bold and determined character ; extreme unpopularity of the early leaders of the democracy ; their exile, or death.

Last symptoms—The rise of violent and arbitrary men, and the adoption of extreme revolutionary measures ; proscriptions and massacres of the rich ; confiscation of property, and general bankruptcy ; hopeless agony, and depression among the poor ; an universal wish to submit to any government which promises to put a period to the public calamities ; and the easy seizure of the throne by a fortunate and audacious military leader.

The reforming journals of this country tell us, that the insurrection at Lyons is unconnected with any political feeling, and they seem to think that that completely prevents its being used as an argument against them by the conservative party. This only shews how little they know of the progress and ultimate tendency

of those very revolutionary movements which they have had so large a share in exciting. They could not have mentioned any circumstance which more completely demonstrates the enormous peril of the course into which they have precipitated this country. It is the early movements of the people which are alone produced by political feeling ; the subsequent, and far more serious insurrections, arise from *public suffering* ; from the stagnation of employment and cessation of industry, which has arisen from the shock given to the frame of society. Bread ! is then the cry. The tears of weeping families urge the citizens to arms ;—they are rendered reckless of life from the continued suffering with which it has been attended. In one particular only does the revolutionary passion remain for ever the same, and by one mark may it invariably be characterised ;—the people, during every stage of its progress, uniformly expect deliverance from still more vehement measures than have been hitherto adopted ; and while ground to the dust by the consequences of the democratic convulsion which they have already occasioned, raise their last breath to insist for a greater extension of popular power.

“ Bread, and the constitution of 1793,” was the cry of the populace of Paris, when reduced to starvation by the tyranny of Robespierre ; and the leaders of the revolt at Lyons declare, that they can see no prospect of relief to the people, till every workman has got a vote.

Ireland exhibits an equally striking proof of the ruinous effects of concession to democratic ambition ; and if our reformers were not literally infatuated, they would learn wisdom from the consequences of the great precedent which the recent history of that country affords. During the dependence of the Catholic question, we were told that this great act of justice would for ever gain the hearts of the Irish people—that the garrison of 30,000 men in the neighbouring island, would no longer be necessary—that tranquillity and gratitude would universally prevail—and that if this great concession was not in itself a boon to the poor, it was at least an indispensable preliminary to all measures for the set-

tlement of the country, or their permanent relief. O'Connell declared, that he contended for a measure which should put a final end to agitation, and reduce him from an arch demagogue to the humble rank of a *Nisi Prius* lawyer. Earl Grey described the effects of such concession in the beautiful words of the Roman poet—

“Defuit saxis agitatus humor,  
Concedunt venti, fugiuntque nubes,  
Et minax quod sic voluere ponto  
Unda recumbit.”

Nearly two years have now elapsed since this great healing measure was passed by an uncommon effort of political vigour, and against the declared opinion of a majority of the people of England. And what is the consequence? Is O'Connell reduced from the rank of an agitator, to the humble condition of a *Nisi Prius* lawyer? Have the waves of rebellion receded, or the storms of faction fled from the tranquil shores of the Emerald Isle? Is the garrison of Ireland reduced, its police force disbanded, or its peasantry contented, since the pacifying measure so loudly demanded, was conceded to the urgent representations of the liberal party? The reverse of all this is notoriously and avowedly the case. Faction never was so powerful, agitation never so vehement, misery never so general, O'Connell never so triumphant.

A new subject of clamour and abuse has been started—the repeal of the Union—among a bigoted and passionate population; and the nation, immediately after this great conciliatory measure, is in a more distracted and threatening state than ever it has been since the battle of the Boyne. The authority of the law is openly contemned—a combination against tythes has destroyed the property of a large portion of the most beneficent of the higher ranks: legal process is at an end in many counties; the few resident proprietors are driven by conflagration and murder to abandon their estates; and in the midst of this scene of demoniac frenzy, the people are dying by thousands of famine, and Britain is overwhelmed by the ceaseless legions of Irish

mendicants who are poured out upon its shores.

These facts are utterly inexplicable, on the Whig principles of conciliation and concession; and accordingly Earl Grey recently declared in Parliament, that he was totally at a loss to explain the failure of Catholic emancipation, to effect any thing towards the tranquillizing of Ireland. We have no doubt of it; the intellect of Bacon or Newton would be equally unable to solve the difficulty on his principles. The Reformers will be equally unable to explain the *increased agitation* and distraction of Britain, which will immediately follow the passing of the Reform Bill, if that calamitous event ever be realized. But on the principles we have explained, that democratic ambition is an unsatiable passion, which, like every other passion, feeds upon indulgence, gains strength by victory, and is to be met only by firm and resolute resistance, it is not only perfectly susceptible of explanation, but no other result could possibly have been expected.

In truth, the question of Catholic emancipation involved the two principles of concession to democratic ambition, and the redress of a real grievance, but in such different proportions, that the ruinous effect of yielding to the one, has entirely overwhelmed the beneficial consequences of granting the other. In so far as the Catholics demanded, that no difference should be made on account of religious creeds, they asked what every man's conscience must have told him was an equitable system of government, and demanded the removal of a restraint which would have affected from fifty to one hundred of the community. But in so far as they demanded this not as the removal of a real grievance, but as a victory over the Protestant party, and a gratification to their furious and unreasonable passions, they demanded a thing, the acquisition of which was only calculated to inflame these passions with tenfold fury, and augment the very evils under which the nation was already so severely labouring. Accordingly, the result has corresponded to the different degrees in which the good and the bad principles of government were

mingled in this important measure. The removal of the disabilities has conciliated a few hundred reasonable men, who might possibly have been some time or other in life affected by the existing restraints; and it has inflamed with tenfold fury, several millions, who had nothing to lose or gain by the question, but saw only that by clamour, violence, and intimidation, they could prevail over the Government.

It is the mixture of these opposite principles, in every measure of concession to popular outcry, which can alone explain the apparently incongruous results which history exhibits on this subject, and furnishes the key both to the great number of wise and good men who were seduced into concession of the Catholic claims, and the total failure of that measure, to remove any of the discontent or divisions in Ireland. The author is not ashamed to confess that he was among those who supported Catholic emancipation, in the belief that it was in itself just, and would have the effect of removing the distractions of that unhappy country. Subsequent events have explained the true nature of the illusion under which so many persons laboured on this subject. The liberal party in England were deceived by the names of justice, equality, and Christian toleration, which the agitators put forth; they were not aware of the malignant and insatiable passions which lurked beneath the surface. They gave admission, as they thought, to the fair spirit of religious freedom, and no sooner had they thrown open the gates, than the mask fell from the visage of the entrant, and the foul and fiendish features of democratic ambition appeared.

Thoughtful and sensible men might have been divided on this subject, because reason and equity had much to say on the other side; because a real grievance, how inconsiderable soever in itself, was complained of; because the experiment had not yet been tried in these islands, of the tremendous consequences of yielding to democratic passion. But what shall we say to those who pursue the same system, after experience has so completely demonstrated its failure; when France on the one side,

and Ireland on the other, are teeming with misery from its effects? who apply it to a subject where the union between the redress of wrongs, and concession to popular fury, no longer exist; to the destruction of a constitution which has conferred, and is conferring, greater practical blessings than any which ever existed; not to the redress of any experienced evil, but the reformation of the constitution upon new and hitherto unheard of principles; not to the doing of justice, but the inflaming of passion?

Look at Belgium; does it exhibit appearances different from either France or Ireland? Does the victory of the democratic party, the successful termination of an *unnecessary Revolution*, afford any encouragement for the adoption of a similar course in this country? Misery unprecedented since the persecution of the Duke of Alva, has overspread the fair face of Flanders since the glorious expulsion of the Orange dynasty; the kingdom is dismembered, its power destroyed; and the revolutionary monarch, in his first year's finances, is obliged to admit, that while the annual expenditure is 41,000,000 of guilders, the revenue is, from the general suffering, reduced to 29,000,000. Truly, if our Reformers are not influenced by these examples surrounding them on every side, on the south, east, and west, they would not be converted though one rose from the dead.

The existence of suffering in all classes now in this country, is so evident and universal, that it cannot be concealed by the Reformers. It is admitted prominently in the King's speech, and is felt by every man who lives by his industry in the three kingdoms. Bread! Bread! is the cry of the Manchester weavers; the radicals of Paisley are only maintained by the munificent subscriptions of the anti-reform proprietors in their vicinity. But, say the Reformers, this is not owing to Reform, but its refusal; trade was in a prosperous state during the first six months of the discussion of the question, and it has only declined since the bill was thrown out by the Peers; and if the Bill had then been passed, general tranquillity and happiness would now have prevailed,

How, then, do they explain the grinding misery of France, the agitation and famine of Ireland, or the deplorable condition of the once flourishing Low Countries? No one can dispute that democracy has been triumphant in all these states; that a citizen king, surrounded by republican institutions, is on the throne of the first; that an overpowering demagogue shares with the English viceroy the government of the second; and that a revolutionary monarch, supported by a democratic faction, has been elected to the last. How do the Reformers, who so unanimously refer the existing distress in Great Britain to the resistance to Reform, explain the *far greater* misery and suffering which, in the three adjoining states, has followed its concession? How can the steadiness of the aristocracy in England be charged with consequences which, at the same moment, in France, Ireland, and Belgium, have attended their submission or overthrow?

The Reformers still put forth the miserable delusion that Reform is to calm the passions, and satisfy the democratic ambition of the country, and they adhere to this expectation in the face of the tenfold agitation which, in spite of all their predictions, concession to the Catholics has produced in Ireland. As well might they expect that victory is to extinguish the passion for conquest, spirits assuage the thirst of the drunkard, or the career of military triumph be cut short by the flight of the vanquished.

The more violent of this class have fairly avowed their motives, and if the English fall into the snare, they at least cannot complain that they have been misled or not duly warned both by their friends and their enemies. O'Connell, who, not three months ago, disclaimed in the House of Commons all ulterior objects, has now laid aside the mask: he has openly avowed his determination to agitate till he obtains a repeal of the Union, and declared "that he is a reformer with ulterior views, and that he will never be satisfied till he sees a parliament in College Green." The majority of the Irish reformers in the

House of Commons, seventy strong, are actuated by the same desire: they will use Reform as a stepping-stone, as they have done with Catholic Emancipation, till they effect the dismemberment of the empire. The English radicals openly declare, with Cobbett at their head, "that they have ulterior views; that no one but a fool can suppose that they want reform for any other reason than the liberation from burdens which it will produce; and that unless it is to lead to the confiscation of church property, and the abolition of the funds, they had much rather remain under the old boroughmongers." Even the *Courier*, a leading ministerial journal, in the very same leading article in which they declare, "from an authority on which they have been accustomed to rely," that the King is to create Peers in order to carry the question, expressly maintain that "this reform may do for *two or three years*, but that they have said a hundred times, and they say again, that nothing can satisfy the country but the concession of the franchise to every man in the country who pays direct taxes, be they ever so small."\* In other words, the movement must continue till every man in the kingdom who pays a *penny* of taxes is to have a vote!

Now what must be the effect upon public credit, private expenditure, or manufacturing and commercial speculation, we do not say of the legislative adoption, but the serious and continued agitation for the attainment of objects such as these? Will not the distrust and terror of the rich increase, when after the great victory of Reform achieved by the clamour of the popular party, they see these fatal strokes levelled at the industry and wealth of the country? Must not the same stagnation pervade every branch of industry, the same apprehensions check the advance of the capitalist, the same fears paralyze the efforts of the merchant, which are now beginning to weigh down the exertions of the people? Is it to be supposed that landed property is to be encouraged to increase its expenditure, when an incessant outcry is raised to confiscate the whole pos-

sessions of the church, or capital to renew its outlay, when the funded property is incessantly menaced? The very first effect of such proposals, supported as they then will be by the whole revolutionary press, and by at least eighty or a hundred radical members in the House of Commons, must be to shake to its foundation the whole funded property of the kingdom; the banks must all contract their discounts; credit will immediately cease; every man's creditors will be on his back at once; delay of payment will be out of the question, and the dreadful catastrophe of December 1825 renewed with far more desperate circumstances, and from causes then beyond the reach of control.

Such is the strength of the arguments against Reform that it will admit of almost any concession—and is equally conclusive whatever view of its consequences be adopted.—If the hopes of the Radicals be realized, and the prophecies of Cobbett and the Examiner prove true, that they are to get an accession of from eighty to a hundred members in the new House, of course, the subsequent revolutionary measures may very shortly be expected; for what chance will the Conservative Party, already so hard put to maintain the institutions of the country, have of continuing the combat when their own ranks are weakened by a hundred members, and their adversaries increased by as great a number? If, on the other hand, the *new* arguments of the Times and the other Ministerial Journals be well founded, and the measure proves, in its first effects, “highly aristocratic;” if, through the small boroughs and the divisions of the counties, the great Whig nobility acquire a preponderance over the Radical Party, the consequences will be hardly less disastrous. Increased discontent, unceasing agitation, the perpetuity of the miseries the country has endured since the Reform question began, may then be confidently anticipated, until the new bulwarks of the Constitution are overthrown, and the flood of democracy finally overwhelm the land. Can it be supposed, that after the people

have been excited to such a degree as they have been by the efforts of administration, and the fatal union of the Crown and the populace, they will sit down quietly under a new set of aristocratic proprietors? That nomination counties will be allowed quietly to succeed nomination boroughs; and wealth in the small towns to assume the place of wealth in those which have been extinguished? The thing is evidently out of the question; the new Constitution, deprived as it will be of the veneration and sanctity flowing from the weight of time, and all the endearing recollections arising from centuries of happiness, will be speedily swept away by the revolutionary tempest, and Britain put to sea without a rudder on that dark ocean of experiment from which no one has yet been known to return.

“It appears,” says Sir Walter Scott, “to be a general rule, that what is to last long, should be slowly matured and gradually improved, while every sudden effort, however gigantic, to bring about the sudden execution of a plan calculated to endure for ages, is doomed to exhibit symptoms of premature decay from its very commencement. Thus, in a beautiful Oriental Tale, a Dervise explains to the Sultan how he had reared the magnificent trees among which they walked, by nursing their shoots from the seed; and the Prince’s pride is damped, when he reflects that those plantations so simply reared, were gathering new vigour from each returning sun, while his own exhausted cedars, which had been transplanted by one effort, were drooping their majestic heads in the valley of Orez.”\*—Such also will be the fate of the new British Constitution. It will never be able to eradicate the original vice of having been struck out at a heat: forged during a period of violent excitement, and concluded at once, without receiving either the alternative of experience or the mellowing of time. Unlike its hardy predecessor which was sown amidst the struggles of Saxon independence, hardened by the severity of Norman rule, watered by the blood of the Pro-

\* Robert of Paris, vol. i. p. 5.



testant martyrs, and strengthened by the resistance to Stuart oppression, it will sicken and languish from the first moment of its existence, and before its authors are gathered to their fathers, be numbered among the things that have been.

The new Bill differs in few essential particulars from its monstrous predecessor; in a few details it is better; in its leading principles and practical tendency, if possible, worse.

The number of boroughs retained in schedule A, in other words, which are to be wholly disfranchised, is still fifty-six. So that 112 members are lost by this clause alone to the Conservative Party.

The boroughs in schedule B, which are to lose one member each, are reduced from forty-one to thirty-one—in other words, ten members are there saved to the Constitution; but, on the other hand, an equal number of additional members are given to ten manufacturing towns, that is, to the radical interest.

The ten pound franchise is placed on a different footing: the payment of rent is no longer required; and in its stead the houses are to be valued once a year, under the control of Barristers in each county, appointed by the *Lord Chancellor*, and evidence of the value by the rating in King's books for taxes, and in the parish-books for rates, is to be taken—and residence for twelve months in a ten pound house, or houses, is required.

The old freeholders in boroughs, instead of being preserved as under the old Bill for their lives only, are to be permanently engrafted on the Constitution.

Very little examination is requisite to shew, that these provisions render the new Bill even more democratical in its tendency than the former.

Formerly, evidence of the payment of rent or taxes was required; now the latter is sufficient, and no payment of rent whatever is necessary. What is the necessary tendency of this change? clearly to let in ultimately a still lower and more dangerous set of constituents than the former bill admitted, by removing that slender check on pauperism which the necessity of paying rent occasioned.

The houses claiming to be enrolled are all to be valued at first, and the valuation in the tax and parish books is to be given in evidence, fortified by the oath of the claimant if required. Now every body knows that when once a house is valued at a certain sum in any set of books regulating the paying of taxes, it is an easy matter to allow the valuation to remain; but a very difficult matter to get it lowered. If the owner or tenant makes no objections, the taxgatherer and overseer for the poor will allow the valuation to remain undiminished to the end of time. The result is, therefore, that how much soever the value of a house may be deteriorated, though it falls to be worth only L.2 or L.3 a-year only, still if the tenant is willing to have it rated at the old valuation in the public and parish books, and to pay burdens accordingly, it must confer a freehold. Thus the *only* test of the property, or respectability of these little householders, will be their ability to pay rates and taxes on a house valued at L.10 a-year, which, on an average, will not come to 30s. annually. And this is the constituency in whose hands it is proposed to place the nomination of 340 out of the 500 English members!

Houses, like every thing else, grow old; they decay rapidly, especially when built, as in England, of brick, and soon fall down to a lower class of inhabitants than at first possessed them. Under the new Bill, this progressive deterioration of the property, will be the means of admitting daily a more degraded and democratical constituency; and, if nothing else brings the new constitution to an untimely end, the decay of the houses, on which it is based, will necessarily lead to its destruction. The owners or tenants of these frail and ruinous tenements will never think of proposing that their valuation should be lowered, when it brings so valuable a thing as the elective franchise; and the burden of paying ten or fifteen shillings additional a-year of taxes and rates, will be more than compensated by the periodical return of the good things with which a general election will be attended. The mere circumstance that the houses are to be valued once a-year,

is no security whatever against this progressive deterioration of the class of borough constituents, for on what data can the surveyors proceed, but the rating in the King's or parish books, and the declaration and oath of the householder what he considers the subject worth? and these will never be awaiting when the question is, whether a valuable elective franchise is to be preserved.

Farther, while such is the perilous tendency of the new franchise in the great, and especially the manufacturing towns, what a broad gateway does it open to corruption in the smaller boroughs more immediately under aristocratic influence! The franchise is, literally speaking, vested now in the *walls* of houses; the Parliament is neither a representative of the wealth of the community, nor of its intelligence, nor its rank, nor its population, but of its buildings. Whoever can command the greatest number of *houses*, will carry the day at every election. A great proprietor wishes to get the command of a borough in his vicinity, he has nothing to do, but to purchase up all the L.10 houses as they come into the market, or build a great number within its limits, which can be done for L.150 a-piece, and put into them *paupers, menials, or dependants of his own*, who pay no rent, or a merely elusory one, and he must command the return. No matter how destitute, how indigent the householder may be; though he cannot muster up a farthing of rent, if he lives in a house rated at L.10, and paying 25s. or 30s. a-year of taxes, he must have a vote. The command of a borough containing 300 votes, may then be obtained to perpetuity, by expending L.30,000 on houses within it, besides the return which the rents of these houses will afford. And yet a system which throws open the gates in so shameless a way to the influence of corruption, is gravely put forth as a final settlement of the question, and an entire extinguisher upon the whole system of boroughmongering!

The multiplication of L.10 houses, like the multiplication of the L.10 freeholds in Ireland for electioneering purposes, will be a most serious evil under the new Bill. Sir Edward Sugden truly said, that it should be

entitled, "A Bill for the multiplication of L.10 houses." It is evident, that the proprietors in the neighbourhood of small boroughs will either themselves build, or promote the building, of such a number of houses, as may incline the balance in their own favour. Every body knows what a multitude of miserable tenants such a system of multiplying the poor has produced in Ireland. Those evils are not confined to the soil of that island; they will extend to England, if similar causes call them into operation. All these evils spring from that fatal innovation upon the constitution which the Reformers so obstinately insist upon introducing,—that of admitting, not the *freeholder*, who, in general, must be in some degree independent, because he is a proprietor, but the *tenant*, who cannot, in the general case, be so, because he is destitute of property.

The result, therefore, must be, what we have all along predicted, that the existing abuses will be greatly increased under the new Bill, and the country doomed to oscillate between the infamy of corruption and the perils of democracy; inclining, in periods of tranquillity, to the former—driven, in times of agitation, by the latter. This will be the result in the most favourable case, supposing the new institutions to prove stable, and not to yield speedily to the shock of revolution,—a supposition which all the experience of former times forbids us to entertain.

The litigation, electioneering intrigues, and political agitation, which must follow the annual making up of the lists of the freeholders, is another evil of the first magnitude under the new system. It is quite evident that it will keep the people in a continual state of hot water; the arts used to get their habitations raised up to the desired standard—the devices to prevent their being lowered below it—the perjury, chicanery, and falsehood annually adopted to accomplish these objects, must at once demoralize the people by habituating them to crime, and withdraw their attention from honest industry by keeping them continually immersed in a sea of politics. All the world knows how strongly these evils are felt on the eve of a general election: it was reserved for a

Reforming Administration, professing to abolish all existing evils, to render them *annual* instead of occasional, and a permanent tumour instead of a transient blemish in the constitution.

The powers vested in the surveyors of houses, and the barristers, appointed by the Lord Chancellor, who are to review their judgments, is a new and unheard-of peril in the constitution. The returns of Parliament—the formation of a majority in the Lower House—will depend upon these officers. They are not to be appointed by a fixed Judge, such as the Chief Justice,—but a political officer, who stands or falls with Administration. It is easy to foresee what abuses *may*, in bad times, be committed under such a system; it is not difficult to prognosticate the discontent which, in periods of excitement, even the honest discharge of duty by these officers *certainly will excite*. And this is the system which is to correct all existing abuses, and effect a permanent settlement of the constitution!

The freemen under the existing system, are to be preserved to perpetuity in the new Bill. Those freemen constitute the *existing democracy* under the old constitution; and in many towns, as Liverpool, Norwich, &c., the franchise descends so low as almost to amount to universal suffrage. We have uniformly maintained, that the existence of those representatives of the working classes under the old constitution, was a very great advantage, because it gave them a voice in the legislature, and counterbalanced the nomination boroughs which constituted the representation of landed and commercial wealth. But what is now proposed? To keep up these operative electors over the whole country, at the very time that a new and wide inlet for the democracy is provided in the L.10 tenants, and when the representation of commercial, colonial, and landed opulence in the close boroughs is cut off. That is to say, we are to have on our back at once the *old democracy* and the *new democracy*, both that which is now pressing with such force on the constitution, and that which promises to overturn it in future times; and that too at the very time when the fortresses of the Con-

servative Party in the nomination boroughs are to be entirely destroyed! And this is gravely held forth as the arrangement of the conflicting powers on a satisfactory basis, and which promises to restore that balance which, from the force of democratic ambition at this time, is in such danger of being subverted!

The superior weight given to manufacturing or democratic over agricultural or conservative industry, apparent in every part of the Bill, is in an especial manner conspicuous in the *rise* which is introduced in the qualification for county votes, compared with the *fall* in that for boroughs. After the termination of the existing lives, the qualification for a county vote is to be raised to a freehold of L.10 yearly value; so that in the space of twenty years the county members will be returned exclusively by that class of proprietors. The borough members are to be returned not merely by the owners, but the tenants of L.10 houses, a class of men, not at an average possessing a tenth part of the property of their brother freeholders in the county. Why is this extraordinary distinction made between the classes who are to return the members for counties and boroughs? Is it because the yeomanry of the country are so much more democratical than the householders of Manchester, Birmingham, the Tower Hamlets, or Greenwich, that it was necessary to go to a much higher class before the powers of representation could be securely vested? Is it because morality is so much more pure, life so much more innocent, passion so much more subdued, reason so much more powerful, among the ale-house keepers of St Giles, in the owners of brothels in Dublin or Glasgow, than among the statesmen of Cumberland, the freeholders of Yorkshire, or the peasantry of Scotland? Had the rule been just the reverse; had a ten-pound *proprietor* been required in town, and a ten-pound tenant admitted in the country, the principle of the distinction would have been intelligible, because it would have been founded on the eternal distinction between the honesty of conduct and sobriety of thought in rural, compared with the profligacy of habit and vehemence of passion in



urban life. But to admit the poorer class amid the corruption, vice, and intoxication of cities, and confine the franchise to a far higher class amidst the simplicity and moderation of country life, is so utter a departure from the principles not merely of legislation, but of common sense and universal experience, that it is altogether inexplicable upon any of the known principles of human conduct. And it is to be recollected, that while only 157 members are given to the coolness and sobriety of rural industry, no less than 340 are awarded to the passions and the corruption of city population.

For these reasons, the principle and practical tendency of the new Bill is even more dangerous than that from which we have just been delivered. The Whigs should have abandoned office, rather than have consented, for the purpose of gaining the Radicals, to bring in so ruinous a project; the Conservative Party had better remain for ever in opposition, than sully their hands by any connexion with it. We rejoice therefore at the noble stand which the friends of the constitution have again made in the House of Commons; and that the eloquence of Sir R. Peel and Mr Croker has exceeded even all their previous efforts, and recalled the brightest days of British glory.

Nor have the Scotch less reason to be proud of the able and patriotic stand made by their leading nobility on this trying occasion. The Duke

of Buccleuch, who, throughout the whole contest, has acted the part of a true Patriot, has gone to London on purpose to lay the Address of the great Edinburgh Meeting before his Majesty, and it was received in a way worthy of the quarter from which it proceeded, and the hands by which it was delivered. If the other Conservative Nobility of the country have not been so conspicuous in their services, their firmness is as great, and their devotion to the public cause as unbounded. It is by such means that the Peers of Great Britain can best discharge the duty which at this crisis they owe to their country, which they have recently delivered from so great a peril.

Let them do their utmost to soften the dangerous features of the new measure, and diminish the mischief which it must occasion to the country; but let the whole responsibility of the future constitution rest upon its own authors. They have delivered into their hands a prosperous, tranquil, and powerful nation, with its empire surrounding the globe, its fleets whitening the ocean, its glory resplendent over the earth; let them beware of extinguishing so fair a fame, by mingling with the ambition, the recklessness, or the desperation which is destined, to all human appearance, to destroy so noble a fabric, and sink for ever in the waves the might and the honour of the British empire.

## REPLY TO LORD BROUGHAM'S SPEECH.\*

How spirit-stirring the commencement of a campaign! Our imagination travels along a shadowy succession of yet unfoughten combats of various fortune—now in victory, now in defeat, and now in drawn battle—but ever fearless of the final issue, and confident that, after some total overthrow, the war will terminate in the triumph of Truth, Freedom, and Justice. Such will be the end of the great struggle now renewed between the firm force of the Conservatives, and the feeble fury of the Revolutionists. On the restoration of peace, the eyes of the patriots will be gladdened to behold the blessing for which they conquered—unscathed by storm, flood, or fire, from turret to foundation stone, in all its ancient strength and state, that august and glorious edifice—the British Constitution.

We have called the reformers by a name which used to excite their ire—revolutionists. Some few months ago they grew red in the face at that appropriate polysyllable; his Majesty's Ministers rose indignantly, as one man, "to repudiate the charge," "to reprobate the idea;" but a pallor now is on their crestfallen countenances, and you hear extorted confession in many a wrathful mutter. Why so loath still are some of the would-be leading men among them to avow the truth? They cannot be such simpletons as to dream now of deluding us into a belief that they desire to restore and preserve our liberties; and can they indeed be such fools as to fancy that they may play with safety upon the knaves who have enlisted themselves in thousands and tens of thousands under their tri-color—the rascally rag which never yet was hoisted—and never shall be over—

"The flag that braved, a thousand years,  
The battle and the breeze."

The thousands and tens of thou-

sands of knaves have taught them, and will continue to teach them, another lesson; and slow and stupid as they have shewn themselves to be "at the uptake," that other lesson will in time be instilled into their sluggish souls through incessant tink-dropping, by men far honest and abler than themselves, the EDUCATED RADICALS OF ENGLAND, who, instead of denying that they are for revolution, glory in the charge, and in proclamations and manifestoes somewhat more vigorous than that ludicrous and late lament issued in his Majesty's name against Political Unions, have long kept dinning into the deafest and largest ears, that they will never rest till they have gained their ULTERIOR OBJECTS—the overthrow of all ancient and all hereditary institutions.

That my Lord John Russell and "the rest" are sick of their estates and titles, we cannot believe, not even on the authority of their own conduct. They are not sick, then, but they are silly; and seek to shelter their large estates and noble titles and insignificant selves, behind a Bill which the most formidable foes of their order are all grimly laughing to behold them bringing up like a battering-ram to demolish their own powers and privileges in the state. Aye—the Bill—though far from being perfect in all its parts, in the eyes of the educated radicals, will, nevertheless, work well—it will butt forcefully against the ramparts of aristocracy—and out from among the dusty rubbish the radicals see, in imagination, running like so many rats, the Lord Johnnys and the Lord Dickies, and in imagination they hear—and can "scarce retain their urine for affection,"—the creatures *squeak*.

That the rats chiefly composing his Majesty's Ministry should be mole-blind, did certainly at first somewhat astonish the public. As

\* Reply to a Pamphlet, entitled Speech of the Right Honourable Lord Brougham, Lord High Chancellor of England, delivered in the House of Lords, on Friday, October 7, 1831. London: J. Hatchard and Son, 187, Piccadilly; and Roake and Varty, Strand.

long as they kept working under ground, it was supposed that all might be right enough; but the moment they issued into the open air and light of heaven, it was painful to see the small bleariness of their opaque optics. "They cannot be so blind as they look," was the humane hint of many Christian people; but that inconsiderate suggestion gave place to a wiser judgment, "Why, the creatures are stone-blind," as they were seen treading on each other's tails, in hurry to run their snouts into the traps set for them by those rough rat-catchers—the radicals,—traps easily seen through by the merest glimmer of eyesight—and absolutely unbaited with so much as a bit of cheese!

This may be thought by fastidious persons an undignified style of treating such noblemen and gentlemen as are no longer his Majesty's Opposition, but his Majesty's Ministers. "Is not Lord Grey the English Neckar?" "And was not Neckar the French Lord Grey?" We have written of that parallel ere now; but while Christopher North is silent, hear Napoleon Bonaparte. He is speaking to Neckar's grandson, the young De Stael. We quote from the Reply.

"*'Your grandfather was a fool, an ideologist, an old maniac. At sixty years of age, to think of forming plans to overthrow my constitution! States would be well governed, truly, under such theorists, who judge of men from books, and the world from the map. . . . Your grandfather's work is that of an obstinate old man, who died abusing all governments. . . . He calls me the indispensable man, but judging from his arguments, the best thing that could be done would be to cut my throat! Yes: I was indeed indispensable to repair the follies of your grandfather, and the mischief which he did to France. It was he who overturned the monarchy, and led Louis XVI. to the scaffold.'* The young man here interposes, and says—'Sire, you seem to forget that my grandfather's property was confiscated, because he defended the King.'—'Defended the King! A fine defence truly! You might as well say, that if I give a man poison, and present him with an antidote when he is in the agonies of death, that I wish to save him. That is the way your grand-

father defended Louis XVI. As to the confiscation you speak of, what does that prove? Nothing. Why, the property of Robespierre was confiscated; and let me tell you that Robespierre himself, Marat, and Danton, have done less mischief to France than M. Neckar. It was he who brought about the revolution. You, Monsieur de Stael, did not see this: but I did. I witnessed all that passed in those days of terror and public calamity. But as long as I live, these days shall never return. Your speculators trace their fine schemes upon paper: fools read and believe them: all are babbling about general happiness, and presently the people have not bread to eat; then comes a revolution. Such is usually the fruit of all these fine theories. Your grandfather was the cause of the saturnalia which desolated France.\*

"These are the words of Napoleon Bonaparte; and lest it should seem to any one that they were not applied to the general principles of revolutionary agents, but dictated by some personal feeling towards their more moderate partisans, read one more passage. The Jacobins of Paris had been treating with him. On hearing the price which they set upon their services, he said, 'This is too much; I shall have a chance of deliverance in battle, but I shall have none with these furious blockheads. There can be nothing in common between the demagogic principles of 1793 and the monarchy; between clubs of madmen and a regular ministry; between a committee of public safety and an Emperor; between revolutionary tribunals and established laws. If fall I must, I will not bequeath France to the revolutionists, from whom I have delivered her.†

"Now, the leader of the 'demagogic principles in 1793,' was Mr CHARLES GREY; and the monarchy which, according to Napoleon, M. Neckar destroyed, was that of France. The Neckar of 1831 has failed, and the monarchy of England is yet preserved; and with it Lord Grey, and the Duke of Bedford, and the Duke of Devonshire; but let us hear no more of the argument, that there is no danger of a democratic revolution, because these noblemen do not desire it."

A certain respect, it has hitherto been very generally allowed, is due to the very prejudices and bigotries of an ignorant people, from its rulers; and the more especially if that unhappy ignorance has been owing partly to its rulers, though mainly

to the constitution under which it has been the people's wretched lot to flourish. Was any such respect, however slight, shewn to the people of Great Britain, by the Paymaster to his Majesty's forces, when he first stood up in the House of Commons, with his Bill in his small lily-white hand? The people, it is said, wished for some Reform—how much is not specified; but judging from the symptoms, which were complete composure, and an almost Pythagorean silence, not a muscle of their mouth moving, the appetite or passion of the people for political food in the shape of a Bill, was such as might have been appeased with a small portion of victual, of wet and dry. Had they been ravenous for Schedule A, they would have roared like any nightingale, but they were mute as tit-mice ere spring shews her violets. Neither had the Paymaster been previously profuse or prodigal either in promise or performance on the Feast of Reform. For many years he had been one of the prettiest and best behaved young gentlemen of all the bit-by-bit Reformers, and thereby the noble niggard escaped the sarcasms of Canning, who had otherwise "torn off his flesh." Nay, high-up in yonder nook,

Each in its narrow cell for ever laid,  
The First editions of his Quartos sleep;

Nor ever shall profane hand of ours again give to day the diatribes against Reform, and the panegyrics on Old Sarum which their stiff boards and pompous pages preserve in the repose of oblivion. But having eaten in his words (and how sweet is a morsel devoured in a corner well did Solomon and Jack Horner know), swallowed, inwardly digested, and outwardly expelled them, "one and all, great and small," with much labour and pains, he not unnaturally, but irrationally, presumed that the people were as hungry as himself, who had just emptied his stomach in the style aforesaid; and bidding them open their mouths like barn-doors, into the yawning aperture he flung his Bill. So grotesque in itself was this procedure of his understanding, and so unexpected, that the House of Commons became a convulsive series of guffaws.

"Unextinguished laughter shook the skies."

But it is grievous to know that a guffaw is in nature transitory as a groan, into which indeed it is apt to grow; and that a groan of disgust—such is the strange constitution of our souls—is often converted into a shout of admiration, while in bad time and early, it settles down into an aimless infatuation of

"The people imagining a vain thing,"

till a whole kingdom becomes a Bedlam.

Offer a dog a pound of butter, a quartern loaf, or a shoulder of mutton, and though tolerably sharp-set, he will turn away with a growl, thinking that you mean to insult him; but cajole him, by rubbing his back with the hair, and calling the buffer by his name, and by other charms potent over the canine, and the animal begins to believe that he is dying of hunger. Disregarding the bread and butter, he plays the part of a wolf on the sheep; and offer but to touch the shank *now*, and he will tear you to pieces. It is in vain to tell him that he has devoured his due, and that he will get the rest at another time; the bare suspicion on his part, of such a base suggestion on yours, will stiffen the upright bristles all over the surly savage, till he seems a live-dog of horrent iron, and you walk off full of "thick-coming fancies" about canine madness. Next morning, the master shepherd (for we suppose you to be one of the Pastorals) informs you that an outlandish animal, by some supposed a dog, has swum ashore from some Norwegian wreck during the night, and slaughtered some scores of the silly people, all the braes being stained with woolly blood-clots, and lamb, gimmer, wether, and "ewie wi' the cruickit horn" lying among the broom, and below the birch trees, with holes in their throats and their kidneys, while the Red Rover is seen lying out of musket-shot, on a knoll, licking his paws, and then crouching away into the woods, till hunger shall re-drive him to rapine.

The above is figurative or allegorical—but we can speak pretty plainly when we choose; and, therefore, begging pardon of the populace for likening them for a moment to such

an animal, we ask, what was the conduct, with regard to them, of his Majesty's Ministers, and of all their adherents? Base and unprincipled beyond all precedent, "and, if old judgments hold their sacred course," to be punished, ere long, by irretrievable disgrace, and exclusion from government of that nation, whose character they have done all in the power of their wicked weakness to deteriorate or destroy. By their Bill, it appeared, at first, as if there were no end either of disfranchisement or enfranchisement—nobody could tell whether voters were to be hundreds of thousands, or millions; but the mightier the multitude, the more magnanimous the members who "bestowed the boon;" the fiercer the fever of Reform, when once fairly introduced into the crowded closes and alleys of town and city corruption! There was a stir among all the styes, as if of universal suffrage. In that state of excitement of the people, and of the populace, and of the rabble, Parliament was dissolved—that representatives might be chosen of the integrity, intelligence, and wisdom of the land! Then we were impiously and dishonestly told, *vox populi, vox Dei*. Then was the time for that mightiest of all steam engines—the Press—to go to work; and to work it went with a thousand devil power. All angry and evil passions were roused, let loose, and kept alive, all over the land—and they had all but one object—*down with the boroughmongers*. Gentlemen dislike being hissed, hooted, reviled, cursed, threatened, muddled, maimed, murdered; and the billmen had their cue given them to read such practical lessons as these, in state affairs, to all anti-reformers, at and around every hustings, "in the season of the year." They had timely advice "to strike at their faces;" to prefer stones to dead cats, as missiles, in electioneering warfare; and the Tory gentlemen of England were warned in all the Ministerial newspapers, that, if they valued their lives, they had better offer no factious opposition to a measure beloved by the King, and annotated on by him to the extent of seventeen pages crown octavo. Rather than encounter such brutal baseness, some of the conservatives declined the honour

of a contest, and others retired from it—not in fear for themselves, but in shame for their countrymen; while many weak, and a few worthless persons got into the House of Commons, who were fitter for a house of correction. But putting all such low elections as these out of sight, it will not be denied now, by any man in his senses, that the populace were pretty generally out of theirs, and that too many of the people were in the same predicament, frequently preserving, in their folly or madness, the most silly, absurd, and scorned individual that would but cry out "the bill, the whole bill, and nothing but the bill," for their delegate in Parliament, to men who had been their benefactors, and whose families had, many a time and oft, when famine had visited this perhaps over-peopled land, saved theirs from starvation. And thus was a new Parliament assembled, in which, had the press been as powerful as it was wicked, the freedom of debate would have equalled that liberty of election, and the minority been dumb. But the minority neither despised nor feared the press—and did their duty nobly, assailed in vain by a perpetual tempest of scorn and insult instigating the weak, the unwary, and the wicked, to outrages against the properties and persons of all who opposed the Bill. The majority smiled, and vapoured, and spouted, and voted—and all the while the land rang with yells of vain applause, and as vain intimidation. But the talent and the integrity, the eloquence and the wisdom, were on one side of the House—the delegates on the other; and in committee the Ministerial majority had no resource in their difficulties but the shameful one of silence, when outargued at every point, and convicted either of dishonesty or stupidity almost incredible, on almost every clause of their own revolutionary bill. Never were seen or heard of before such dogged or dumb constitution-mongers. But without the walls they were still supported by the yell, the voice of their deity, the mob—and Minister sung nightly out to Minister—"all's well!"

But "what will the Peers do?" was then the cry. And what a cry! Loathsomely expressive of all the in-

solence, all the ferocity, and all the vulgarity of the Tail of the revolutionists, and eke of their Head. Down with the Peers—the House of Peers—and all the houses of the Peers—unless they pass the Bill—in that event let them live for ever. But then arose the cry—"let the King swamp the House of Peers," and they called him the Modern Alfred. There ought to be no Peers—already are they too numerous by far—therefore let us have a hundred more at the least—that they may restore to us our constitution. The ancient noblesse are all for reform—the *novi homines* alone against it—therefore more upstarts! True, that nature produces but one Alfred in many centuries—and he is but the exception to the general rule, that all kings who can are tyrants. But let posterity take care of itself—and the next king of England—if there is to be another—add his hundred serving-men—for what purpose he may—be it even to bring back the boroughmongers, and that anomalous monster which they worship, and they alone, the British Constitution.

Was there any effort made to put down this Jacobin cry by the anti-revolutionary reforming Ministry? No. They joined in it. They did so in both Houses of Parliament. The Prime Minister warned the Spiritual Peers to "put their houses in order"—the crack ministerial orator in the Lower House pointed to the expatriated noblesse of France, whom the great Revolution drove over the wide world—and there was "*great cheering*." Sneers, taunts, scoffs, insults, have been so incessantly flung forth on all things, creeds, offices, and persons, hitherto regarded with respect or reverence, and the Reformers have become so habituated to the use of their slang vocabularies that they are unconscious of being foul-mouthed, and turn up their eyes to heaven when accused of truculence, like simpletons innocent of all guile and all guilt, and anxious only for the preservation of social order. Yet these are the Billmen—these are the people whose voice it is the duty of Government to obey—who now demand their rights, and therefore their rights must be given them—to oppose whose will must be

—treason; for are they not the sovereign people?

The Peers did oppose their will—and what then? Why, the mob were daunted by the aspect of virtue. Nay, the most worthless among them felt that the Peers had done their duty—and the better part of the populace applauded the patriots—but in silence—for they feared as yet to offend their leaders whom that vote maddened. Then the press raved on the Political Unions, and the Political Unions talked of arms, and a national guard was to start up out of the ground, not from serpents, but from sheeps' teeth, with fustian jackets and corduroy breeches, we know not whether to support or supplant the British army, no longer commanded by Wellington, and trustworthy no more in the day of danger. What might be the meaning of such miscellaneous armament? All the nation were for Reform—to a man. Some scores of boroughmongers alone were against the Bill. Mr Place, the tailor, as he calls himself, at the head of that deputation of pawn-brokers, that lately waited on the puzzled Premier, he knew not, nor at such untimely hour could he be expected to know, whether to take his measure, to receive his pledge, or to solicit a supper, might surely have had courage to face that small corps of corruptionists, and put them to rout at the point of the needle. Why, then, go the expense of a national guard whose office must needs be a sinecure? But the knaves knew they lied, when they said that all the nation to a man was for Reform. They knew that a majority of the industrious, the wealthy, the prosperous, the good, and the happy, were against such Reform, and they dared to hope, in their drunken insolence, that they might frighten the conservatives into the Bill by a national guard consisting of innumerable awkward squads, sufficiently absurd on paper, but in flesh-and-blood marching order to overthrow the British army, ludicrous beyond the ineffable military spectacles that sometimes convulse the fancy in dreams, when the forlorn hope, composed entirely of tailors, is seen advancing to the storm of a gingerbread stall, from which an old woman arrayed in red is driven with tri-

mense laughter, till first the vanguard, and then the main body of the deliverers, establish themselves at the point of the spurtle, and to the sound of the penny-trumpets in the Luckenbooths.

In these Political Unions there has indeed been a strange mixture of the formidable and the laughable, representative of the character of our unaccountable times. For example, there is our own Edinburgh Political Union, which its members opine to be a great state-engine at work for Reform. There are people south of the Tweed, who look towards it looming through a Scotch mist, not without alarm. To us it seems at once the most innocent and the most ludicrous association—not of ideas—for good-humoured scorn to point his slow unmeaning finger at, without any intention of offending its mock-majesty—that ever administered to the mirth of Modern Athens. It numbers—or rather did number, among its worthies, two or three authors whom we much esteem—a leash of bibliopoles to whom we wish all prosperity in the trade—a gentleman or two besides of easy fortune and manners—a few worthy masters, a dozen respectable journeymen, and some scores of idle or industrious apprentices in the various handicrafts, whom to employ therein would be to all parties profitable and pleasant, whether it were in slating a house, cobbling a shoe, patching, or even making a pair of breeches. In their personal capacities, or individual selves, it will be seen that we value the members of the Edinburgh Political Union according to their different degrees of merit, and that we should drop the pensive tear on hearing that any one of them had fallen a victim to the cholera. But in their aggregate and composite character of a Political Union, we can regard them, living or dead, but with one sentiment—that of the ineffably absurd, which would, we are persuaded, pursue us into the cave of Trophonius, converting it into the boudoir of Euphrosyne. At the gravity with which they guard the peace of our distracted metropolis, the most saturnaline might smile. On the eve of every impending great national calamity, we find them at their post. Thus, on that fearful afternoon that

brought our city the dismal intelligence of the rejection of the Bill by the House of Lords, when the street in front of our post-office was alive with all kinds and colours of hats, and when it was thought there would be a general brush, the Political Union, invisible and unappalled, from the mysterious secrecy of their conclave, issued paper-lanterns, imploring peace among the people, and giving promise of a brighter day to the sons of freedom biting their nails in disappointment and despair. We remember that afternoon as well as we do this; and never before to our eyes had the Queen of the North, with more tranquil stateliness, “flung her white arms to the sea.” The western sun so smote the city, that all the windows seemed on fire. There was something heroic in all their vast bright stories; flats were flats no more; light was in every land; and without waiting for the fiery fiat of the Lord Provost, the hotbed of genius was self-kindled into a general illumination. We grew, on the spot, into Captain of the Six Feet Club. Great was then our perplexity, on beholding men standing like trees, like poles, calling on us by inscription, in largest letters, to be quiet—on no account to give vent to our feelings by any act of violence; for that “a brow time was coming,” when there would be an end to all corruption. In the calm joy of our hearts, we would not, at that moment, have hurt a hair on the head of a fly—we would not have murdered a midge. Why, then, and whence those solemn warnings, thus ostentatiously obtruded on our eye, at an altitude even we could not overlook. Why thus, O ye Political Unionists! conjure up phantoms of fury to disturb such profound repose? Some shaking of empty heads, and some thrusting of hands into almost as empty pockets there might be with small knots of peripatetic politicians, who, at the crossings of streets, paused to read the friendly advice to their peers. But, of a row there was no reason to indulge either in fear or hope—and but one opinion prevailed among a peaceful people, between the hours of two and ten, that, of all possible idiots, the Edinburgh Political Unionists, in their body corporate, were at the head. As darkness descended, the

paper lanterns became transparent, and the large letters of light continued to tranquillize the town till sleep brought silence, broken but by that gradually deepening and widening snore, that, in a great city, to night-wandering Five-ear, doth surely sound, beneath the mute moon and stars, if aught be so on this earth of ours, sublime.

Suppose an insurrection of the Newhaven fish-wives. To quell it, the Edinburgh Political Union are ordered off towards Trinity, to arrest the progress of the Phalanx of the Variegated Petticoats, and, if need be, to deliver battle on the high-road, where that long line of wall defends from the dust those beautiful nursery gardens. Why, the Union would sustain a total overthrow. Not that the battle would be bloody—the killed and wounded would bear but a small proportion to the missing—the prisoners would exceed in numbers the whole victorious army—and the presidents, or field-marsals, would present a specimen of a curious predicament, carried captive in creels past the chain-pier crowded with spectators, to be kept in durance on oysters, till the establishment of a cartel, by which they might be restored to their patriotic parents, on condition of their taking, through the season, an additional supply, at an extravagant price, of cod's-head and shoulders.

They are a droll set. Having been told, in common with their fellow townsmen, that "all who were disposed to concur" with the opinions expressed in a requisition, for a Public Meeting of the Conservatives, would find admittance at the great gate of our Assembly Rooms, they pretended to interpret the words, "determined *not* to concur," and accordingly shewed their faces—a few—black but not comely—tête a tête—yet without any appearance of spittle—with the avowed resolution of intruding into the presence of gentlemen, who, conceiving such conduct to be worse than unreasonable, had made adequate provision for kicking them commodiously down a wide flight of stairs. Did they wish for an argumentative disputation? Heaven pity them should they ever have that wish gratified—and it is not impossible—their fate will be like that of a creel of crockery lifted up

in the arms of a strong man, and let fall with a clash on the floor into ten thousand flinders. But that persons—in ordinary life respectable—should have so far forgotten the feelings and the principles by which gentlemen are guided in all their conduct—can be satisfactorily accounted for only by a knowledge of the nature of their disease—the *delirium tremens* of radicalism, in which the unhappy patient sees real objects in ghastly distortion, and imagines himself haunted by a thousand devils, who are not only men but Tories—affable archangels all, who pity the wild distemper that, to common eyes, gives to folly the semblance of sin, whereas they know that the poor creatures are not wicked, but merely mad. The only cure is a placard—if that fail—*accipe calcem*. In that case, how could they deny *reaction*?

No doubt many of the Political Unions sprinkled over the country are as harmless as the Edinburgh one; and as we should be sorry to see any attempt made to put down what never was up, we trust they do not fall under his Majesty's late proclamation. In such unions there is much illegible, but nothing illegal; little sedate, but less seditious; the members are tiresome, but not traitorous; and though able to smoke a cigar, unwilling to blow up the state. They are political pustules on the surface of society, that will come to a point of themselves, and after the escape of the purulent matter, no need for a pin, not the minutest scar will be seen on the clean-skinned public. Whereas, were you to rub the pimple, it would fret, and there might be poison in the pus.

What really is the character and composition of the Birmingham Union, we now know somewhat better than Lord Grey. It has been declared illegal, and what not, on the highest authority, and so has an assemblage of 150,000 people, (a large sum) of which the Lord Chancellor of England said, "*with all respect for the multitude which were assembled—he trusted the individuals alluded to would reconsider the subject.*" What individuals—and what subject? The individuals who declared to that multitude, whom the Lord Chancellor regards "*with all respect,*" "*that they ought no longer to pay the*



king's taxes." "It was physically impossible," quoth the Lord Chancellor, "that in an assembly of 150,000 persons, 1000 could know what they did." We should think not so many—and on that ground is founded his Lordship's respect. But the Premier's respect includes the enemies of taxation. He corresponded—if we mistake not—with the official organs of that very society—"on terms of courtesy and compliment, with the violators of law, and the dissolvers of the elements of government." He granted their request—he alleged "inadvertence," in extenuation of his conduct towards the L. 10 voters, which the government at Birmingham had *rated*—"an inadvertence," which Mr Gregson, a man of unimpeachable honour and great talents, in his own exculpation, forced an equivocating Ministry in the House unequivocally to deny;—and that his friends might not be behind him in folly, the signatures of ALTHORP and JOHN RUSSELL were seen appended to documents of degradation, from which, not even amidst the "roar of a faction," can these persons *recover* their former place in the estimation of their country. "It may, perhaps, be said, that the correspondence between the Prime Minister and the Birmingham Political Union, took place before the unlawful resolution not to pay taxes was passed. *If so, it is the difference between an accessory before, and an accessory after the fact.*" Look at the four—the Premier—the Lord Chancellor—the Chancellor of the Exchequer—and the Paymaster to his Majesty's forces. A., G., and R., corresponding with, explaining to, complimenting, flattering, consulting, "on the weightiest matters of state and legislation," with the ostensible agent of an association, of which B. declares that its resolutions are a violation of law, and that the elements of government would be dissolved unless its practices were put down. And they have been put down by proclamation—by a proclamation, says the author of the Reply, "which informs us that it is wrong to transgress the laws, right to obey them, and the duty of magistrates to enforce obedience." He might have added, with equal truth, that it is *not* the duty of a Minister of the King of England to inflame

the minds of the people, by calling the solemn decision of the legislature "the whisper of a faction." To men—to noblemen—who could stoop so low—and thus trail their foreheads in the dirt, at the feet of seditious demagogues—England is to trust for the Reform of her Constitution!

No wonder that with such a Ministry to imitate, the Press became mob-worshipper. Not even during the dreadful season immediately preceding the French Revolution, was there a more hideous howl set up in Paris than we have heard within the year in London. Doctrines subversive of all our institutions, social and sacred, have been promulgated in execrations. They have been daily dinned into the ears of the people over all the land. But the people would not rebel—they had a dismal apprehension of some great evil that might befall them, even during the exasperation of spirit which those accursed arts had kindled; in the turbulence of passion they *felt* that the creed taught them was *wrong*, that the conduct they were exhorted to was *wicked*; and it is encouraging to think that the lower orders—aye even the lowest, have withstood the pernicious advice of their leaders, and that, in obedience to it, towns have been fired by those wretches only—so let us believe—who without it would for kindred crimes have been punished by deportation or death. The people of England have been deluded and betrayed, and instigated into a state of mind and a line of conduct dangerous indeed, and if long persisted in, destructive of all government—but that they have not risen up to subvert the state, a rising that would to themselves have soon had a terrible catastrophe, proves how great, after all, must be their attachment to it, shaken as that attachment has been by so many infamous appliances, once, and that not long ago, firm, because deeply rooted amid the roots in their hearts, proud amidst many sufferings and many sacrifices, of their country's greatness, under which was still sheltered much enjoyment of life's best blessings, while they beheld from their shores on which no invader dared to set foot, for the Conqueror of Europe feared to face the sons of liberty,

people after people subjugated, we may say, and enslaved, thrones tolerated to native kings, or filled, at his beck, with aliens, till Britain overthrew the Man of Blood, and blasted his brotherhood of usurpers.

What atrocious wickedness to practise such arts on such a people! They have borne, with heroic fortitude, many evils which the fluctuations incident to our vast commercial system periodically bring upon their condition; fluctuations which we verily believe it is beyond the power of human wisdom to prevent or avert, though we have as little doubt that some of the most fatal were directly produced by the folly of our rulers, in their ignorant zeal for what they irrationally called the Principles of Free Trade. Our immense debt, too, must be a weight felt by every poor man; but it was incurred in the cause of liberty, and through the progress of glorious wars, of which any one victorious battle was "worth a whole archipelago of sugar islands." So said Wyndham; for he was a patriot who knew that the power and opulence of every people lie in the greatness of their character, and sometimes that can be shewn and sealed only in blood, and accredited by difficult and dangerous achievements. The rich blood of brave men was poured out not only ungrudgingly, but exultingly, for their country's honour—treasures transcending in their worth all the gold in all the mines. The people complained not of that *expense*; nor would they complain now, but for reforming Ministers and mobs who assail with curses the Constitution for which those heroes fought, and under which their forefathers flourished, and who have had the desperate audacity to attribute to its abuses calamities, which in the course of nature, and by nature's laws, arose out of a policy which they and their friends abetted or pursued, and that, too, with the bold avowal of their belief, that much misery must ensue from such measures, but that it would be merged at last in the general prosperity of the nation.

With the causes of the frequent distress of the people patent before them—and at the same time with the wellbeing of the people, (for they were on the whole contented at

the time this insane scheme of Reform was broached and spread out before their eyes,) these Ministers of ours, who, to hear them and their adherents speak, a simpleton might suppose were the sole sincere and disinterested friends of the people, were so thoroughly unprincipled as to bring forth a Bill composed of firebrands, and to throw it among the people, audaciously declaring, that to set the whole country on fire was the only way to save it from ruin, and keep it in peace. The people, unable to believe that all this was done merely to keep Whigs in office, became in crowds converts to the Ministerial creed that they were the most wretched of slaves—trampled upon by the cloven feet of a cruel oligarchy, and the victims of an oppression that had gradually grown over them out of that hideous heap and hubbub of heinous anomalies—the British Constitution.

'Twere long to tell the story of all the base, brutal, and wicked arts employed to delude the people into this insane persuasion—'twere long to tell the story of all the native tendencies to delusion implanted in the constitution of men's souls, and how, at particular periods of its history, a nation seems sometimes for a while suddenly to go stark-staring-mad. Suffice it now to say, that waxing more daring day by day, we shall not say from impunity, for the law is now a dead letter, but from encouragement given them in every possible way, directly and indirectly, openly and covertly, by Ministers, the tribe of traitors who work a large portion of the press incessantly called aloud on the peaceful people of this happy land to tear their robbed rights from the hands of tyrants. Unawed by the majesty of the laws—now in abeyance—they scattered their not ambiguous words among the soldiers, whom they first tried to cajole out of their allegiance to their King, country, and their own unequalled fame—and then, when they found all the heroes true as the steel of their bayonets, to *frighten the invincibles* by that notable project of a general arming, which, at the first flush of the scarlet like dawn upon the mountains, would have melted away like snow. 'Twas a coward scheme, and could have been con-

ceived but in the hearts of cowards. For the dunces could not disguise their treason, while they cried craven; but while they imagined that their motives were cunningly secreted in their own base breasts, and that the people believed that all their mighty armament was to support the poor trembling military, who had not known what fighting was since the day of Waterloo, against those buggaboos the borough-mongers, the jacobin hatred spunked out in every beggarly paragraph, through the gross guilt of the grammar traitors use; and it is confessed now by millions, who were slow to credit such flagitious folly, that their object was civil war. And yet, to such a height, and length, and breadth, had the insolence of those traitors—tailors and such like—grown up as if it were a stately cabbage, that if the friends of ~~order~~ order, when speaking of such iniquitous attempts to destroy it, predicted, on any occasion as their probable results, conflicts between the populace and the military, in which the infatuated rabble would be scattered, and “quenched the flame of bold rebellion, even in the rebel’s blood,” why then hot, heavy, and hissing as tailor’s goose, the rank-breath’d radical belched out upon you the insufferable stench of his sour stomach, the organ in which he digests his politics as well as his potatoes, and assailed you even in written ribaldry with accusations of desiring to see the people perish under the hoofs of dragoons. Thus a muddy madman, or rather a fetid fraction, in the Westminster Review, charged Christopher North with high-treason against the people, for having said at a Noctes that the rabble, driven on by traitors, would never rest till they had raised a dust at Manchester, or elsewhere, that would be laid in blood. They have done so—at Nottingham, at Derby, and Bristol. The dust was laid—reluctantly—in blood. And more hideous still, scores of the drunken wretches were burned alive in the houses they in their frenzy had set on fire, while soberer ruffians, like tigers leaping out of a flaming forest, escaped through the lurid windows into the streets, where they piled up plunder, and then, as at a regular sale of furniture, acted the

auctioneer. It is melancholy to see such a man as the accomplished Editor of the Westminster, so besotted by the dregs of the drugs of Radicalism, as to admit into its boards the blackguardisms of that consummate blockhead—the Ass of the Age, who brays himself in a mortar. The cuddy is a coxcomb too, and must needs have a wreath of dockens round his ears, as if he were a victor crowned at the Olympic Games. But in the midst of his capers, independently altogether of his ears, at every step on his hind legs he betrays the donkey. No animal more difficult of concealment than your ass, and your son of an ass. He ought never to go in character to a masquerade. There he goes—obvious to all eyes—the Knight of the Thistle. One domino after another thwacks him across head or tail—there is little difference between the two in shape or sound—yet in the inscrutable obstinacy of his being, he will not budge from the cudgel, but opposes bone to bludgeon with a determination of purpose that, in a higher cause, would make the helot a hero.

We allude to Long-Ears now, merely to illustrate, by this Vicar of Bray, the character of the stupid and insolent radicals who have been bawling the lower orders into rebellion. And what think you of Dr Bowring himself—advertising as a puff preliminary to a new number of his Review, that the people have already expressed their opinion on Reform, and that now is the time for every man of them to take his part in revolution? And what think ye of a Ministry, who take such a man into their employment, and send him over to Paris to learn how to conduct accounts! The Imbeciles!

As a relief from our eloquence, do peruse the following passage from the Reply.

“I accuse no man of wicked intentions who has been acting in this ill-fated work. But there is a wise rule, and it seems as true in morals and politics, as in the practice of municipal law, that men must, for the purposes of correction, be taken to have intended those things which are the natural consequences of their own actions. ‘Who would have thought it?’ is the exclamation of every heedless and mischievous man, who is mischievous because he is heedless, and runs into ruin.”

one practices, because he never contemplated the consequences of his own acts. But the law will not allow mischievous idiots to be abroad, any more than it will suffer sane men to disown the ill effects of their own voluntary doings. The intention must be presumed, where the act is palpable.

"What did these men think was likely to be the consequence of telling unlettered multitudes, that the Government under which they lived was one of corruption, tyranny, oppression, and misrule? Did they suppose that magistrates would be allowed to discharge their duty, and execute the laws, when the King's Government had been proclaiming to the people, that the fountain of all law was foul and polluted? Are the makers of the laws to be branded with ignominious epithets by men in power, and the laws to be held in veneration by the simple? Is a Parliament to be vilified, and its acts obeyed? But unless the Ministers of the King can answer these questions by assent, they are no less the enemies of the law than of the constitution of their country. Those who, in their places in Parliament, denounce bishops for defending the cause committed to their care, and for doing their duty before their country and their God—those are they, and not the ragged wretches impassioned by a momentary frenzy, who truly hurl the firebrand at the palaces of men whom they have publicly stigmatized as meet objects of the vengeance of an injured country. Who are the allies of this British Neckar? Who are they who are called forth with triumphant air to prove that there is no repentance in the work of revolution? They are the same men of whom, in 1793, one who is now on the same side the question with Cobbet, and Carlile, and Earl Grey, thus spoke,—‘All the enemies of the British constitution will cling to him, in spite of his efforts to shake them off, until their hatred of the present establishment shall have been completely satiated in the ruin of the state, in the misery and perhaps in the blood, of all ranks and orders of the people—

"Non missura cutem nisi plena cruoris hircido."\*

Men who tell bishops that they should not vote, and ministers of religion that they should not perform their sacred offices, and magistrates that they should not dispense the laws, lest those, forsooth, be offended, to whom judgment, and re-

ligion, and law, are a peculiar stumbling-block, and who will gladly join the King's Ministers in removing these rocks of their offence.

"Oh, how I should pity these Ministers, if the time for pity were yet come! But pity must give way to justice. Pity sleeps while justice tarries. Justice, whether she resides in mortal laws or abideth in Almighty councils, whether the arm of man be her depository, or the arm of God her surer refuge, will assuredly break from the cloud beneath which she now slumbers, and once more lighten on the hearts of men, who, for no cause shown, and no reason assigned, have excited the discontent of numbers of their countrymen, against the essential institutions of the government of their country, inflaming the passions of the workers of mischief, and deluding the simple to their own destruction; who in one little year have, by their evil councils, so torn, harassed, and distracted their poor country, that better men do not care to undertake the reparation of those wrongs, of which others have been the headlong authors; men who, from the beginning even to the end of this unhallowed work, and by the mouth of this great man whose speech I have here considered, have given no one single reason, so help me, God! why such a work should have been undertaken, either by the proof that the present formation of Parliament was inefficient for its great purposes, the protection of liberty, and the protection of property, or the proof, or even the intimation, that these purposes would be better answered by its reconstruction on a new plan; but who, adopting change for the love of change, or the love of something worse, suppose—for by their actions they appear to suppose it—that long enough has England been free from the miseries of revolution, and flourished for nigh two centuries of tranquillity and repose; long enough has she been contented at home, and feared abroad; contented, as far as is consistent with that freedom which is her best birthright; feared, wherever liberty has required protection, or the arm of the oppressor has been felt. Long enough has the balance of power between the three estates of the realm, controlling, not conflicting powers, that unrevealed secret of antiquity, which sages saw in vision, and sighed, and toiled, and prayed for, but never could accomplish; long enough has the just equipoise of King,

\* Lord Mornington's Speech on Mr Grey's motion, 1793.—*Parliamentary Register*, vol. xxxv. p. 449.

Lords, and Commons, been so curiously fixed, and wonderfully maintained, 'that some have been vain enough to imagine that the balance had been adjusted by more than mortal hand.' They may be clever men, and cunning are the fables which they have devised. They may be wise in their generation; but the violated laws, and the threatened constitution of England, and the blood of those already slain, will rise up in judgment against this generation, and will condemn it; and condemn it for the same reason, because it repented not. God grant that they may repent! God grant that their errors may be forgotten! But until there be signs of repentance, and the bones of amendment be well founded, it is the duty of every faithful subject of the monarchy of England, to oppose the ruinous designs of her misguided Ministers—to oppose might by right, violence by law, tyranny by freedom of speech, fallacy by argument, and falsehood by the truth."

That is finely said, and we rejoice in such a coadjutor. Where may we look for such writing on the side of the Revolutionists? There was a time when they wrote and spoke well on Reform—when Brougham, (and Horner,) and Jeffrey, and Macintosh tore to pieces all the provisions in the late Bill, and trampled them under foot with as proper, and personal, and patriotic indignation, as did the first and greatest of the three trample under foot the letter that offered him the Attorney-Generalship, at a time when he knew he had within a stride, softly swelling for his seat of honour, the Woolsack. But now their lips drivel, and their pens dribble—and they rave and write like Radicals, without gravity, and without grace—and unkindled by the *igneus vigor* that gave them inspiration in their better days. Compare with the miserable pamphlets they have lately put forth, the powerful articles that for nearly thirty years were appearing in the Edinburgh Review, the Essays on Reform in the Quarterly, and in the North American Reviews, Colonel Stewart's philosophical Disquisitions on the Principles of Government—Sir John Walsh's admirable Essays on "the Measure," the Examination of the Friendly Advice to the Lords, this Reply to Lord Brougham's speech, and the twelve masterly

articles on Reform and the French Revolution in this Magazine,—and what a contemptuous opinion would you have of men esteemed wise in their generation, did you not correct that erroneous opinion of their talents, by a true opinion of their principles, and remember that even genius itself falls fluttering to the ground, when trying in vain to soar in an atmosphere of falsehood. How else could a man so prodigally endowed by nature as Lord Brougham, and with all his vast endowments ennobled by highest education, have spoken upwards of four hours on the greatest question that ever was debated in an assembly of free men, and his speech prove a sprawling failure, with a few passages of magnificent but over ambitious diction,—the main arguments feeble and jejune almost beyond belief, illogical and contradictory, sophisms all without even the merit of ingenuity, and "false glitter" in lieu of that glory that was wont so often of yore to illumine his winged words!

Instead of rushing at once into the heart of the great subject, as on other occasions we have heard him do with the conscious power of a giant, he kept shilly-shallying in a strain of puerile sarcasm on particular expressions in the orations of other Lords, for a long hour at least; and for half-an-hour more, crept round and about the outworks, as if afraid to make his attack upon the first entrenchment. At last he closes with the question—and says "that the L.10 rental is not a low qualification." It is at least ten pounds lower than the qualification which he himself had fixed upon as the lowest in his own plan of reform. And even now, though shy to condemn it, he hints dislike, and talks of securing for the Lords who hate it, a fair hearing, in committee. How kind and considerate! What says his antagonist?

"Not low? but compared with what? What is the test of lowness? To say it is not low, and to fix no standard by which high and low may be determined, is mere vague and idle assertion. But what follows next? Why, that on this very point, the L.10 franchise, this most important of all the mighty innovations of this Bill, the Lord Chancellor of England had not made up his mind, and had no opinion at all to give. It was a proper subject

for discussion in committee.' That very Bill which the late House of Commons was dissolved because they dared to meddle with, was now to go into committee in the House of Lords, with the noble and learned Lord on the woolsack expressly withholding any opinion, either of approval or of disapprobation, on the most monstrous and sweeping measure of innovation comprised within its four corners. And then why defend it? Why maintain the necessity of that which is especially reserved for the determination of the committee? O, but some moderate man will say, why not go into committee? Why not go into committee? —Why, because there is not one single reason given in this Speech, or in any other speech, why an uniform right of voting should be established in all the boroughs of England; or why there should be any rental qualification at all,—because thinking men know that the very inequality of the right of voting is one of the inimitable excellencies of our system; and because they agree with the immortal Burke, 'That the very inequality of representation which is so foolishly complained of, is perhaps the very thing which prevents us from thinking or acting as members for districts. Cornwall elects as many members as all Scotland, but is Cornwall better taken care of than Scotland?'

Lord Brougham then proceeds, after stating that it was "necessary to draw a line somewhere," but omitting to state how towns, with 10,000 inhabitants, would rest contented without any representatives, while towns of 4,000 enjoyed two, to tell the old, stale, false story of the Nabob of Arcot putting twenty members into the House of Commons. Our Examiner quashes this nonsense, by telling us that on looking into the records of Indian delinquency, he saw that it was asserted before a committee, that in order to make the House a party to the nabob in his designs upon Tanjore, a scheme had been formed of bribing a majority of the representatives of the nation with £700,000; a magnificent scheme truly, and worthy of the grand soul of a nabob; but unfortunately it was not crowned with success; and it seems, he adds cuttingly, a novel sort of homage to pay to virtue, to call it to an account for uncommitted trespasses, and to make resisted temptation, not the badge of innocence, but the measure of disgrace.

Freemen are stated to be sometimes poor men, and therefore those who stand up for property are ridiculed by Lord Brougham for upholding the rights of freemen. He asks, "was the fact of a person being a freeman a test of property?" Certainly not. But hear again the Examiner of the four hour speech.

"That is the new doctrine which the Reformers have introduced and imported from France; it is not necessary that every voter should be a man of property in order to have property represented in the House of Commons. The beauty of the old system has been, that high and low, rich and poor, have all been represented in that House, and the result of the whole has been, that none, not even the poorest, being excluded as a class, yet nevertheless property has maintained its influence, and been adequately protected. But we are told, 'that many freemen are in the receipt of parochial rates.' Well! are no £10 renters under the same circumstances? If the Lord Chancellor has not forgotten his sessions law, he will remember that a settlement by renting a £10 tenement is a fruitful source of parish litigation, and that these questions do not arise until the parties are removed, and that they are not removed till they have become chargeable."

Lord Brougham says, "that the Crown was not from time to time in the exercise of its just privileges for the masters of rotten boroughs, and that the people were not in the enjoyment of their interests and rights for the masters of rotten boroughs." The power of a master of a rotten borough is a great mystery; it is at once an impediment to prerogative, and an encroachment on the rights of the people. The prerogative is now the holiest thing in nature before the eyes of a king-serving, time-serving Whig. To reduce it, we remember when destruction to those boroughs was the cry. But now, to restore the privileges of the Crown, close boroughs must be destroyed. When the same prescription, quoth the Examiner, is to cure all sorts of opposite diseases, I always set down the doctor for a quack.

But we are now at length arrived at the great question; the sum, and substance, and very essence of the whole argument, namely, whether there ought to be a more direct representation of the people in the House of Commons. And how does

the Lord Chancellor solve this problem? Hear him—and hear his Examiner.

"By an ambiguous and equivocal use of the word representation; by a mere quibble, and play upon the word. I grieve to say it, I beg pardon for saying it, but it is true. 'O, it was exclaimed, this is representation! and why not? Ought it not to be representation? Were they not upon the question of representation? Were they not, he asked, dealing with the question of a representative form of government, and the right constitution of the House of Commons? And what was the answer? Why, this is rank representation; why, this is allowing to the people the choice of their own representatives. It is neither more nor less than a new unheard-of, unimagined, and most abominable, intolerable, and inconceivably inconsistent, and detestably pernicious novelty, that the people should have a voice in the choice of members of Parliament.' The first objection is that it is direct representation, and that is answered by saying, not proving, that it ought to be representation; and so it should; but the question is, what sort of representation? And that question is not argued. Then, again, it is true, the question is as to 'the right constitution of the House of Commons,' but there is no proof that that constitution ought to be more popular, or, in other words, that it would be more right if it were so. Then, again, that the people should have a voice in the choice of members is no novelty at all. They have it now; that they should have a greater voice is the novelty, and pernicious it is, for no reason is given why it should be otherwise. The whole argument is this; it should be representation, because it is about representation that we are talking; in other words, it should be because it should, or because I say it should, or because it is; and either reason is equally absurd. And is this, I ask, and I entreat my fellow-countrymen to consider of it, is this the sort of reasoning with which this great argument is to be treated, and this stupendous question settled and decided? Is this the result of the deliberations of a man who, an hour before, had said that every hour of his life might have been profitably devoted to the consideration of that vast matter, which he here dismisses with the petulance of a child, or the flippancy of a silly woman, building up his sophism on the equivocal use of the term representation? And yet this is the only argument offered to prove that Aristotle, and Cicero, and Tacitus, and Hume,

and Burke, and Canning, were all wrong when they doubted or disbelieved that a representative assembly, elected independently by the people, could exist in a mixed government, or would tolerate the control of two other legislative bodies."

And now, assuming that he has given proof of the necessity of popular changes, Lord Brougham proceeds to the other great task of proving that the Bill is a restoration of things lost. How? Thus. "It has been asked, at what time in the history of England could it be shewn that any such rights of voting as this Bill established were known in England? Edward VI. created twenty boroughs, and restored as many; good Queen Elizabeth created forty-eight, and revived twelve; and down to the time of the Restoration, 200 boroughs were revived, created, or added." Alas! alas! what shallow sophism have we here from so great an intellect! The enfranchisement of towns is to be an argument for disfranchisement, creation the precedent for extinction. But suppose it be said that the creation of boroughs by Queen Elizabeth is an authority for a farther enfranchisement—is it any authority for the Bill—for the L10 franchise? The question here is *as to the right of voting*. Is it meant to be insinuated that the L10 renters have ever since elected their representatives in those boroughs? If so, that is a mistake; were it so, the clause which gives the privilege would be useless; as it is not so, the statement proves nothing. But Frynne, says Lord Brougham, states that fifty-four new boroughs were created in his time, and a report of a committee of the House of Commons declared, "that as there was no ancient custom or prescription as to who should be electors or not, recourse must be had to what was common right, which for this purpose was held to be that not only the *freemen* in boroughs should have a voice in the elections, but also all inhabitant householders resident within the borough." "What becomes then," exclaims his Lordship triumphantly, "of the doctrine that this Bill is an innovation?" His Examiner tells him what becomes of the doctrine—that it stands as fast as a rock. The case referred to, is that of Cirencester—in Glan-

ville's Reports—and the word *freeholders* should be substituted for *freemen*, and the word *certain* for *ancient*—for so it is written in Glanville. And then how does this case stand? That in the *absence of custom to the contrary*, the inhabitant householders (not the L.10 renters, mark ye) are to be the electors—thereby admitting, that where there is a *certain* custom, that custom must be observed. Not one syllable is there about the L.10 franchise. "Should the Crown be ever advised," continues Lord Brougham, "to send writs to Manchester or Birmingham, the right of voting would, by the common law, be in the resident householders." No doubt—quoth his Examiner—it would; there would be no custom, and according to the doctrine of the Committee referred to from Glanville, the householders would vote. But what say his Majesty's Ministers? That they *shall not vote*. Mr Hunt, a consistent radical, in this at least, is for the householders. But Ministers, with the Lord Chancellor at their head, set up the right—argue upon it as a right—*then take it away*, and glory in that injustice, which upon Radical principles they have proved to be worthy of no milder name. And this is all the argument in the speech to prove that the measure is not one of *innovation*, but merely of *restoration*.

Lord Dudley had objected to the L.10 qualification, as giving the franchise to men who would be occupied in earning their bread, and could not have time to instruct themselves or attend to state affairs. Lord Brougham waxes wroth with this self-evident truth, and accuses Lord Dudley of "deriding the knowledge of the manufacturers of Birmingham in legislation," "in his pride of knowledge of hexameter and pentameter verse." That is an exceedingly silly sarcasm. He quotes a letter from some sumph at Derby, stating that at a meeting in that town, "the best speech was made by a common mechanic." Very probably. There are many clever and glib-tongued common mechanics—and the better sort of Whigs are such miserable speakers, that in the wretchedness of their circumambient oratory, the common mechanic may have seemed a Cicero or Demosthe-

nes. But, generally speaking, nobody will deny that common mechanics who open their mouths and speak on politics are utterers of base coin, just like their Whig masters. And it is satisfactory to know that the most intelligent and best-informed of that very class do, in their "ravelled sleeves of care," laugh at their "blethering brethren" of the hustings, and consider them crazed, dissipated, or desperate.

Finally, quoth the Examiner—the "best speech" is a particularly equivocal term. There are persons in this country to whose taste the most seditious speech would be incomparably "the best." For example, the 150,000 living creatures, whose vote of thanks was so delightful to the high soul of an Althorp, and a Russell, and a Grey. Among the correspondents of those noblemen are men, we know, who would call no speech good, much less "best"—that tolerated taxes, and did not preach up non-payment thereof to a loyal people—to the tune of God save the King.

In spite, then, of Lord Dudley's knowledge of hexameters and pentameters, which we doubt not is perfect, for a more accomplished scholar there is not in England, his opinion seems well grounded, that the mechanics of Birmingham—though assuming to be so—are neither philosophers nor statesmen. You may abuse at present any body, or any body of men, you please—except ten-pound shop or householders. Speak of them slightly as judges of men and manners in all political affairs, and you are, if not sacrificed on the spot, at least snubbed by some sour Whig and sore, for calumniating the "middle classes." The middle classes!

They are a thin-skinned nation of shopkeepers. Laugh at them, not sardonically, but sweet as a sloe in the hedge—and merely in their elective or legislative capacity—and lo, *faces et saxa volant* at the head of the smiling Tory, who has the baseness to curl his lip at a gentleman of the middle class, who pays L.10 per annum for the house in which his high mightiness is lodged, and at least as much more for board! Many thousands of them are most worthy people—but we cannot bring



ourselves to believe that they ought to return two-thirds of the House of Commons. Lord Brougham, notwithstanding the doubts he lets escape him, is severe on us for something or other, we scarcely know what, regarding this class who claim immunity from criticism. "For the Opposition," says he, "object to disfranchising boroughs, by which you say the trade and manufactures of great towns are now represented; and yet, though that is your reason for retaining them, you object to giving those towns representatives!" Stop a bit—not so fast, my lord. The question is—*de tribus capellis*—which may be translated somewhat freely, "inhabitants, living in L.10 town houses." It is far from being as clear as the sun at noonday—to borrow an original and novel simile from the Stot—that those L.10 men would be the very best judges of what the interests of these towns require; and it may so happen that their interests may have been better managed by members, who do not represent the renters of tenements at three shillings and tenpence a week. They would soon vulgarize the House of Commons into a nest of radicals—worse than wasps—blowflies, that with all their beautiful buzzing about the ears of the borough-mongers, would swell into blue-bottles, feeding foul, and fattening on corruption.

It has been asked—and well—how can the Crown exercise its right of appointing its own Ministers, without close boroughs? They might not be elected, though the ablest and fittest persons in the whole country, in consequence of having fallen into unpopularity. What says Lord Brougham? He admits the objection, but says, "that some addition might be proposed in committee, if it did not affect the principle of free election; but if it could not be altered, then take one mischief in order to guard against a greater one." That now-a-days is wisdom.

"Now what is all this? The Bill, admitted to be destructive of the undoubted privileges of the Crown, and that not by its portended consequences, but by its inevitable immediate operation; no remedy even suggested for this destruction of the first and most important prerogative of the monarchy; a promise to con-

sider of the thing in committee; that promise fettered by the condition that no addition made for the purpose should affect the principle of free election; that principle, if it means any thing, meaning this, that the Crown should not exercise any influence over the elections, and should consequently be debarred from keeping in its service those men who, though the fittest and ablest in the country, have been discarded by that very freedom of election. 'If it did not alter the principle of free election?' Why, it is the *professed* principle of free election which creates all the difficulty, and which is here plainly admitted to be incompatible with the existence of the monarchy, or, at least, with the exercise of those rights for which alone monarchy is of any value. 'Take one mischief in order to guard against a greater one?' What do these words mean? what is the greater one? what is the greater constitutional mischief (and it is of constitutional mischiefs that we are speaking) than that the King of England should not be able to appoint his own Ministers? Can the admission be sincere, when such an evil admitted is called comparatively a lesser one? Is there no lurking and secret hope remaining, that there will still be the power of sending Ministers into the House of Commons without undergoing the ordeal of free election? That there will still be close boroughs, but that they will have changed hands, and be in the possession of another party? This is no new suspicion. In 1793, an opponent of Mr Grey said, 'By a change in the Government, the hon. gentleman could not intend merely a change in the administration; he was undoubtedly incapable of proposing to the nation to alter the whole of the representation in Parliament, for a purpose so unworthy as that of transferring power from the hands of any party to those of another.' What, in common honesty, is the meaning of all this? Is there some mistake? Will the King's Ministers stand by the admission that the Bill is to destroy the King's prerogatives? or when they talk of free election, do they mean that CLOSE BOROUGHs ARE TO BE DESTROYED IN THE HANDS OF THEIR POLITICAL OPPONENTS AND CREATED IN THEIR OWN? Those are the questions. And men who are attached to the monarchy of England and plain dealing, expect an answer."

But what would you think? The Lord Chancellor of England absolutely declares, that "at the delivering of the sword of justice to the noble Earl at the head of his Majesty's Government, his Majesty vow-

ed that he would restore things gone to decay, and maintain those restored—*implying that he would extend the right of voting for counties to copyholders, for boroughs to L.10 householders.*" As rationally might the Chancellor have said that his Majesty had sworn to establish Universal Suffrage! The absurdity of such interpretation of the Coronation oath, is equalled only by that involved in a subsequent assertion—made with considerable gravity—that a reform, that is, a popular—or rather as we say a democratic Parliament, will never suffer the nation to go to war! On this astounding foolishness of his Lordship's, his Examiner makes some excellent observations and quotations; but the author of the articles on Reform and the French Revolution, in this Magazine, settled that question to the head and heart's content of all men—so let them believe in the pacific character of a democratic government, who, in their old age, have abjured the astronomical heresies of the Newtonian system, and believe that our earth is the immovable centre of the universe, and its moon made of the greenest of cheese.

But Lord Brougham's opinion of democracy is hard to come at. We have heard him sneering at Lord Dudley for sneering at the statesmen of Birmingham—we have heard him reproving that nobleman, with much dignity, for deriding those by whom "moderation, respectful demeanour, and affectionate attachment to their Lordships' house, had been evinced in every one of their petitions." The selfsame men enter into a resolution, which their eulogist not only calls unlawful, but says, that "if unhappily the effect should proceed farther into the country, if they were not put down, the elements of government would be dissolved." Are there then—asks his Examiner—two Birminghams, the one peaceful, moderate, attached to the constitution, the other unlawful, seditious, and condemned? And, gentle shepherd, tell me why—should have come out a Proclamation specially levelled "at those peaceful and affectionate Birminghamites—the rebellious children of a reforming Cabinet?"

Lord Brougham has said, "to me, who am a worshipper of the democra-

cy, this was a tempting occasion—for here was Juggernaut, before whom 150,000 persons (read 20,000, *meo periculo*.—C. N.) were ready to prostrate themselves." On this fine burst of eloquence, (as it was called in some newspapers,) the author of the Reply beautifully remarks, that it is a strange confession from a Peer of the realm, the occupier of the Woolsack, and Speaker of the House of Lords, that he should worship the democracy at all, especially since it is asked in a former part of the speech, "Where was the man who had yielded less to the demands of the populace, than the individual now before their Lordships? And even much credit is there taken for having exposed their insanity, delusion, and folly." "But whatever"—continues the acute and eloquent Examiner—"whatever be the ~~reason~~ of his idolatry, or whether he be the idol of the people, the service confers but little honour, or little benefit, where blessings are mingled with maledictions, and the objects of adoration, and the faith of the worshippers, are equally fickle and insincere."

But we come now to that part of the Speech—and it is the poorest of it all—intended to prove that it would be justifiable for the Ministers of the King to recommend his Majesty to create a sufficient number of Peers to secure to themselves a majority for the Reform Bill in the Upper House of Parliament. Here his antagonist meets him in great power, and demolishes the incautious and presumptuous giant, who has come to the combat without armour and without arms. The author of the Reply bids us remember that this is no argument to shew that the measure itself is wise; it is to shew that, whether wise or unwise, it may be forced on the legislature. It is an enunciation of means for attaining an object, not a justification of the object to be attained. We shall now lay before the public the *gist* of this admirable writer's argument against the base and wicked doctrine, adverse to all principles of constitutional law, but no doubt now again to be preached by the brazen impudence of the revolutionary press.

Mr Pitt made twenty Peers in one batch, for a particular purpose—therefore, so ought Lord Grey—his

Lordship having been, we presume, all his life an admirer of that statesman, and at its close being desirous to become his follower. Lord Grey has made twenty-five Peers already—coronation peers; but he has indignantly denied the imputation that they were made with a view to carry this measure. He has indignantly denied that which the Lord Chancellor defends, on Mr Pitt's authority—that same Lord Chancellor who once declared at an election dinner, or some such occasion, that he had written his own epitaph—"Here lies the enemy of William Pitt." An affecting specimen of the Christian spirit of brotherly kindness. These new Peers, Lord Grey says, are all men who will do honour to the Peerage; and it was by mere chance that they supported the Reform Bill.

The answer to all this is short—Mr Pitt never made a single Peer for the purpose of carrying any particular measure. Precedent is something even in high treason—but here, for a precedent, his Majesty's Ministers must avert their faces from the frowning aspect and knit brow of the son of Chatham.

But what is the law?—The King of England has no right, by law, to exercise his prerogative for the purpose of annihilating the decision of Parliament—and *therefore he will not so exercise it.*

But they who argue for the right, say, it is admitted that it is within the King's prerogative to create Peers—and that being so, it must be within his prerogative to create them when, and to what amount, he pleases. It may be wrong—it may be an indiscreet exercise of the power; but the power existing in the prerogative, it cannot be unlawful to use it, in the absence of any positive law for its restriction.

Answer.—These shallow persons arrive at their conclusion from the equivocal use of the words *law* and *prerogative*. They forget that law, in this case, means something other than what is written—and that prerogative can only be fairly, and therefore of right, exercised in compliance with that unwritten rule: They forget that there is *no prerogative to do wrong*; and that it is unlawful to attempt it. Why, even in the reign of Charles the First, Sir

Henry Finch, writing in support of prerogative, thus qualifies his argument, "For, in them all it must be remembered, that the King's prerogative stretcheth not to the doing of *any wrong*."

Is then the act which has been attempted to be justified—wrong? Do not juggle the answer by any consideration of the merits or demerits of the Bill of Reform. But ask any reasonable lover of liberty, whether he can think it other than *abuse*, for a Constitutional King, who has been advised by his Ministers to consult his Parliament on the merits of a new law proposed to them, to take upon himself, by his sign-manual, to annul the decision of the Upper House of Parliament, because, in the exercise of that right, it differed from the opinion of his Ministers?

"No sober man can doubt about the answer which he should give to this question. But it has been laid down by a learned Judge, in a treatise on this branch of constitutional law, that there are three auxiliary rights of the subject, which serve principally as outworks or barriers to protect and maintain inviolate the three great primary rights of personal security, personal liberty, and private property. These are, first, *the constitution, powers, and privileges of Parliament*; secondly, *the limitation of the King's prerogative*; thirdly, *the courts of justice for the redress of injuries*. Now, if there be one definition of a wrong clearer than another, it is this, that it is that which would deprive us of a right. It would therefore be an injury for either of these constitutional rights to be exercised for the destruction of another: It would cease to be a right when so exercised, and the work done would be a constitutional *wrong*. This would be equally the case, whether the legislative power of Parliament, the limited prerogative, or the administration of the laws, happened to be the subject of aggression: because all are equally constitutional *rights*."

But to what a degree, asks this truly constitutional writer, is this wrong exercised, when the law thus sought to be violently exerted, is itself a reconstruction of the governing power, and a fundamental change in the constitution of one House of Parliament? When the Sovereign, in a limited monarchy, should appoint a House of Peers for the special purpose of remodelling

the House of Commons, and thus at one blow destroying the legislature, to whose opinion it was the duty of his Ministers to submit, should call another into existence to obey the mandates of executive authority. It would be unmixed despotism.

But the question is set at rest for ever—in the minds of all conscientious men—by the following perfect refutation of a doctrine which only slaves would whisper in the ear of a tyrant; and therefore, whatever may be the “whisper of that faction,” which from the lips of his Ministers may breathe around the throne, never can it find entrance into the soul of our King.

“These are sound principles of constitutional law. They have been once infringed; certainly only once, since the Revolution; nor is there any thing in the precedent worthy of imitation. After all the long and eminent services of the Duke of Marlborough, he was dismissed by the intrigues of his political opponents. The Tories had resolved upon effecting the disgraceful measure of the Peace of Utrecht, for some of the transactions connected with which treaty the Earl of Oxford and Lord Bolingbroke were afterwards impeached, and of which a noble and learned person is reported to have said, that it was a measure ‘*which the execration of after ages had left inadequately censured.*’ But though a majority of the Commons were well inclined to relinquish the honour and interest of their country, and acquiesce in the measures of government, the House of Peers despised the favour of a court which was only to be purchased at so grievous an expense. Here then the step was taken. The minister of Queen Anne, the Earl of Oxford, immediately created twelve peers. In that day there were found twelve English gentlemen base enough to lend their voices to a minister, to annihilate the independence of Parliament, and to take up the polluted ermine of nobility, as the livery of their own degradation. The story is thus told by the cotemporary historian. ‘But they, finding the majority of the House of Lords could not be brought to favour their designs, resolved to make an experiment that none of our princes had ventured on in former times; a resolution was taken up very suddenly, of making *twelve peers* all at once; three of these were called up by writ, being eldest sons of Peers, and nine more were created by patent. Sir Miles Wharton, to whom it was offered, refused it: he

thought it looked like the serving a turn, and that whereas peers were wont to be made for services *they had done*, he would be made for services *to be done* by him; so he excused himself, and the favourite's husband, Mr Masham, was put in his room.’

“But the matter did not rest here. ‘These twelve peers were created in 1711. In 1719, Lord Sunderland introduced his celebrated Peerage Bill. It is thus that ‘worse corruptions are engendered for the concealment and security of the old.’ The object of this Bill was to maintain the power of the minister by an immediate creation of *thirty-one peers*, and the future limitation of the prerogative; and the arguments principally relied on by its supporters, were drawn from the *abuse of the prerogative by Queen Anne*. This Bill was rejected in the Commons after it had passed the Lords; and it was defeated by the eloquence, and much more by the firmness and resolution, of Sir Robert Walpole. His conduct is a fine example of what may be done by a single man, who has courage equal to his abilities. On this occasion, Sir Robert Walpole alone preserved the constitution. At a meeting of the Whigs at Devonshire House, he found the whole body of those who ought to have been his zealous supporters, ‘lukewarm, irresolute, or desponding; several peers secretly favouring a bill which would increase their importance; others declaring, as Whigs, that it would be a manifest inconsistency to object to a measure tending to prevent the repetition of an *abuse of prerogative*, against which they had repeatedly inveighed. Those who were sincerely averse to it, were unwilling to exert themselves in hopeless resistance, and it was the prevailing opinion that the bill should be permitted to pass without opposition.’ At this meeting Walpole stood *alone*, and having used arguments and remonstrances in vain, at last declared, that if deserted by his party, he himself would singly stand forth, and oppose the bill. ‘This declaration gave rise to much altercation, and many persuasions were made to deter him from adopting a measure which appeared chimerical and absurd; but when they found that he persisted, the whole party gradually came over to his opinion, and agreed that an opposition should be made in the House of Commons.’ The consequence of this conduct was, that the Peerage Bill was defeated in the Commons. That very bill which passed the House of Lords with but one opponent, and which the opposition party, but for Sir Robert Walpole, would have allowed to pass in de-

spair, was triumphantly rejected by a majority of 269 against 177.

"There are three speeches in that debate especially worthy of attention. They are those of Sir Robert Walpole, Sir Richard Steele, and Mr Hampden. Sir Robert says, 'the view of the ministry in framing this bill, is plainly *nothing but to secure their power in the House of Lords*. The principal argument on which the necessity of it is founded, is drawn from the mischief occasioned by the creation of *twelve peers* during the reign of Queen Anne, for the purpose of carrying an infamous peace through the House of Lords. That was only a temporary measure, whereas the mischief to be created by this bill will be perpetual. It creates *thirty-one Peers* by authority of Parliament; so extraordinary a step cannot be supposed to be taken without some sinister design in future.'

"Sir Richard Steele says, 'If the *thirty-one*, who are to be ennobled by this bill, are to be made up by present members of the House of Commons, such members are to *climb to honour through infamy*. . . . The prerogative can do no hurt when ministers do their duty. . . . As for any sudden and surprising way of creation, that lies before the legislature for censure; and the great diminution which all creations bring upon the King's authority, is a sufficient defence against the abusive employment of that authority this way.' And he ended his excellent speech with these words:—'Since there is so full a House at this debate, I doubt not but it will infallibly end according to justice, for I can never think the liberty of England in danger at such a meeting; but for my part, I am against committing this bill, because I think it would be committing of sin.'

"And now for a supporter of the bill. Let us see, without approving of his views, what were Mr Hampden's arguments on behalf of his friend Lord Sunderland. He said, 'If we now come to the House of Lords itself, this bill will confine the number of peers in it to what it is at present. Suppose, therefore, that the present and all succeeding kings should take a resolution not to add to the number of peers. . . . No one, I presume, would tax such a resolution either with weakness or evil design, because it is evident that by this means, one way at least of forcing through the House of Lords what is agreeable to a court, though never so bad in itself, or of hindering what is disagreeable though never so good, is entirely cut off. It is our interest, and the interest of the public, that the consultations of that House

should be *free*, which they would not be said to be, at a time when *the crown poured in a number of lords to carry a question in danger*. . . . The House of Lords, I say, what will it become in time? Who would not envy our posterity the sight of double or treble the present number of peers? Or who would not applaud the figure our constitution must make at such a time, if it can be then called our constitution, when it is impossible to suppose that men of worth and virtue will be prevailed upon to help to fill that House, and when yet it must be supposed that others will do it, to answer the particular occasions of a court, or their own necessities or ends at the same time?"

"Now to these opinions of the great Whigs of the early part of the last century, opinions which derive a prodigious weight from the fact of the personal opposition in which those who entertained them were engaged, I will add one more opinion, and that of a man of very different political views and bias, and one who was bred in far other notions of the freedom and the constitution of his country. I will now give the opinion of a high prerogative lawyer of the court of James II.; of a chief justice, of whom it is said by Burnet, 'that he unhappily got into a set of very high notions about the King's prerogative,' and who, in compliance with those notions, led eleven judges out of twelve to sanction, by their decision, the dispensing power of the crown, a prerogative of setting aside the enactments of Parliament, and established the true basis and necessity of the Revolution. In a written and published defence of his own judgment, in the case of Sir Edward Hales, Sir Edward Herbert thus argues:

"Objection 3. But if the King have a power to dispense with one (law,) he may dispense with twenty, with an hundred, and so the statute may become of little force."

"Answer.—From the abuse of a thing to draw an argument against the thing itself, is no consequence at all. It is, as is resolved in the cases, a high trust reposed in the King: and if the King will violate his trust, there is never a one of his prerogatives but may be abused to the ruin of his people. To instance in one or two. 1. Every body will grant that the King can pardon murder and robbery; yet if he should pardon every murder and every robbery that is committed, it were better to live with the cannibals in America, than in our native country.

"2. There is no doubt but that the King may create any man a peer of England, and thereby give him a vote in Par-

liament : yet if the King should abuse his power so far as to create ten thousand peers, or confer this honour upon every body who asks it, NO DOUBT IT WERE A TOTAL DESTRUCTION OF THE LEGISLATIVE POWER OF THIS NATION.

"God forbid that our prudence should ever be exercised in devising the extraordinary remedies alluded to by Sir W. Blackstone, for evils which written laws do not provide against, because they do not contemplate revolution. But still, if it is to be done, and if the constitution, to which the allegiance of Englishmen is pledged, is to be violently outraged, the crime had better be committed by the delegates, not by the King's Ministers. They are, I suppose, ready for the task ; they have bound themselves to the Bill ; they have sworn an oath to the deluded populace : some of them, it is true, have already violated that oath ; but perhaps a majority will not forswear themselves. Let them vote the abolition of the peerage. It was what in effect they pledged themselves to on their respective hustings, if they understood their pledge. If they spoke by rote, let them come forward, and repent their ignorance, and renounce their parrot promises ; let them confess their folly and avoid their crime."

We know not *yet* what course the revolutionary press, and the revolutionary party in the House of Commons, intend to pursue with respect to the Peers. Are they determined again to disgrace themselves by brutal abuse of their betters, in language that has long been banished from the less beastly societies of the lowest vulgar ? Perhaps not. At an unaccountable county meeting in Essex, we think, where reforming members of Parliament gave each other the lie, in a style that is esteemed ungenteel in the least fastidious quarters of the parish of St Giles, it was revolting to look at in types words which we must believe were once on the lips of English gentlemen—we do not mean Daniel Whittle Harvey—words of vituperation and insult to the spiritual Peers—such as are no longer fashionable among the upper ranks of the swell-mob. Then, a few days ago, a huge buffoon on the Inch of Perth, we observed, indulged himself, to the disgust even of the Dreg-drabs, in the same sort of Zanyism, of which the expression gets more and more loathsome, as it gathers slaver from the lips of each additional driveller, in its descent at

last to those of some blackguard bauldy, who, half-idiot and half-knave, walks about without shoes or stockings, and partly because he is fatuous, and partly because he is lazy, vacant of all work, turns up a leering face to heaven, and half pretends to be, and half is, the village Idiot—a rural or suburban Thersites, whom it is folly not to cause labour, and his broad back and shoulders in cases of offences, that are a manifest deviation from the innocence of instinct into corrupted self-will, weakness not to belabour with rod or thong, inflicting thereon divers many and severe stripes.

We have lately noticed certain symptoms of the mean cunning of the Reformers, in pamphlets, and paragraphs, and letters from Candidus and Moderator, on the probable conduct of the Peers, when ~~the new~~ Bill is presented to them—they *will* pass it. Why ? Because they have shewn, by rejecting the last Bill, that they would not be frightened ; and 'twas on the whole, say the hypocrites, bravely done, to reject it, in the face of threatenings intended to intimidate. But having proved that they are not cowards—they will now, of course, yield to the desires of the people, and pass any Bill they demand. What thorough and utter baseness is there in this pretended liberality of sentiment towards the order on whom these libelling levellers have already flung all the filth they could gather from the jakes and sewers of their imagination ! Yet perhaps they are not hypocritical, but sincere. They cannot give credit to the nursery tales they have heard about a phantom called Conscience. Knowing themselves no other impulses of action but the lowest, they do not dream of the existence of a sense of duty to country and to God. Adherence to principle even unto the death, from honour, and love, and reverence, and religion, sounds to them like some strange and silly fable—a ribbon, a button, or a garter is but itself and nothing more, like the yellow primrose to the eyes of Peter Bell ; and nothing do they know or feel of the ennobled worth of our Peerage, which glories with justified pride in all its badges, and would perish in preservation of that liberty which of yore it won, and

now is prepared to guard, if need be, at the point of the sword ready, on unendurable indignity, to leap from the scabbard, yet unwilling to be stained with the blood of the base, although spouting from the veins of traitors and rebels, all sweltering with venom.

But the same ruffian attacks—not confined to words—will be made again on the Peers—the same that Lord Althorp probably meant to allude to, when t'other day he spoke so gingerly about the freedom of discussion in a free country on a great national question like that of Reform. Some violence was not to be wondered at. But other violence ought to be put down and punished—for it is shameful to the Government. Some of its members have encouraged such outrages, and may ere long themselves become victims to their own mob. Here is a powerful extract to that purpose.

“Is it upon these pretences that their Lordships are next told, that ‘if they rejected this Bill through the fear of being thought afraid, the people of England would hate them?’ But what if they rejected the Bill, not through fear of being thought afraid, but through the wise and statesmanlike fear of its dreadful and revolutionary consequences? It is not, in the nature of the people of England to hate those men, who, acting upon their principles, and maintaining their own honour, do that which in their consciences they believe to be for the interests of their common country. It is a strange argument for the Chancellor of England to predict the hatred of the people of England as likely to fall on the heads of such men. It is not the argument of peace; nor will I so far be a libeller of the people of England as to admit that the prediction is one of truth. But if the hatred of the people of England is to be predicted, it is not difficult to foresee upon what class of men it will fall. It will fall on those who, knowing their duty, have not dared to perform it; on men who have timidly shrunk from an avowal of their opinions and the maintenance of their principles, and who, thinking to avoid present obloquy, or purchase ignominious rest, will find peace poorly promoted by timorous practices, and hatred little alleviated by being mingled with contempt. It will fall on magistrates who have allowed the laws to slumber, which it was their duty to awaken, and to administer with energy as

well as with humanity, for the protection of the lives and properties of their fellow-citizens. It will fall on legislators who have temporized with their consciences, and withheld their votes, and thought, if haply they could think it, that the question of a nation's government was one on which the makers of its laws might shun the responsibility of decision. It will fall on all those who, in whatever station of life, have given their support and countenance, whether of passive acquiescence or of energetic aid, to schemes of fraud, hypocrisy, delusion, and violence—on members of Parliament—members of a high deliberative council, bound by every consideration of duty, of conscience, and of honour; of duty to their country, their own characters, and their God, to reflect on all the difficulties, and perpend all the objections, and anxiously and carefully to deliberate, to the utmost of their power, on any measure upon which, as lawgivers, they might be called upon to decide, and who, nevertheless, on this, the most important measure which ever was submitted to the vigilant eye of any legislature, without any consideration of their solemn duty, or, if considering it, utterly disregarding it and setting it aside, pledged themselves, in the face of noisy multitudes, not to examine, and sift, and scrutinize, not to weigh nicely, and balance accurately, and separating the bad from the good, if haply good were to be found, to eschew the one, and give effect to the other, but to vote blindly and resolutely for the whole, and no alteration of the most unrighteous measure which was ever invented by the spirit of party for the beguiling of a free people.

“I did not use the word *hatred*; but if it be to be used, these are they on whom it will fall. It will fall also on the Ministers of the King; men, whose first duty being to support the laws, and protect the property, and maintain the rights of the liege subjects of the King their master, have proposed a measure to the Parliament, which strikes directly at the root of all law, violates the sacred rights of property, and breaks down and tramples upon long-used privileges, not only without any adequate recompense, either of public or of private advantage, but with open scorn and contumely to those who are thus at once robbed and insulted, and the most imminent peril to the peace and security of the common weal. Men who talk of property, and yet disregard titles confirmed by a use of centuries, and sanctioned by the solemn decisions of the ablest judges of the law—who plead for the right of all who pay taxes to an equal

representation, and then, leaving three-fourths of the inhabitants unrepresented, expressly exclude all from any share in the elections, who are not distinguished by the possession of an arbitrary and a novel qualification—who, professing a tenderness for popular rights, deny to the poor voters any future voice in returning members to Parliament—and who, justifying that exclusion on the ground of their having abused the trust, leave those who have abused it, in the possession of it, and deprive those who never have abused it all—men who, in their attempt to do all these things, as absurd as they are dangerous, have signally failed to make out any case, and to lay any grounds for their great measure of innovation, either by impugning the present constitution of Parliament, as compared with that which has existed at any other time, either in this or any other country, or by pointing to any promised definite good as the probable result of this speculative change—but who, on the contrary, all the time that they are plotting its re-construction, call the House of Commons that now is, ‘the most noble assembly of freemen in the civilized world;’\* and with great truth, but marvellous and heedless inconsistency, speak of ‘the character it had obtained of being the pride of the country, the admiration of sages, and an object of vain imitation to all other nations.’† It is thus that they scatter their flowers and their fillets, and gild the horns of the victim which they are leading to the sacrifice. But let us hear no more of men being hated for doing their duty.”

The Reformers are now-a-days all the most loyal of the loyal—many of them, before our sovereign lord the King, slaving slaves. 'Tis not easy, under any circumstances, to act well a new character—when cross-grained to nature, impossible. The awkwardness of the original cub of a Cockney disgusts through the clumsy assumption of the Christian gentleman. Whigs and Radicals cut a queer figure as Loyalists. How heinous their hatred of King George the Third, whose indomitable courage saved the throne! What scorn assailed his manners, his morals, his domestic habits, his fireside life! Yet were they all manly, simple, and pure—in the noblest sense regal—and in spite of all libellers and lampooners “on the other side of the House,” affection and reverence waited on the

Father of his people. Who vilified with insatiable malignity the character of George the Fourth? The Reformers. Who shockingly insulted the dying Duke of York—the Soldier's Friend? The Reformers. Who, worse than the worst extortioners, have unnaturally lied against the Duke of Cumberland, because he is a Tory Prince? The Reformers. Who insinuated strange things of the late Lord High Admiral of England, whom now they call the Modern Alfred—basely comparing a kind and good King, whose coronation robes are but a few months old, with him whose name has been gathering glory for a thousand years? The Reformers. From the French Revolution—down to this hour—who have in their hearts and souls loved Monarchy and the King? The Tories. Their loyalty encircled both with a wall of fire. Read the following noble passage—and in the steadfast enthusiasm inspired by such eloquence, the hearts of patriots will be confident in the cause of their Country and Constitution!

“It must be clear to any mind, capable of reflecting on the political events of modern history, that in the great contest between democracy and constituted authority, France has ever been the leader of European discord, and French principles the tactics by which the moral phalanx has been marshalled and arrayed. In the days of the old French Revolution, there arose two men in Europe of sufficient talent and hardy virtue to battle with the demon of confusion in its youthful energies, and to save the people, in spite of their insanity. Those two men were the citizens of one country, and the only one in the modern world which, for a long series of happy years, had enjoyed the blessings of free government. This very freedom had led to some differences of opinion between these great men, the memory of which, now merged in a sense of the common danger, seemed to prove the disinterestedness of their present efforts, and to sanctify their simultaneous exertions for the salvation of their common country. That country was England—those men were Mr Pitt and Mr Burke. They were none of those miserable shuffling trading politicians, who, seeking to patch up a system for their own sordid and temporary advantage, are content to compromise the eternal prin-

\* Speech of Sir James Graham, in the late Parliament

† Lord Grey's speech on moving the second reading of the Reform Bill, Oct. 3, 1831.



ciples of all society and all government, for a brief and unhonoured season of an insecure and tottering power. They saw that the cause of peace, and order, and property, and religion, and law, was the cause of England; but that it was a cause which could only be defended by a union of the old governments of Europe. They saw that the spirit which had levelled temple and tower, would never rest while an altar remained undesecrated, or a legitimate throne existed for a temptation to its cupidity. They saw that to this spirit, law was an insult, and property crime. They therefore laid the great foundations of a work, which had for its object the preservation of the peace of Europe, by the suppression of democratic violence, and the maintenance of the happiness of the nations, by a firm opposition to all tyrannies, whether of mobs or of despots. It was, indeed, a holy work, but it was undertaken in no romantic mood, nor prosecuted on any abstract principles of vague and theoretic policy. It was not commenced, till, in the words of the father of his people, 'the Assembly, then exercising the powers of government in France, had, without previous notice, directed acts of hostility to be committed against the persons and property of his Majesty's subjects, in breach of the law of nations, and of the most positive stipulations of treaty, and had since, on the most groundless pretences, declared war against his Majesty and the United Provinces.' It was then that England drew the sword which she sheathed on the evening of Waterloo: The chief spirits had, indeed, passed away. Burke and Pitt were laid low; but they did not leave their places destitute, nor their principles unasserted: and Perceval, and Castlereagh, and Liverpool, and Canning, rising up and following, alas! in too rapid a succession, and working by the lines traced by those master-builders, filled up the prophetic sketch of the great edifice of England's glory. There are yet other names, which should be added to the list of those who have realized the visions of Burke, and the hopes of England's chosen minister. But they still live: and I have a foolish antipathy against writing the praises of an existing generation. Englishmen know in whom they have trusted, and in whom their confidence has not been misplaced. They know to whose arm they are indebted for their national existence: and they will still look with hope, as well as with gratitude, to that brave man,

'Cui Laurus æternos honores  
Dalmatico peperit triumpho.'

"And now, let it not be thought, that at the time when England was arming in defence of her own people and the rights of good government, she had no internal enemies to contend with, or that there were no Zoillitish critics of her own happy constitution, who vied with the Jacobins of Paris in villifying her institutions, and bringing false accusations against her parliaments. No; the work of preserving the Government and liberties of England was done in defiance of domestic as well as of foreign foes. Then, too, were there Parliamentary Reformers; and Mr Grey was their youthful leader; then, too, were corresponding societies; and Mr Grey was their faithful correspondent; then, too, were there clubs, and unions, and associations of Friends of the People, and the prime minister of England did not correspond with them; but Mr Grey was the boon companion of the sots and drunkards of unmixed liberty, which is unmitigated madness, and the foreman of the Helotism of their democratic revelries, and their humble organ in the Commons' House of Parliament.

"But that House of Commons had not so learned their duty as to quail before mobs and newspapers; nor so read the book of the English constitution, as to suppose that a French model was the properest die for the re-casting of the institutions of Great Britain. The Russells, and the Greys, and the Lennoxes, still hallooed on the rabble of Manchester, and Derby, and Palace Yard; but Burke wrote, and Pitt frowned them out of countenance, and preserved their properties and their titles in spite of their principles and their friends. It is good to recur once more to the testimony of a King, than whom, it is no disparagement to his successors to say, that none ever better understood the true interests of his country, nor pursued them with a steadier faith. He was addressing his Parliament previously to its prorogation in June, 1793, and immediately after Mr Grey's motion for referring the Reform petitions to a committee of the House of Commons had been rejected by a majority of 241. And he thus addressed them:

"My Lords and Gentlemen,

"The firmness, wisdom, and public spirit by which your conduct has been eminently distinguished on the many important occasions which have arisen during the present session, demand my peculiar acknowledgments.

"Your firm determination to support the established constitution, and the zealous and general concurrence in that sentiment, which my subjects have so strongly and seasonably manifested, could not fail

to check every attempt to disturb the internal repose of these kingdoms.'

"And if the sainted spirit of that good old King now looks down from his seat of everlasting repose, upon the land which he loved with a father's fondness, and governed with a father's care, albeit the throne on which he now sits, is one of peace, as his course below was one of righteousness, yet may pity haply find a place mid the pure essences of spiritual enjoyments, and while he contemplates with an angel's ken, the wrongs of his earthly kingdom, he may compassionate, though he cannot grieve. In vain will he look for the 'firmness,' 'wisdom,' and 'public spirit,' which had once been the objects of his commendation; but in their places he will perceive imbecility, rashness, and deadness of heart. In vain will he look to the servants of his son, the King, for a 'determination to support the established constitution,' which he and his servants faithfully supported, and which he and his son, and both his servants, had sworn a solemn oath to heaven, that they would defend to the uttermost of their power. He will see those who govern, labouring at nothing but to degrade in the eyes of the people the government to which they have sworn allegiance, and preaching up reverence and submission, where they have fostered insubordination and contempt. Will he look for any general concurrence on the part of his old subjects, in 'a determination on the part of their rulers' to check every attempt to disturb the internal repose of his 'old kingdoms?' No; for he will know that where a government is rebellious, the people will not be peaceable. And when he sees conflagration, and robbery, and rape, and sacrilege, he will look to him with an eye of judgment, who, from the official seat of parliament, denounced the chief ministers of the pure faith of England's church to popular fury, because in maintaining the interests of their country and of religion, they suffered their conduct to be guided by their conscience. But yet after all these things he will not despair, nor imagine that the glory of his son, the King, is near its setting. There may be something of parental reproof; but it will end as it begun, in pious benediction.

'Heaven pardon thee, yet let me wonder,—  
At thy affections, which do hold a wing  
Quite from the flight of all thy ancestors.'

An habitation giddy and unsure  
Hath he that buildeth on the vulgar heart.  
Oh, thou fond man! with what loud applause,  
Didst thou beat heaven with blessing Bolingbroke,  
Before he was what thou wouldst have him be.'

He will look to the peers of parliament, and there he will find no shame. He will compare the peerage of England with

the peerage of France; and he will remember that a British monarch has not the power to annihilate the House of Lords, in imitation of the mongrel government of Paris. He will know that this was the very cause for which his servant Pitt contended in the beginning, and for which millions of his faithful subjects have laid down their brave lives, that the free constitution of England may not be contaminated by French principles,—principles which to-day are anarchy, to-morrow despotism; that the ark of the British constitution is embarked on a troubled sea, but that under the guidance of a wiser pilot, she has weathered a rougher storm; and that her sacred freight, the palladium of civil liberty, will never be swamped or shipwrecked, till those whose office is to steer her safely, turn her adrift upon the rocks and the quicksands, and disable her tackling and her rigging, and cast away her rudder from them: till a minister of England, in imitation of a citizen king, nominate a parliament to betray his country."

On the Peers the country relies with perfect confidence; and the revolutionary press, knowing that they are firm, have no hopes now but in their idol. But our trust in the King is more respectful than that of his sycophants, and therefore we fear not for the Constitution. After the display it has made for a year, or thereabouts, of its truculent and unprincipled spirit, the very populace must be suspicious of their press. It incited that populace to crimes which have been, and will be, severely punished; and should any of the miscreants be hanged that set fire to Bristol, and other places, they will, we hope, make the only reparation to society in their power, by confessing the truth on the scaffold. Their sense of right and wrong may not be so perverted, even by the crimes that have encircled their necks with the fatal cord, as the many reprobate wretches, who, for weeks, kept telling the people of England in print, that all those enormities perpetrated in the Bright City, ought to be charged against that Judge who had the madness, or wickedness, duly to hold an Assize, in spite of the expressed anger against him in the breasts of the ragamuffin ruffians, who were unaccountably suffered to take the jail-delivery into their own hands. Sir Charles Wetherell had insulted the *L10* house-

holders, and therefore it was wickedness or madness in him to go Recorder to Bristol! The silly charge is false. He argued against the principle of the Bill, with great eloquence and learning, occasionally enlivening his main argument with the humanest merriment, which those matchless masters of the facete, the radical reporters and paragraph-men, called buffoonery—too coarse for their delicate and fastidious taste, accustomed as it is to the utmost polish of repartee, and the most exquisite refinement of satire. But Sir Charles Wetherell insulted nobody—no class of bodies; and the accusation is altogether a lie. Things have come to a pretty pass, when a few harmless jokes are said to be sufficient to justify criminals in murdering judges; yet what else in effect was said by almost all the ministerial papers, while Ministers themselves were mute? Thieves, robbers, incendiaries, ravishers, and murderers, resolved to dismember Sir Charles, because they could not endure the thought that the L.10 householders of Bristol should occasionally have been the object of his witicisms in Parliament! This is Cinna the poet—"tear him to pieces for his bad verses." This is Charley Wetherell—the wit—tear him to pieces for his bad jokes; and this mob-law seemed reasonable to the Press! Why, the Lord Chancellor scatters round the woosack his flowers of wit in great profusion—some of them rather prickly, like nettles or thistles; but the Press complains not of his being sometimes more witty than wise—more humorous than decorous; nor have we seen curséd and bann'd as malignant, the union in him of the two characters of politician and judge. But the sensitive shopkeepers of Bristol must on no account be sneezed or sneered at by her Recorder. He must speak of them at all times and places with the profoundest respect, or lay his account, on his first visit, to be torn to pieces by their friends, the thieves and thimble-men, during an illumination got up to celebrate his murder. Before such base sentiments could be uttered by the many hundreds of thousands who blamed Sir Charles for merely doing his duty, in spite of the friends and relatives of the wretched culprits whom he was

about to try, a revolution, one is almost tempted to say, must have taken place in the English mind. And we allude to such disgusting debasement now, because it was of a piece with the conduct of the same people towards the Peers, who were said richly to deserve any maltreatment they might meet with from the mob, in their persons or their property, whether the rabble might attempt to strike from his horse with stones one of our most distinguished cavalry officers, who had often charged the French in Spain, or to fling one of their noble benefactors over a bridge, or to set hall or castle on fire—so that it were but insult and injury to an Opposition Peer.

And what, then, is the danger of again rejecting the Bill—the danger to the Peers? None but such as they have already despised—encountered—overcome—and even that much mitigated; for whatever may be the case with respect to the opinions (opinions!) of the populace on the Bill, there assuredly has been reaction of manly feeling, where it was not utterly extinct; courage, the characteristic quality of Englishmen, restored and revived, has shamed cruelty and cowardice out of countenance; and men are seen putting off the brute, even among the rabble of the radicals. The excitements of the press are getting stale and vapid; even the most senseless are becoming sick of the repetition of the same sounds, "full of noise and fury, signifying nothing;" the better informed, who are generally the better disposed, have been becoming more and more indignant at the cutting and shuffling of the cards in the hands of the revolutionists, who are afraid to play the game of their own choosing; and to a large and powerful body of Reformers, THE EDUCATED RADICALS, the Ministry are now objects of scorn and contempt. The populace are not now for the Bill, the whole Bill, and nothing but the Bill; and as for the people, the great majority of the people are against it, as has been proved elsewhere in this number of our work.

The fear may be great—and it is so among the pluckless—but the danger is small—and what if it were formidable, what would that matter

to the resolute spirits of British Patriots?

Of what is their danger? Say of sedition, treason, insurrection, rebellion, and civil war. True men have no fears of such evils as these—false, have no hope. Who will rise to subvert the state? Would one nobleman—one gentleman—one merchant—one manufacturer—one farmer—one mechanic, who was not in his soul already a slave? No, all the honest and honourable Reformers, of all denominations and degrees, would join the Conservatives—*then*—and against the Radicals; the civil war would be difficult of proclamation—in most places it would not be possible for the people to hear that hostilities had commenced—and we are apprehensive that it would waver away into smoke within the week.

There is no danger of such calamities as these—although, for plain purposes, the Press has said, and will persist in saying so. And, pray, what other danger can ever induce men of common honesty, and common firmness, to sacrifice principle to popular clamour? Never, on any emergency, however fearful, will a just mind sacrifice principle; but we believe there may be such a thing as expediency, and that a politician may occasionally guide his conduct by its rules. We believe that an upright politician may compromise and temporize; but, mind ye, never in essentials—never in principles; they who think otherwise, cannot be honest men; the sooner they join the Revolutionists the better,—and we have heard, about an hour ago, of an enormous Rat who may depend on being scarified once a month, during the natural term of his life.

Magnify the danger in imagination to the utmost, before the eye of reason it dwindles into a point. But be it great or small—who caused it? The Ministers. If they fear it—let them go out—and the Tories will shew the Whigs how to pacify the people—if the people prefer being so pacified—by Reform, and not by Revolution. In all things are they mistaken, who, at this crisis, would make what they choose to call certain sacrifices to the people; they are mistaken as to the cause, origin, nature, amount, and cure of the danger. What unlucky confusion of

all ideas of rights and privileges of the governing and the governed, is implied in the words "sacrifice," "demand," "yielding," "giving up," and other words of similar signification, as if some struggle were constantly going on between tyrants and slaves!

Give the people what they are now demanding, or the time will come when they will demand far more, and when you will be obliged to give them up all! All what? Their rights? Show us *one right* that they are not in full possession of, and they shall have it to-morrow. But do not chatter and jabber to us about our "withholding rights" till you have shewn their existence—do not think of restoring a Constitution which you have never studied—do not, we beseech you, for we are your friend, expose yourself to present derision and future danger, by prating about rights at all—for, believe us when we tell you, that your native country is entitled to your silence, and has empowered us to enforce it.

A great contest is now being carried on, we have been told, between two spirits of the age. The one is a mature, the other an immature spirit, and to which will be given the triumph? To the calm and confident, or to the tumultuous and the rash? To Thought or Passion? To Wisdom or Folly? We shall be told by a thousand noisy tongues that we are characterising the combatants unfairly; and we shall be ordered to look at *THE MOVEMENT*. There is much that is very mighty and very mysterious—we have no doubt—in that word—much that is very appalling; yet to our ears it sounds uncouth and barbarous from the mouths of British statesmen.

In what are the young men of this country superior to the middle-aged, elderly, and old? In knowledge? In talents? In genius? In honour? In virtue? In religion? Not in any one of these; and pray, then, whence and whither, against what and whom, under what auspices, and with what prospects of success, marches the Movement? We have just been reading an eloquent enough speech in Parliament of Mr Macaulay's, which it was cruel in Mr Croker to *tear to rags*, wherein it seems to be said that his Majesty's Ministers, and all equal-

ly intellectual Reformers, in and out the House, are not leading, but are driven by the people. They are all tearing along at full gallop, like a herd of wild asses—to the tune of The Devil take the Hindmost—as he is sure to do the foremost—and that is the March of Intellect—the advance of the spirit of the age—the Movement. What is the use of the wise men of Gotham heading such a charge? If they stumble, they will be trodden to death; if they do not, with the whole concern they go sheer over the precipice.

We cannot but suspect that all this mouthing about the Movement is mere nonsense. It is an attempt to put into philosophical-looking lingo, the vulgar radicalism of the newspapers. But such jargon will not pass the Bill through the House of Lords. Before it goes there, it will be roughly handled in the Commons—for we rejoice to see the unabated hostility of the patriots. February hath always her Double Number, and as it will be one-half literary, and one-half political, we hope to appear in great power and splendour—when Heaven pity the poor Bill, and the miserable Ministers! The larger their majority, the less do they look themselves; and, with the exception of Stanley and Macaulay, during the debate, they shine most as mutes.

We conclude with the following simple statement, from the Reply, of the duty of the Reformers in Parliament. Have they discharged it?—

“It was necessary, first, to state the practical wrongs and grievances endured by the people of England; secondly, to prove that those wrongs and grievances owed their origin to the present constitution of the House of Commons; and, thirdly, to establish, by calm and dispassionate reasoning, that the principle of the projected measure was likely to provide a remedy for the ills, and a redress for the grievances of the people. There is not so much as a statement of either proposition; of course, neither of them is attempted to be proved. There is exaggeration instead of narrative, intimation instead of reasoning, and sarcasm for argument. It is all one wide wilderness of difficulties, and danger, and

darkness, with just so much of illusive brightness as serves, by fits and flashes, to point to some unknown and inaccessible abode, tempting the unwary, and terrifying the faint-hearted, and dazzling the uncertain and benighted vision of the victims of a fruitless curiosity, with the false coruscations of its meteoric light.

“There is no statement of any object to be attained, or of the means by which its attainment may be prosecuted. No enunciation of any promised boon, either of expediency, or benevolence, or of policy, by which a great statesman in a free and noble nation might hope to raise the imperishable monument of his own glory, to be inscribed by the gratitude of posterity with the story of the consolidated liberties of his country. The free constitution of England is indeed condemned; but it is condemned without evidence, and without an accusation; and the House of Peers, acting upon the pure principles of their high judicial functions, as well as in their legislative capacity, have reversed that unlawful sentence, which, without a forgetfulness of their honour, and an infringement of their attributes of justice, it was utterly impossible to confirm.

“True, the sentence still lives; it is reversed, but it is not forgotten. It lives, as a warning to future Parliaments against the crime of hasty and fruitless legislation. It lives, the record of the rashness of some who have hurried their country to the brink of the abyss of revolution; and the memorial of the faithfulness of others, who have opposed to the progress of the moral pestilence the sanitary barriers of constitutional law. It lives, to mark the force of reason and the power of truth; to point to the triumph which these have achieved in the fair field of free discussion, and to the trophies of a peaceful victory, instead of the spoils of a desolated land. And above all, it lives, the freshest testimony to England's happy constitution, which, like the wisdom with which it has been builded up, or the courage with which it will yet be defended, derives a brighter lustre from its difficulties, and new glories in the hour of trial.”

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ROTHEBY'S HOMER. CRITIQUE V.

ACHILLES. PART II.

ONE man has put to rout a whole army, and filled a city with fugitives—and is not that Bombast? No; it is sublimity—for that one man is Achilles—that city is Troy; and the poet of the Fear and Flight is Homer. Not in all poetry is there such another continuous blaze of inspiration as that which wraps the Iliad from the hour when Achilles is told of the death of Patroclus to that when he falls asleep,—“revenge and all ferocious thoughts,” dead within him, in the bosom of Briseis. We have been in the very heart of that blaze—we are in it still—and we shall abide in it, till, with the ransomed corpse of his beloved son, we behold Priam returning in his car to Troy from the Tent of the Destroyer.

The city-gates are shut—and within, reclining against the battlements, the Trojans, who had “been driven like hunted fawns into the town,”

are slaking their fiery thirst with drink; while you may behold the Grecians, “beneath one roof of well-compacted shields,” advancing towards the walls. But you forget all within and all without the walls—your eyes overlook them as things of no worth—for, lo! standing exposed before the Scæan gate—Hector! and in the immediate neighbourhood of—Achilles!

And why tarry the feet of the son of Thetis? Why kills he not, at that moment, the murderer of his Menœtiades? Because he is parleying with Apollo. “Achilles! mortal thyself, why pursuest thou me immortal?” “Of all the Supernals! to me most adverse, Archer of the skies! Thou hast defrauded me of great renown—and would that on thee—sun-god as thou art—I might have my revenge!”

NORTH.

Thus saying, (Achilles,) with haughty thoughts, went towards the city, Rushing like a prize-winning horse along with the chariot, Which (the horse) outstretched runs swiftly over the plain: So nimbly did Achilles move his feet and his knees, Him the aged Priam with his eyes first perceived, Rushing over the plain,—all resplendent, like the star Which comes forth between the rising of the daystar and Arcturus, *i. e.* (at the departure of summer :) but most brilliant do its beams Shine amid the multitudinous stars at the milking-time\* of night,

*ἀμολγᾷ*, milking-time, morning and evening.



And which by name they call the Dog of Orion :  
Most brilliant it is, but of evil omen,  
And much fiery-fever brings to miserable mortals.

CHAPMAN.

Thus with elated spirits,  
Steed-like, that at Olympus' games wears garlands for his merits,  
And rattles home his chariot, extending all his pride,  
Achilles so parts with the God. When aged Priam spied  
The great Greek come, sphered round with beams, and showing as if the star,  
Surnamed Orion's Hound, that springs in autumn, and sends far  
His radiance through a world of stars, of all whose beams his own  
Cast greatest splendour, the midnight, that renders them most shown,  
Then being their foil, and in their points cure-passing fevers then  
Come shaking down into the joints of miserable men :  
As this were fallen to earth, and shot along the field his rays,  
Now towards Priam, when he saw in great Eacides,  
Out-flew his tender voice in shrieks, &c.

POPE.

Then to the city, terrible and strong,  
With high and haughty steps he tower'd along.  
So the proud courser, victor of the prize,  
To the near goal with double ardour flies.  
Him, as he blazing shot across the field,  
The careful eyes of Priam first beheld.  
Not half so dreadful rises to the sight,  
Through the thick gloom of some tempestuous night,  
Orion's Dog, (the year when Autumn weighs,)  
And o'er the feeblers stars exerts his rays ;  
Terrific glory ! for his burning breath  
Taints the red air with fevers, plagues, and death.  
So glow'd his fiery mail.

COWPER.

So saying, incensed he turn'd towards the town  
His rapid course, like some victorious steed,  
That whirls, at stretch, a chariot to the goal.  
So flew Achilles lightly o'er the field.  
Him first the ancient King of Troy perceived,  
Scouring the plain, resplendent as the star  
Autumnal, of all stars at dead of night  
Conspicuous most, and named Orion's Dog.  
Brightest it shines, but ominous, and dire  
Disease portends to miserable man ;  
So beam'd Achilles' armour as he flew.

SOTHEY.

Then rush'd to Troy, in fury of his speed :  
Thus rushes with his car a conquering steed,  
Who, at full stretch, as conscious of his prize,  
To the near goal along the level flies :  
Thus flew Pelides—him the king perceived,  
Him flashing on, first saw, and sorely grieved—  
Saw him resplendent, like Orion's star,  
Whose beams at autumn, radiant from afar,  
Mid heaven's innumerable host, at dead of night,  
Pales all their lustre with surpassing light :  
Terrific sign ! whose unremitted blaze  
Pours in the fever'd blood its fiery rays :  
Thus as th' Avenger rush'd, a dazzling light  
Flash'd from Pelides' arms on Priam's sight.

All good. But no time this for criticism. See ! hark ! loud wailing on the battlements the hoary king. What heart-and-soul-rending beseechings and supplications on his Hector to shun death ! Hecuba, too, bares before her son, in sight of all the people, the bosom that gave him

nourishment, and implores her hero to cope not with that dreadful adversary !

" So they with prayers importuned and with tears  
Their son, but him sway'd not ; unmoved  
he stood,  
Expecting vast Achilles, now at hand."

For Achilles had seen him, as soon near the goal, had shot to the slaughter.  
 as Apollo disappeared, the Trojan's Achilles was like the star Orion.  
 guardian-god—and on the instant, How looked Hector?  
 like car-whirling steed victorious

## NORTH.

Nor prevailed they over the spirit of Hector,  
 But he awaited the vast (πυλῶνος) Achilles approaching nearer,  
 As when a mountainous\* (i. e. savage) serpent at its haunt a man awaits,  
 Fed on baneful poisons, and dread fury enters it,  
 And hideously it looks, coiling itself around its haunt;  
 In like manner, Hector, having confidence unquenchable, withdrew not,  
 But, placing his bright shield against a projecting turret,  
 His own mighty spirit he addressed.

## CHAPMAN.

And now drew deadly near  
 Mighty Achilles; yet he still kept deadly station there.  
 Look how a dragon, when she sees a traveller bent upon  
 Her breeding den, her bosom fed with fell contagion,  
 Gathers her forces, sits him firm, and at his nearest pace  
 Wraps all her cavern in her folds, and thrusts a horrid face  
 Out at his entry; Hector so, with unextinguish'd spirit,  
 Stood great Achilles, stirr'd no foot, but at the prominent turret  
 Bent to his bright shield, and resolved to bear fall'n heaven upon it.

## POPE.

Resolved he stands, and with a fiery glance  
 Expects the hero's terrible advance.  
 So, roll'd up in his den, the swelling snake  
 Beholds the traveller approach the brake;  
 When, fed with noxious herbs, his turgid veins  
 Have gather'd half the poison of the plains;  
 He burns, he stiffens with collected ire,  
 And his red eyeballs glow with living fire.  
 Beneath a turret on his shield reclined  
 He stood, and question'd thus his mighty mind.

## COWPER.

Unmoved he stood,  
 Expecting vast Achilles now at hand.  
 As some huge serpent in a cave, that feeds  
 On baneful drugs, and swells with deadliest ire,  
 A traveller approaching, coils himself  
 Around his den, and hideous looks abroad,  
 So Hector fill'd with confidence untamed,  
 Fled not, but placing his bright shield against  
 A buttress, with his noble heart conferr'd.

## SOTHEY.

Confiding in his strength, their dauntless son  
 Survey'd the mighty man, and staid his coming on.  
 As in his cavern, nigh the wanderer's way,  
 Gorged with rank herbs, a dragon waits his prey,  
 And rolling in his wrath the den around,  
 Eyes when to strike, and watches where to wound;  
 Thus, fill'd with unextinguishable fire,  
 Brave Hector stood, disdaining to retire;  
 Against a buttress his bright shield reclined,  
 And inly communed with his noble mind.

All good. But no time for criticism. that his hour is come. Well may  
 For we—too—as if he were our brother—Priam and Hecuba tear their grey  
 tremble for Hector! We feel locks! But where is Andromache?

Buried in her palace—that the thick walls may deaden the horror breathed from the field where her husband fights. Too sacred a thing was such sorrow as hers to Homer's soul, to suffer the Bard of Nature to smite it with such affliction as the sight of *him* alive, and about to die, under the hands of that inexorable homicide. He mentions her not; but all the people thought of her then—and how many million eyes have since wept for her, unnamed at that catastrophe! We remember the parting between her and her hero—her hopes and her fears—her tears and her smiles—as their Astyanax hung back alarmed from the waving crest of his father. At this moment her once prophetic soul has lost its gifted vision—and she is dreaming of his return!

But how fares it now with the noble Hector? Not unheard had been the outcries of his parents—for Hector to them was *pious*, as he was to the gods. For their sakes he desired to live—and think ye, that at that moment, though he names not her name, that the image of his Andromache came not across him with Astyanax on her “fragrant bosom?” But Polydamas would reproach him—if now he shunned the combat—Polydamas, who bade him lead the Trojans back that last calamitous night

“In which Achilles rose to arms again!”

Man and matron—base and brave alike—will dishonour Hector as the cause of all that slaughter—if he slay not or be slain by Achilles. Shall he then seek to parley with the king of the Myrmidons, and offer to restore Helen to the sons of Atreus, and all the treasures Paris brought with her in his fleet to Troy? Perish all such thoughts—let them meet at

once in mortal combat, and leave the victory in the hands of Jove! So communed Hector with his own heart; nor can we imagine words more affecting than are Homer's in this place—in the divine skill of Genius, instructed by the nobility of nature. He shews us a hero struggling against fear—and at last overcome—taking to flight—and yet still a hero. Should any one deny it—he may depend upon it that he is himself a coward—and what is worse—a blockhead.

Not so thought Homer—not so thought the immortal gods. They saw Hector flying before Achilles—as flies a dove before a hawk—a fawn before a hound, “as trembling she skulks among the shrubs”—and yet they despised him not—but they pitied the hero. The sire of gods exclaimed—

“Ah! I behold a warrior dear to me  
Around the walls of Ilium driven, and  
grieve

For Hector! who the thighs of fatted  
bulls

On yonder heights of Ida many-valed  
Burn'd oft to me, and in the heights of  
Troy.

But him Achilles, glorious chief, around  
The city walls of Priam now pursues.  
Think then, ye gods, delay not to decide;  
Shall we preserve, or leave him now to  
fall,

Brave as he is, by Peleus' mighty son?”

So said Jupiter—and therefore it signifies nothing what says Jew Peter.

But we are hurried away by our scorn of hypocrisy;—look at Achilles ere Hector flies, and then at the Flight and the Pursuit, all of which you must be contented with in our prose—for we have not room always to quote all the great translators.

#### NOTES.

These (thoughts) he revolved while tarrying: but near to him came Achilles,  
Equal to the helm-shaking warrior Mars,  
Over his right shoulder brandishing the Pelian spear  
Terrible: and around him shone the brass like to the flash  
Of blazing fire, or of the rising sun.

Hector, therefore, when he saw (him), trembling seized, nor dared he  
There remain, but left the gates, and flying went.

The son of Peleus, to his swift feet trusting, rushed after,  
Like as a falcon on the mountains, the swiftest of birds,  
Darts easily on a trembling dove:

But it flies a-slant; and he near-at-hand shrill screaming,  
Rushes frequently, and his appetite impels him to take her:

Thus eagerly indeed did he (Achilles) flee on him directly: trembling, fled Hector  
Under the walls of the Trojans, and plied his agile limbs.

But they past the prospect-mount and the wind-exposed fig-tree,  
 Out-from-beneath the wall along the chariot road rushed on ;  
 To the beautiful-flowing fountains they came, where springs  
 Two (in number) up-rise from the gyrating Scamander.  
 The one with tepid waters flows, and around a smoke  
 Arises from it, as from flaming fire.  
 But the other in summer even out-rushes, like to hail  
 Or cold snow, or crystallized water (*κρυσταλλω*.)  
 There near-by them are broad washing tanks,  
 Beautiful, of-stone, where their gorgeous robes,  
 The Trojan dames, and their daughters fair, were-wont-to-wash  
 Erst in time of peace, ere the sons of the Greeks had come.

The moment Homer's imagination re-creates Achilles, he re-appears terrible, and more terrible, his figure and his aspect sublimed by more transcendent imagery, borrowed from the great phenomena of earth and heaven. Stars, comets, moon, and sun—and no objects less glorious—are made to aggrandize the hero of the Iliad; and yet the same images are always, in something mighty, when applied to him, *new*; as, indeed, to the eye of a poet, they are always new, even in themselves—no two sunrises, or sunsets, being identical to the vision of a "Maker." The Apparition that puts Hector to flight, is the most insupportable of all; and, though seen from afar, felt, on its close approach, sudden as supernatural. More deadly is he, thus opposed, Mars to mortal, than when the whole army fled before him;—there is intenser concentration of terror in his armour, "like lightning, or like flame, or like the sun ascending." Had Hector not fled, Homer had nodded when broad awake. The Prince of Troy would not have fled from Ajax, the son of Telamon, nor from Diomed, who, when Achilles lay in his wrath among his ships, was thought equal to Achilles, nor from Agamemnon, king of men. But there was one, in presence of whose spear no hero might abide—before whom the river gods themselves quailed, "and hid themselves among their reedy banks;" and at close of that combat, in which he shone brightest even in the midst of the celestials, it was inevitable in nature, that even the defender of his country should be appalled. For he was not goddess-born; bright indeed were the arms he wore—once worn by Achilles—but what were they to the Vulcanian panoply, at whose sound, as Thetis let them fall at her son's feet, fear "bowed the astonished souls" of the Myr-

midons? It would have been most unnatural for man or woman born not to fly. Then, how absorbed is all that might have been in any way degrading in the emotion inspired by the Destroyer! Most mournful but magnificent picture! King and queen shrieking in their old age, about to be utterly desolate, from the doomed city walls that quake to the dreadful voice of that Invincible! All the power within silent; and the gods themselves looking down, and descending to decide the final issue of the ten years' strife—for Troy was to fall with Hector, and Ilion to be shorn of her towery diadem. As for Achilles, he saw not—heard not Priam and Heruba—he cared not in his passion even for the gods. His eyes were all on Hector.

"The son of Peleus, as he ran, his brows  
 Shaking, forbade the Grecians to dismiss  
 A dart at Hector, lest a meaner hand  
 Should pierce him, and usurp the fore-  
 MOST PRAISE."

So blent into one in his fiery spirit were Revenge and the Love of Glory.

Apollo still strove to save his beloved prince; but now, balancing his golden scales, Jove placed in each a lot—one Achilles, and one consigning Hector to the shades.

"Seized by the central hold, he poised the beam;  
 Down went the fatal day of Hector, down  
 To Hades, and Apollo left his side."

The blue-eyed Pallas exultingly cried to Achilles that he should return, "crowned with great glory, to the fleet of Greece," for that not even could the King of radiant shafts himself now save the life of Hector, not even were Apollo to roll himself in supplication at the feet of the

Thunderer. By her deceived, Hector seem to our ears to speak well—thus  
turns and faces Achilles. The heroes —in our Greek-resembling English—

Thee no more, son of Peleus, shall I fly as before.

Thrice around Priam's mighty city have I fled, nor ever durst I

Await thy onset;—but now doth my spirit impel me

To withstand thee—slay I, or be slain.

But come now, call we the gods (to testify), for they the best

Witnesses and guardians of covenants shall be.

Not savagely will I dishonour thee, if to me Jupiter

Vouchsafe a steady-fought-victory (*καμνομένη*), and I shall take away thy life:

But when I shall have despoil'd thee of thy illustrious arms, Achilles,

Thy cose to the Greeks will I restore: do thou so likewise."

Him eyeing sternly, the swift-footed Achilles address'd—

"Hector, thou never-to-be-forgotten one, speak not to me of covenants.

As between lions and men there are no faithful covenants,—

Nor have wolves and lambs a same-thinking disposition,

But perpetually are plotting evil to each other;

In like manner it cannot be that I and thou can have friendship, nor between us

Can covenants exist, until one of us prostrate

Shall satisfy with his blood Mars, the indefatigable warrior.

Call to mind (thy) every-kind of valour: much now it behoves thee

To be a combatant, and a doughty warrior.

—There is no escape for thee more; thee forthwith Pallas Minerva

By my spear subdues: now at once shalt thou expiate all

The agonies of my companions—whom with the spear in thy fury thou did'st slay."

The combat—though we *know* it must be fatal to Hector—is not *felt* to be altogether hopeless on his part, because of the uplifting of our spirits by the return of his heroism to its former high pitch, and because of the love and admiration with which we regard his character, that has sustained no loss from his god-driven flight thrice round the towers of the city which his valour was unavailing to save. There is now glory accumulated on glory around each illustrious crest. Hector's has not been "shorn of its beams" by any disgrace. His flight is more than forgiven; and we admire him more now than when he

set fire to the fleet. It has been said that Homer was partial to Hector. So are all men. But believe us when we say, that his favourite was Achilles. He in all things was the greater spirit. From whom would he have fled? Not from Mars and Bellona. One qualm of fear would have destroyed that transcendent ideal of unconquerable will. But he was invulnerable. Would that in our boyhood we had never been confounded by that lie! He was of all the heroes who fought before Troy the sole Doom'd Man, yet never knew he fear within the perpetual shadows of death. But again behold Achilles!

#### NORTH.

Achilles too rush'd forward, and his soul he fill'd with anger

Savage, and his breast his shield o'er-spread,

Beautiful, Dædalian: with his shining helm he nodded

Four-coned, waved were the beautiful hairs

Of-gold, which in profusion Vulcan around the crest had placed.

Such as when among the stars at the milking-time of night comes forth the star

Hesperus,\* which is placed in the firmament the brightest star;

In like manner beam'd (the light) from the well-pointed spear which Achilles

Brandish'd in his right-hand, planning evil to the noble Hector,

Looking-into his beautiful body, where it might yield (to the spear-point) most easily.

#### CHAPMAN.

So fell in Hector; and at him Achilles; his mind's fare

Was fierce and mighty; his shield cast a sun-like radiance;

Helm nodded; and his four plumes shook; and when he raised his lance,

Up Hesperus rose 'mongst th' evening stars! His bright and sparkling eyes

Look't through the body of his foe, &c.

#### POPE.

Nor less Achilles his fierce soul prepares;

Before his breast the flaming shield he bears,

\* Vid. Milton—"Hesperus, that led the starry host" &c.

Refulgent orb! Above his fourfold cone  
 The gilded horse-hair sparkled in the sun,  
 Nodding at every step: (Vulcanian frame!)  
 And as he moved his figure seem'd on flame.  
 As radiant Hesper shines with keener light,  
 Far-beaming o'er the silver host of night,  
 When all the starry train enblaze the sphere:  
 So shone the point of great Achilles' spear.  
 In his right hand he waves the weapon round,  
 Eyes the whole man, and meditates the wound.

COWPER.

Achilles opposite, with fellest ire,  
 Full-fraught came on; his shield, with various art  
 Divine portray'd, o'erspread his ample chest,  
 And on his radiant crest terrific waved,  
 By Vulcan spun, his crest of bushy gold.  
 Bright as, among the stars, the star of all  
 Most splendid, Hesperus, at midnight moves,  
 So in the right hand of Achilles beam'd  
 His brandish'd spear, while, meditating woe  
 To Hector, he explored his noble form,  
 Seeking where he was vulnerable most.

SOTHEY.

Thus Hector rush'd, and as he onward flew,  
 The Son of Peleus gloried at the view:  
 Before his breast, with outstretch'd arm upraised,  
 The shield that brightly in its horror blazed:  
 And, while his heart boil'd with o'erflowing ire,  
 Rush'd like the fierceness of consuming fire.  
 On as th' avenger in his terror trod,  
 His casque, four-coned, the wonder of the God,  
 In restless motion round about him roll'd  
 The fulness of its hairs that blazed with gold.  
 As Hesper's star, the brightest of the bright,  
 Outshines heaven's radiant host at dead of night:  
 Thus, vibrated aloft, the Pelian lance  
 Shot from its sharpen'd point the lightning glance,  
 While stern Achilles keenly eyed the foe,  
 And paused upon the meditated blow.

All the versions are very noble—  
 Chapman's the most so—then per-  
 haps Sotheby's, which is more liberal  
 than usual, but splendid;—but take  
 your choice of the four, heroic read-  
 er of Homer. Such combat soon  
 comes to a close. The “ashen beam”

is driven through his throat—but it  
 takes not from Hector—now lying in  
 the dust—the power of utterance.  
 You must be contented with the  
 colloquy in prose—perhaps it may  
 be felt more touching so than in  
 “numerous verse.”

NORTH.

In the dust, therefore, he fell, and over him gloried the illustrious Achilles,—  
 “Once wert thou wont to think, Hector, when despoiling the slain Patroclus,  
 That thou should'st be safe, and nought stood 'st in awe of me when absent.  
 Fool! I, his avenger, mightier far (than thou) apart,  
 At the hollow ships was left behind—  
 And have unnerved thy limbs: *thee*, indeed, the dogs and birds of prey  
 Shall tear unseemly, *him* shall the Greeks bury with due funeral rites.”  
 Him, the waving-plume-helm'd Hector exhausted, addressed:—  
 “By thy life, by thy knees, and by thy parents—thee I supplicate;  
 Let not the dogs of the Greeks at the hollow ships tear and devour me  
 Brass in abundance, and gold, do thou receive  
 As gifts, which my father and my venerable mother will give thee;  
 But send home my body,—that of a funeral pyre, me,  
 When dead, the Trojans and Trojan matrons may make a partaker.”  
 Him, eyeing sternly, the swift-footed Achilles, addressed!—  
 “Dog, me supplicate not—embracing my knees, by my knees, nor by my parents.  
 Would that my rage and fury would by any means permit me

Tô chop and devour thy raw flesh, for what thou hast done to me.  
 No—not even if ten or twenty-fold-equally-great ransoms  
 Were they to bring, hither and place (in the balance), and promise others besides :  
 No, were *he* even to counterpoise thy body with gold,  
 Priam, the son of Dardanus;—not even thus should thy venerable mother,  
 Having placed thee on thy bier, lament him whom she bore;  
 But dogs, and birds of prey, shall thoroughly devour thee.”  
 Him, the waving-plume-helm'd Hector dying, addressed :—  
 “ Knowing thee well, I foresaw, indeed, that never should I  
 Persuade thee; assuredly within thee is a spirit of steel.  
 Beware now, lest towards thee I become the subject of anger to the gods  
 On that day, when Paris and Phœbus Apollo, thee,  
 Brave though thou be, shall destroy in the Scæan gate.”  
 Him, while thus speaking, the completion of death veil'd;  
 And his spirit flying from his limbs to Ades descended,—  
 Its fate bemoaning in having left the robustness and vigour of youth.  
 Him also, when dead, the illustrious Achilles address'd :—  
 “ Die! fate will I then receive whenever  
 Jove may wish to bring it about, and the other immortal gods.”  
 He said, and from the corpse he drew the brazen spear,  
 And placed it apart; and from his (Hector's) shoulders forced away his armour,  
 Blood-stained; around him hastened the other sons of the Greeks,  
 Who gazed-with-wonder on the size and the grand form  
 Of Hector: nor did any approach without-inflicting-a-wound (on the corpse);  
 And each, as he looked to his neighbour, thus spoke :—  
 “ Ha! ha! assuredly much more gentle in being handled  
 Is Hector, than when he fired the fleet with glowing flames.”  
 Thus, indeed, spoke each; and, standing near, inflicted wounds.

This is tragical—for it is surcharged with pity and terror. We weep for the dying Hero, whose last words betray the anguish of nature, for his own miserable fate even beyond the sable flood,—for the wretchedness of his father and mother, in vain longing for his corpse, which is out of the reach of ransom. There is no savage spirit of revenge in the prophecy that expires on his lips;—it is almost a passionless prediction of death to one who feared not death—an enunciation of the will of heaven about to be executed by a god. It adds to the greatness of Achilles; for he was not to fall by the unaided arrow of such a person as Paris, but to receive the winged fate from Phœbus Apollo; and what moral sublimity in the answer of “the dreadless angel!”

“ Die Thou the first! when Jove and Heaven ordain—  
 I follow thee, he said, and stripp'd the slain.”

And what must we say of the behaviour of the common soldiers? Eustathius tells us that Homer introduces them wounding the dead body of Hector, in order to mitigate the cruelties which Achilles exercises upon it; for if every common soldier takes a pride in giving him a wound, what insults may we not expect from

the inexorable inflamed Achilles? Pope, whose notes are almost all good, confesses himself unable to vindicate Homer in giving us such an idea of his countrymen; for what they say over Hector's body is a mean insult, and the stabs they give it are cowardly and barbarous. We cannot deny the truth of Pope's remark. But vulgar souls—and there were many such, doubtless, who fought at Troy as well as at Waterloo—are subject to strange fits of vulgar passion; and their own mean nature will at times suddenly ooze out, repressed, for the most part, by the glorious deeds, looks, and words of the Heroes. They misunderstood the character and conduct of Achilles. They beheld him triumphing, exulting, insulting, over Hector. But they knew not, neither could they conceive, the trouble of his soul—to them the flashings of his eyes were a mystery—they comprehended not, even in his agonies, his own sublime submission to the decrees of heaven. Seeing how, “with visage all inflamed,” Achilles “incensed stood,” they caught the contagion of his ire—but the fever falling into baser blood, it boiled up in unworthy outrage; they grew sarcastic, and they stabbed; and lo! Hector lies beneath their brutalities,

“Smear'd with gore, and

From the height of glory, he has fallen into the depth of degradation; and the contrast of the two conditions is to the utmost degree affecting—the breast, on which Andromache was wont to lay her head, mangled by ignoble hands—the Prince of the people, a naked corpse insulted by slaves! Had Shakspeare some thought of this sort in his mind, when he makes Falstaff stab the dead body of “Hotspur, cold-spur;” and shows us the glorious corpse of a hero hanging across the shameful shoulders of a buffoon?

But what matter all these indignities that idly seek to dishonour the corpse? It is but a lump of clay. The soul of the Defender is beyond and above insult, alike from the base and the brave. The ensuing speech of Achilles re-invests the corpse with grandeur. “Let us return to the hollow ships, and carry Hector along with us! Great glory have we won; we have slain the illustrious Hector! to whom the Trojans, throughout the city, as to a God, were wont to offer prayers.” Nobler eulogium

never graced the head of fallen hero. Achilles alone could kill—the meanest Myrmidons might insult Hector when dead, who had all shunned his path when he was hewing it to set the ships on fire. Hector is conquered; but the sacred cause for which he died survives; the glory of his character is immortal. “Tell me not,” he once said, “tell me not of auguries! Let your birds fly to the east or the west—I care not in this cause: we obey the will of Jupiter, who rules over all, and

Εἰς οὐρανὸν ἀριστὸς ἀνίστασθαι τις πύλον;

The one best omen is our country's cause.”

Therefore, in spite of defeat and death, Hector is victorious still in our imagination; his waving crest may be dragged in the dust, but the patriot spirit sees it high in air, not only unextinguished, but uneclipsed, even by the god-wrought golden helm of Achilles.

But let us look at the Speech of the Destroyer in the five translators.

#### NORTON.

Him when the powerful-footed, illustrious Achilles, had despoil'd,  
Standing among the Greeks, (these) winged words he utter'd:—

“ Friends, chiefs of the Greeks, and counsellors,

Since this man, the gods have permitted (us) to subdue,  
(*Him*) who hath done more evil than all the rest beside,

Let us on—and essay the city with arms,

That we may know the intention of the Trojans, what it may be,

Whether they are to abandon the Acropolis, since he has fallen;

Or whether they dare remain, when Hector is no more.

But why does my mind revolve these things?

(*He*) lies at the ships a corpse unwept, unburied;—

(*My*) Patroclus! him will I not forget, while I

Shall be among the living, and my knees move.

And though (the living) forget the dead in Ades,

I, for my part, will remember my friend, even though there.

Come now, ye youths of the Greeks, chanting *psalms*

Let us return to the hollow ships, and carry him (Hector) along with us.

Great glory have we won; we have slain the illustrious Hector,

To whom the Trojans throughout the city, as to a god, were-wont-to-offer prayers.’

#### POPE.

High o’er the slain the great Achilles stands,

Begirt with heroes, and surrounding bands,

And thus aloud, while all the host attends:

“ Princes and leaders! countrymen and friends!

Since now at length the powerful will of Heaven

The dire destroyer to our arms has given,

Is not Troy fallen already? Haste, ye powers!

See, if already their deserted towers

Are left unmann’d; or if they yet retain

The souls of heroes, their great Hector slain?

But what is Troy, or glory what to me?

Or why reflects my mind on aught but thee,



Divine Patroclus ! Death has seal'd his eyes ;  
 Unwept, unhonour'd, uninterr'd he lies !  
 Can his dear image from my soul depart,  
 Long as the vital spirit moves my heart ?  
 If, in the melancholy shades below,  
 The flames of friends and lovers cease to glow,  
 Yet mine shall sacred last ; mine undecay'd,  
 Borne on through death, and animate my shade.  
 Meanwhile, ye sons of Greece, in triumph bring  
 The corpse of Hector, and your pæans sing.  
 Be this the song, slow-moving toward the shore,  
 ' Hector is dead ! and Ilion is no more !''

COWPER.

And now, the body stripp'd, their noble chief,  
 The swift Achilles, standing in the midst,  
 The Grecians in wing'd accents thus address'd ;  
 " Friends, chiefs, and senators of Argos' host !  
 Since, by the will of Heav'n, this man is slain,  
 Who harm'd us more than all our foes beside,  
 Essay we next the city ; so to learn  
 The Trojan purpose, if, this hero slain,  
 They will forsake the citadel, or still  
 Defend it, although Hector be no more.  
 But wherefore speak I thus ? still undeplored,  
 Unburied in my fleet Patroclus lies ;  
 Him never, while, alive myself, I move  
 And mix with living men, will I forget.  
 In Ades, haply, they forget the dead,  
 Yet will not I Patroclus, even there.  
 Now chanting pæans, ye Achaian youths !  
 Return we to the fleet with this our prize ;  
 We have achieved great glory, we have slain  
 Illustrious Hector, him whom Ilion praised  
 In all her gates, and as a god revered."

SOTHEBY.

" Princes, and leaders, since, by favouring heav'n,  
 To us o'er such a foe this victory giv'n,  
 This mighty man, whose force, surpassing all,  
 Long injured Greece, and guarded Ilion's wall,  
 Come, with our battle gird in arms their towers,  
 So learn the purpose of their hostile powers,—  
 If they abandon Troy, its guardian slain,  
 Or, the great Hector perish'd, dare remain ?  
 But why thus commune ? still Patroclus lies  
 Unwept, ungraced with solemn obsequies.  
 Ne'er, while I breathe, he sleeps by me forgot,  
 Ne'er, while remembrance mine, remember'd not.  
 E'en in the dark oblivion of the grave,  
 My soul with thine, sweet friend, shall commune have.  
 Now, youths ! your pæans raise, now swell the song,  
 Lead to the navy, lead the corse along.  
 Great is our glory ; Hector breathes no more,  
 Whom Ilion hail'd, and wont as god adore."

Chapman fails, and therefore we do not quote him. He is harsh, inverted, and elaborate overmuch ; nor has his version the majestic march of the original. But, " dead, undeplored, unsepulchred, he lies at fleet unthought on," is passionate—and reminds one of " unhouse'd, disappointed, unanneal'd ;" and there is a melancholy grandeur in what he says of Oblivion and of Memory in Hell.

We say he fails ; because, in such noble passages, he in general nobly succeeds. Pope is magnificent. Cowper is somewhat tame in a few lines ; and perhaps his version is throughout wanting in passion ; but the close is simple and stately—so it seems to us—as in Homer. The last three lines sound to our ears like a song of triumph in the Old Testament. They are heroic as if

the Book of Kings. Sotheby, in the first part of his version, is not so felicitous as usual; but the lines about Patroclus are more tender than in any of the other translations, though we do not think "the dark oblivion of the grave" Homeric, and the conclusion breathes of the true Achillean spirit. There is not in all the Iliad one finer touch—one bolder stroke of nature—than the sudden revulsion of feeling that tears the

heartstrings of the exulting victor, and "checks his thunder in mid-volley," when, about to storm the city, he is struck, as it were, with palsy by the cold air from the corpse of Patroclus.

But rage rises again out of grief. Sorely mangled had been the body of Patroclus—Achilles sees it in all its ghastliness—and shall it fare better with the body of Hector? No—let there be horrid retribution.

## NORTH.

He said, and purposed unseemly deeds against the illustrious Hector;  
Of both feet he pierced the tendons behind  
From heel to ankle, and inserted thongs of ox's hide,  
And bound them behind the chariot; but allowed the head to be dragg'd.  
Having ascended the chariot, and the renown'd arms up-lifted,  
He lash'd (the horses) onward; and they not unwilling flew;  
From (the corpse) thus dragged rose dust; on both sides, his hair  
Of a dark-hue was scattered, and his head in the dust completely  
Lay, so graceful once; then, indeed, had Jupiter to foes  
Given him to be dishonour'd, in his own native land.

## CHAPMAN.

This said; a work not worthy him, he set to; of both feet  
He bored the nerves through, from the heel to th' ankle; and then knit  
Both to the chariot, with a thong of whittleather; his head  
Trailing the centre. Up he got to chariot, where he laid  
The arms repurchas't, and scourged on his horse that freely flew,  
A whirlwind made of startled dust drove with them as they drew;  
With which were all his black-brown curls, knotted in heaps, and fled.  
And there lay Troy's late Gracious, by Jupiter exiled  
To all disgrace, in his own land, and by his parents' care, &c.

## VOFF.

Then his fell soul a thought of vengeance bred,  
Unworthy of himself and of the dead.  
The nervous ankles bored, his feet he bound  
With thongs inserted through the double wound;  
There fixed up high behind the rolling wain,  
His graceful head was trail'd along the plain.  
Proud on the car th' insulting victor stood,  
And bore aloft his arms distilling blood.  
He smites the steeds; the rapid chariot flies;  
The sudden clouds of circling dust arise.  
Now lost is all that formidable air;  
The face divine and long-descending hair  
Purple the ground, and streak the sable sand;  
Deform'd, dishonour'd in his native land!  
Given to the rage of an insulting throng,  
And in his parents' sight now dragg'd along!

## COWPER.

He said; then purposing dishonour vile  
To noble Hector, both his feet he bored  
From heel to ankle, and inserting thongs,  
Them tied behind his chariot, but his head  
Left unsustain'd to trail along the ground.  
Ascending next, the armour at his side  
He placed, then lash'd the steeds; they willing flew.  
Thick rose the dust, as with his sable locks  
He swept the ground; his head, so graceful once,  
Plough'd deep the dust; to such dishonour Jove  
That day consign'd him on his native plain.

With leathern thongs behind his chariot bound,  
 And left the head to trail along the ground ;  
 Sprung in his seat, the arms in order placed,  
 And lash'd the willing steeds that swiftly raced :  
 From the dragg'd corse the dust in clouds upflew,  
 The dark clay grim'd his locks of sable hue ;  
 And that once beauteous head, half hid in earth,  
 Tore, as it trail'd, that soil which gave him birth.  
 So Jove, who oft had o'er him stretch'd his hand,  
 Dishonour'd Hector in his native land.

Ay—this was indeed “purposing unseemly deeds against the illustrious Hector,” and horridly carrying them into execution. But one single moment before, and Achilles was commanding his Myrmidons to lift along the body of Hector to the hollow ships, himself leading the song of triumph. “Great glory have we won—we have slain the illustrious Hector—to whom the Trojans, throughout the city, as to a god were wont to offer prayers !” Now whelmed in dust, the corpse is dragged at his chariot wheels—while the mother-queen, standing on the battlements, fills the air with shrieks, and casting far aside her lucid veil, flings her hairs by handfuls from the roots, and his father weeps aloud, and all around, long, long lamentations are heard through the streets of Troy, “Not fewer, or less piercing, than if flames I had wrapt all Ilium to her topmost towers !”

And Andromache, who, in her chamber at the palace-top, was framing a splendid texture, on either side with flowers of various hues all dazzling bright, and had given command to her maidens to encompass an ample vase with fire, that a bath might be prepared for Hector on his return from battle, hears the voice of the queen-mother ! so piercing-shrill it was, in her agony the shuttle falls from her fingers, and she knows of a truth that her Hector is dead. She crests the tower—and then indeed she sees him in front of Ilium, whirled in such shameful guise, away towards the Grecian fleet. But what cared Achilles for all that mortal misery ? He knew it not. Deaf in his own distraction, he heard not theirs ; his passion was concentrated on two dead bodies—Patroclus and Hector ; love and hate, ruth and rage, pity and ferocity, each with its scalding tears ; unforgiving was he, without mercy and without remorse ; and as the axle of his chariot glowed, and

unimpeded were the wheels by the accursed corse, so burned his spirit in the terrible turmoil of its insatiate revenge.

Let us take relief from all this misery in a small bit of what is called Philosophical Criticism. Aristotle, the best of critics—and Eustathius, not one of the worst—have made each a remark on this combat, which seem to us scarcely worthy such philosophers. Aristotle says, according to Pope, “the wonderful ought to have place in Tragedy, but still more in Epic Poetry, *which proceeds in this point even to the unreasonable ; for as in Epic Poems one sees not the persons acting, so whatever passes the bounds of reason is proper to produce the admirable and the marvellous.* For example, what Homer says of Hector pursued by Achilles, would appear ridiculous on the stage ; for the spectators could not forbear laughing to see on one side the Greeks standing without any motion, and, on the other, Achilles pursuing Hector, and making signs to the troops not to dart at him. But all this does not appear when we read the poem ; for what is wonderful is always agreeable, and as a proof of it, we find that they who relate any thing usually add something to the truth, that it may the better please those who hear it.” This is miserable murder of Aristotle—especially the barbarity in italics—and we quote it as an example of the style of treatment it has been his fate to receive alike from friends and foes. Take Twining’s version—which is sense. “*The surprising is necessary in Tragedy ; but the Epic Poem goes further, and admits even the improbable and incredible, from which the highest degree of the surprising results, because there the action is not seen.*” What follows it is needless to quote, as Pope’s translation gives, generally, the sense of the original, with considerable confusion. But the question is, would the Flight and Pur-

suit appear ridiculous on the stage? Twining thinks "the idea of stopping a whole army by a nod or shake of the head," (a circumstance, he says, distinctly mentioned by Homer, but sunk in Mr Pope's version,) "was perhaps the absurdity here principally meant; and that, if this whole Homeric scene were represented on our stage, in the best manner possible, there can be no doubt that the effect would justify Aristotle's observation. It would certainly set the audience in a roar." Pye again, who is in general empty, and on Twining extremely crusty, says sensibly enough here, that he "cannot possibly conceive that the idea of stopping an army by the nod of a head, could be the absurdity meant by Aristotle, or that there could have been any thing more absurd in an army stopping at a nod of the head in the theatre, than by the single word *halt* in Hyde Park." Pope seems to have entirely missed the meaning of Aristotle, whatever that may have been—who, he says, "was so far from looking on this passage as ridiculous or blamable, that he esteemed it admirable and marvellous." True, he did so esteem it, occurring as it does in the *Epopée*; but had it happened in Tragedy, then, he says, it would have been ridiculous; and the question is, why? The answer seems to be, "it would have been ridiculous to see on the stage the army standing still;" and so it would, thinks Twining—so it would not, thinks Pye—and so it would not, thinks North. Pye gives the *rational*-. "The defect mentioned by Aristotle lies deeper; for he, in the next chapter, mentions this identical circumstance as a general error against probability, excusable only as it renders the scene more interesting. To us, who are used to the point of honour in military affairs, this improbability does not appear. But the ancients made war on a different plan."

\* \* \* \* \*

The ancients looked on this action of Achilles as censurable on the ground of rashness—which appears from a remark on it in Plutarch's *Life of Pompey*, where, speaking of a rash action of Pompey, in assisting the Cretan pirates merely to deprive Metellus of a triumph, he compares this action—which he calls rather

the exploit of a mad boy, intoxicated with the love of fame, than of a brave man." Pye adds, "in deference to the opinion of Plutarch, it does not appear that Achilles was actuated by the love of fame, but the wish to monopolize the revenge of his friend's death." And we, in deference to the opinion of Pye, say that Pye is mistaken, for we have seen that Achilles is inspired by both passions, which Homer makes him tell us in the clearest and boldest words. Therefore, Aristotle, Plutarch, Pope, Twining, and Pye, are all wrong—Homer and North, as usual, all right; for, though it is true that it was not exactly a pitched single combat, in which case any assistance from the army would have been wicked, and not ridiculous, yet it was very like one indeed, and, therefore, again begging Aristotle's pardon, we really cannot yet see how the non-interference of the army would have been ridiculous on the stage, any more than on the field.

Eustathius, who, if we mistake not, was a bit of a bishop, says that this is not a single combat of Achilles against Hector, but a *recontre* in a battle; and so Achilles might and ought to take all advantage to rid himself, the readiest and surest way, of an enemy whose death would procure an entire victory to his party. Wherefore does he leave the victory to chance? Why expose himself to the hazard of losing it? Why does he prefer his private glory to the public weal, and the safety of all the Greeks, which he puts to the venture by delaying to conquer, and endangering his own person? We grant it is a fault, but it must be owned to be the fault of a hero.

All the above is given us by Pope, through Dacier, from Eustathius. And is it not pretty considerable stuff? Achilles ought to have killed Hector by hook or crook—by the spears and swords of the soldiers! (Loud cries of oh! oh! oh!) The Greeks, it has been observed, were no favourites with the feudal writers on the Trojan war, and to depreciate the character of Achilles, they have made him in that way murder Hector. See Shakspeare's *Troilus and Cressida*, where Achilles is at once a sump and a savage. As to his leaving the victory to chance, and

exposing himself to the hazard of losing it, the answer is, that the Greek army would have laughed in your face, had you hinted such a suggestion, and taken you for Ther-sites.

Stop—we all at once see the meaning of Aristotle. He alludes neither to the shaking of the brows of Achilles, (which was almost equal to the nod of Jupiter,) nor to his rashness in exposing himself to be killed by Hector in single combat, (a stupid charge, worthy of that Bæotian, Plutarch,) but to the circumstance of the whole army standing stock-still during the flight thrice round the walls, instead of intercepting the fugitive, (which 50,000 men could surely have done, without putting themselves into a sweat,) and thereby enabling Achilles to get to *in-fighting*. Now, in the *Epopée*, this absurdity—and it is one—escapes notice, because the scene is not submitted to our sight. And Homer is eulogized by Aristotle for his genius in so narrating it, that there is produced by it on our minds a sense of the wonderful. Had the scene been exhibited before our eyes, on the stage, it would, for the reason assigned, have been ridiculous;—and thus after all Aristotle is right, and so is

NORTH.

Thus were they groaning throughout the city; but the Greeks,  
When they had come to the ships and the Hellespont,  
Went-dismissed each to his own ship;  
But Achilles permitted not the Myrmidons to go dispersed;  
But among his war-loving companions (*thus*) spoke:—  
“Ye swift-riding Myrmidons, my beloved companions,  
Let us not yet from the chariots unyoke the solid-hoof’d horses,  
But with the horses themselves, and the chariots nearer approaching,  
Let us weep for Patroclus; for this is an honorary-tribute to the dead.  
But when we have had our full of sorrowing lamentation,  
Having unyoked our steeds, we shall sup here altogether.  
Thus he spoke; together-brought, they lifted-up-their-lamentation, and Achilles took the lead.

\*Thrice around the corpse drove they their beautiful-maned horses,  
The Myrmidons, and among them did Thetis stir up the longing-love of lamentation;  
Moisten’d were the sands, moisten’d was the armour of heroes,  
With tears, such a panic-causing hero did they desiderate.  
Among them did the son of Pæleus take the lead in the closely-thronging wailings,  
Placing his homicidal hands on the breast of his friend.  
“Rejoice with me, Patroclus, even in the mansions of Ades;  
For every thing shall I now fulfil, which I formerly promised,  
That having dragged Hector hither, I would give him to dogs to be torn raw;  
That at the pyre I would decollate† twelve

\* This passage is borrowed by Virgil, Lib. xi. 186. *Æn.* Imitated by Chaucer in the Knight’s Tale.  
Ne how the Greeks with an huge rout,  
Thrice did ride all the fire about,  
Upon the left hand, with a loud shouting,  
And thrice on the right, with their speeres clattering.

† Comes nearer the etymological meaning of ἀποδιστομήσειν, than “behead.”

Illustrious sons of the Trojans, being enraged for thy having been slain."  
Thus he said, and against the illustrious Hector unseemly deeds he purposed,  
Beside the bier of the son of Menecleus having stretch'd him prone  
In the dust; and each put-off-his-arms and accoutrements,  
Brazen (and) bright; and unloosed the shrill-neighing horses.  
Down sat they by the ship of the swift footed grandson of Æacus  
In great numbers (lit. ten thousand); but he laid out for them a desire-gratifying funeral-feast.

Many a slow\* moving ox was extended on the iron (spits)  
Slaughtered, many a sheep and bleating she-goat,  
Many a bright-tusked boar, blooming with fat,  
Were extended to be roasted over the flame of Vulcan.  
Meanwhile, on all sides around the corpse flowed the blood, as-if-from-vessels out-poured, (*κοτυκίευστον*.)

But the Prince, the swift-footed son of Peleus,  
To the illustrious Agamemnon, were the chiefs of the Greeks conducting,  
With urgency, artfully-persuading him, enraged at heart on account of his friend.  
When they then had in their course come to the tent of Agamemnon,  
Forthwith the shrill-sounding heralds he commanded  
To surround with fire a large three-footed caldron,† might they persuade  
The son of Peleus to wash away the clotted gore.  
But he stubbornly refused, and moreover swore an oath,  
"No—not, by Jupiter! who of gods is the loftiest and best,  
Until I shall have placed on the pyre Patroclus, and thrown up a sepulchral mound,  
And shorn off my locks; since never again a second time thus  
Shall grief pervade my heart, whilst I shall be among the living.  
But yet let us now obey (celebrate) the hateful repast.  
At-to-morrow's-dawn, king of men, Agamemnon, urgently-command  
Wood to be collected and piled up, as is beseeching  
For a corpse having (these honours) to go down to the gloomy darkness;  
That the unwearied fire may burn it up  
Quickly away from my eyes, and the soldiers turn themselves to their labours."  
Thus said he; and they to him earnestly listened and obeyed him,  
And each and all having eagerly-girded-themselves-to-prepare supper,  
Feasted, nor lacked their hearts an equal repast.

And what shall still for a while the storm in the destroyer's soul? No power on earth or in heaven. It keeps feeding on the black atmosphere—the grim clouds come sailing along incessantly in tempestuous procession—broken but by flashes of lightning; never was there seen such a dreadful mental sky. But the soul is the slave of the body, and over-wearied nature yields to the access of sleep. Like a calm that enchains the fluctuating sea, sleep seizes on Achilles, and his huge frame is stretched motionless along the shore. Then is he visited by a dream.

## NORTH.

But Pelides, on the shore of the much-resounding ocean,  
Lay heavily-groaning amid a multitude of Myrmidons,  
In a purified‡ place, where the billows were dashing§ on the shore,  
When sleep, unbinding the cares of the mind, seized him,  
(Sleep) sweetly poured around (him)—(for wearied much were his beautiful limbs  
By rushing after Hector at wind-exposed Troy.)

\* It is difficult to determine whether the epithet *ἀργαῖ* should here be translated "white," or "swift," or "slow," (in the sense in which Homer often uses *ἐκλίσσας* *βόας*—trailing-footed, an epithet very descriptive of the way in which they drag after them their hind-legs)—or "idle"—quasi *ἀργός*.

† To prepare a bath:

It is argued by some that white animals were never sacrificed to the dead; but perhaps the living had no objection to the colour of the animal—provided the flesh were good—and Homer is here describing the *πρὸς δειπνον*—or funeral repast given to the living. Another critic is determined to have the oxen white, even at the expense of their skins. "After they are flayed," says he, "they are white from their fatness"—*μετὰ το ἐκδερῆσαι λευκοὶ καὶ διὰ τὴν πρὸς δειπνίαν*.

‡ *Καθαρῶ* may here mean a place not usually frequented.

§ *Κλύεισθαι*, some interpret, "were sounding;" others, "washing." Perhaps Homer means that the dashing of the waves washed away the blood, and consequently purified the place.

(Then) the spectre of the hapless Patroclus approach'd,  
 In all respects resembling him, in stature, in beautiful eyes,  
 And voice, and similar garments clothed its body;  
 O'er his head it stood, and in these words addressed him:—  
 "Sleepest thou, and forgetful of me art thou, Achilles?  
 Of me when living, not neglectful; but now, when dead,  
 Bury me with all speed, that I may pass the gates of Ades.  
 The spectres, the shadows of the slain, keep me afar;  
 Nor allow me to mingle with them beyond the river;  
 To no purpose wander I about the wide-gated mansion of Orcus.  
 Give me thine hand, with tears I implore thee, for never again hereafter  
 Shall I return from Ades, after you shall have given me my portion of the pyre.  
 Never again apart from our beloved companions, shall we alive,  
 Sitting, hold counsel together; but me, hath Destiny,  
 The hideous, and ordain'd to me at my birth, yawning wide, devour'd.  
 And even of thee thyself, oh godlike Achilles, the fate is  
 To perish under the walls of the nobly-born Trojans.  
 This other (*request*) will I communicate and enjoin, if perchance you will grant it;  
 Place not my bones apart from thine, Achilles,  
 But together; that as we were brought up together at your house—  
 (Since me then young Menœtius from Opœis  
 'To your (house) had conducted, on account of a mournful manslaughter,  
 On that day, when I slew the son of Amphidamas,  
 Unwittingly, unwillingly, being angry about dice:  
 Me, did the equestrian Peleus, having then received me into his house,  
 Nurture zealously, and name your attendant:)  
 So also let the same urn enclose our bones,—  
 That golden vase, which thy venerable mother gave thee."  
 Him, the swift-footed Achilles answering, addressed,  
 "Why, beloved one, hast thou come hither,  
 And on me enjoin'd all these things? To thee, will I  
 Faithfully perform them all, and grant as thou orderest.  
 But stand nearer me, that having embraced for a little while  
 One another, we may take our full of sorrowing grief."  
 Thus having said, he stretched himself out with his hands,  
 But grasp'd not; for the spectre, down under the earth, like smoke,  
 Pass'd shrill-wailing; amazed, Achilles started up,  
 Made a clattering noise with his hands struck together, and spoke these sorrowful  
 words,  
 "Ha! ye gods, verily there are in the mansions of Orcus  
 The spirit and the semblance, but nothing substantial\* is there there at all;  
 For of my hapless Patroclus, all-the-night has  
 The spirit, moaning and wailing, hover'd o'er me,  
 And has given me orders about every thing; wonderfully† like was it to himself."

Most beautiful example of the power of the deepest passion of sorrow which men know, the sorrow for the dead, to awaken creative imagination! Nothing will satisfy it here but the ghost of Patroclus. From the lips of the phantom falls but the expression of those ideas and feelings which the heart of the living hero has indeed brought forth in the visions of its own grief. And how profound the hush breathed over all that distracting passion from the tender interview of sleep! Achilles

awakes with a spirit tranquillized for the funeral. So passed the night—and "rosy-palmed Aurora found them all mourning afresh the pitiable dead." Then up rose Meriones, friend of the virtuous chief Idomeneus, and led the mules and mule-driver to the groves of Ida fountain-fed; and down fell the towering oaks with crash sonorous; and ere long they were cast on the beach in order, where Achilles had designed a tomb of ample size for Patroclus and for himself—for in death he de-

\* *Δίσκελλον*, may also be translated godlike.

† *ὅφρηνε* — *ὅλγον τὸ σῶμα*, says the scholiast.

sired that they should not be divided. Round the pile of fuel sat down all the warlike throng; till Achilles issued orders that his warriors should gird on their armour, and yoke their steeds to their chariots. On a sudden all in bright arms stood arrayed; mounted the combatants and

charioteers; first moved the chariots, and then came the foot, dense as a cloud. In the midst, between his companions in arms, was borne the body of Patroclus. But behold the funeral-rites in Sotheby's exquisite translation.

Behind, Achilles held the hero's head,  
And groan'd amid the pomp that graced the dead—  
The mourners, where he bade, deposed the bier,  
And urged their toil the enormous pile to rear.  
Then Peleus' son, alone, from all apart,  
Mused on the solemn vow that swell'd his heart,  
And severing from his head the golden hair,  
That, to Sperchius vow'd, flow'd full and fair,  
Deep-groaning on the world of waters gazed,  
And thus his voice of lamentation raised:  
"Peleus to thee, Sperchius, vow'd in vain  
This offering, if his son return'd again,  
This consecrated hair, when hail'd my home,  
And with this gift his votive hecatomb,  
And fifty rams that at thy fount should bleed,  
And in thy sacred wood the altar feed—  
Thus Peleus pray'd: but thou hast scorn'd his pray'r;  
Not thine, Sperchius, this devoted hair.  
Ne'er shall the son of Peleus greet his sire,  
And this shorn lock falls on Patroclus' pyre."

He spake: and bowing down, the corse embraced,  
And in Patroclus' hands the offering placed.  
All grieved: and thus the daylight had declined,  
Had not Achilles then reveal'd his mind:

"Atrides! thee all willingly obey;—  
Grief has its season: now send these away:  
Dismiss them from the pyre, the feast prepare,  
Rites yet unpaid be my appropriate care.  
I, and my host, the last sad charge sustain,  
Yet let with us the leaders here remain."

Atrides heard, and utter'd his command,  
And to their ships dispersed each separate band.  
The assistants there remained: the pile prepared,  
And paced on every side the structure squared,  
An hundred feet: then, on his funeral bed,  
On that high summit, weeping, placed the dead.  
There many a sheep and bullock slew and flay'd,  
And, heap'd before the pyre, each carcass laid:  
From all alike the fat Achilles drew,  
Spread o'er the corse, and wholly hid from view:  
Then piled their limbs, and hung, with many a tear,  
Jars of rich oil and honey round the bier.  
Then Peleus' son cast quickly on the pyre,  
Four steeds, proud-crested, foaming in their ire;  
And from nine household dogs, his hand had fed,  
Cast two, that on the pile, fresh-slaughter'd, bled:  
Then twelve brave youths of Troy, in sternest mood,  
Slew with revengeful blade that drain'd their blood.  
Last, on the structure hurl'd the force of flame,  
And deeply groaning, named Patroclus' name:

"Patroclus! hail! Oh hear, though dead, my voice!  
All that I vow'd is perfected.—Rejoice!  
Twelve high-born sons of Troy, in youthful bloom,  
The fire at once shall with thy corse consume,  
But ne'er shall fire on Hector feed, the hound  
Shall, fattening on his carcass, search each wound."



He, threat'ning spoke : but by high heaven o'erpower'd,  
 No ravenous bound the Hectorean corse devour'd,  
 By Jove's fair child, by Venus, driven away,  
 Who watch'd the corse, and guarded night and day :  
 With roseate oil ambrosial bathed him o'er,  
 That smooth'd, when dragg'd, each lacerated pore.  
 And a dense cloud from heaven Apollo drew,  
 And where the corse reposed deep darkness threw,  
 That not the fierceness of the solar ray,  
 The tendons bare, and dry the flesh away.

What is wanting to the magnificence of such a funeral? Nothing is wanting—our imaginations are satisfied, and we feel it to be sublime. But the imagination of Homer was not satisfied; greater grandeur still was due to the funeral rites performed to his friend by Achilles; and the elements must be called to give the finishing glory to the work. No fire kindled on the pile. It remained, without a spark, sullen in its mighty mass. It seemed unwilling to be consumed. Therefore, Peleus' son withdrew a short distance in prayer, and, vowing to each large sacrifice, invoked Boreas and Zephyrus, pouring out libation from a golden cup, and thus imploring their coming, that the flames, kindling, might in-

stantly consume the dead. Iris heard his supplication—and the Rainbow—"she that wears the thousand-coloured hair"—flung herself from heaven into the hall of the heavy-blowing West, where all the Winds sat feasting; and the moment she alighted on the threshold, they all starting rose at once, and each invited Iris to his side. "Borne over ocean's stream again, I go to Ethiopia, where with 'the rest' I wish to share in hecatombs offered to the gods. But Achilles sues for the aid of Boreas and Zephyrus, vowing to you large sacrifice, if ye will fan the pile on which now lies his Patroclus, by all Achaia wept." Even in our prose, the description bears perusal well; in Sotheby it is superb.

## NORTH.

Thus having spoken, she (Iris) departed; but they (the winds) rushed With magnificent sound,—driving the clouds before them ! Instantly to the sea they came to blow : up-rose the billows By the shrill-sounding blast. To rich-glebed Troy they came, Upon the pyre they fell, and the magnificently-burning flame crackled aloud. All-night verily indeed did they, at one and the same time, up-lift the blaze around the pyre,—

Blowing shrilly : and all-the-night did the swift Achilles, From a golden goblet, having a double-handled cup, Draw the wine, pour it on the ground, and moisten the earth, Invoking the spirit of the hapless Patroclus.

As a father bewails (when) burning the bones of his son Betrothed, who, by his death, hath rendered wretched his miserable parents, In like manner bewail'd Achilles when burning the bones of his friend, Gliding along by the burning-pyre—*groaning chokingly* ; \* But when the morning-star arose—the harbinger of light upon the earth, After which the saffron-robed Aurora is diffused over the sea, Then did the pyre-blaze languish, and the flame ceased. Back went the winds again to return homeward, Athwart the Thracian deep : but it groan'd, boiling with its swelling (waves.) But Pelides, turning away to the other side, apart from the pyre-blaze, Lay down, worn-out : and upon him sweet sleep came. But Atrides and his followers in numbers were assembled, Of whom passing to and fro the noise and disturbance awoke (Achilles;) Upright therefore he sat, and these words addressed to them : " Atrides, and ye others, ye nobles of all the Greeks, First extinguish down with dark wine the pyre-blaze Wholly, as far as the fury of the fire hath seized it ; and next The bones of Patroclus Menotides let us gather together,

Distinguishing them carefully; for easily recognised they are,  
 Since they lay in the midst of the pyre, but the others apart,  
 On the outermost verge, were burn'd, horses and men promiscuously;  
 Those in a golden urn, and in twice-folded fat\*  
 Let us deposit,—till I myself be concealed in Ades.  
 I wish not now to elaborate a very large tomb,  
 But of moderate and besitting dimensions—thus: *it* hereafter, ye Greeks,  
 Both broad and high you may make, you who after me  
 Shall be left behind in the many-bench'd ships."  
 Thus spoke he: and they obey'd the swift-footed son of Peleus.  
 First then did they extinguish down with dark wine the pyre-blaze.  
 As far as the flame had come, down-fell the deep ashes:  
 The white bones of their gentle companion, with tears,  
 They collected into a golden vase, and twice-folded fat:  
 In the tent having placed it, they veil'd it with delicately-woven fine linen;  
 The circumference of the mound they form'd, and laid the foundation  
 Around the funeral pile:† and raised the heap'd up earth.  
 Having raised the mound, they return'd. But Achilles  
 Detain'd the people there, and made-to-sit-down a wide encircling assembly.  
 From the ships prizes he brought, caldrons and tripods,  
 Horses and mules, and the vigorous heads of oxen,  
 And women with-lovely-waists, and grey iron.

## SOTHEBY.

Swift at the word, the winds with mighty roar  
 Flew, and far drove the gather'd clouds before,  
 Swept o'er the sea, while far and wide the deep  
 With all its billows swell'd beneath their sweep:  
 'Then Ilion reach'd, there rushing on the pyre,  
 Heard at their blast loud roar the blaze of fire.  
 The pyre, in every part, throughout the night,  
 Spread, as they shrilly blew, large flakes of light:  
 And, all that night, Pelides, the divine,  
 Held with pure hand a bowl of votive wine,  
 And fill'd it from a beaker framed of gold,  
 Then pour'd the offering on the hallow'd mould,  
 And ever as he pour'd it from the bowl,  
 With solemn voice invoked Patroclus' soul.  
 As when a father, lone, with grief half-wild,  
 Consumes the bones of his beloved child,  
 A youth just plighted, whose untimely death  
 Dooms to unsolaced woe his closing breath:  
 Thus as Achilles burnt Patroclus' bones,  
 Slow pacing nigh the pile, groans burst on groans.  
 Thus past the night; but when with dawning ray  
 Rose the fair morn-star, harbinger of day,  
 And saffron-robed Aurora onward came,  
 Sank on the wasted pile the dying flame—  
 Home rush'd the winds, and with returning blast  
 Swell'd up the Thracian billows, as they past:  
 Then worn Pelides from the pile withdrew,  
 And sleep her soothing mantle o'er him threw.  
 But when the host, a still increasing throng,  
 Tumultuous, to Achilles flock'd along,  
 Their din aroused him from refreshing rest:  
 He rose, and thus assembled Greece address'd:  
 "Atrides! and ye chiefs, my voice attend!  
 First, to Patroclus' pile your footsteps bend,  
 And there extinguish, far as spread the fire,  
 With copious wine the yet half-smouldering pyre.  
 Next, let us gather up each hallow'd bone  
 Of Menætiades, distinctly known:

\* "Notabile inventum ad excludendum ærem et cum eo putorem." Heyne.

† "Si recte assequor, tumulus in ipso rogi loco exstruitur," ut sup. II. 336. Heyne.

In the mid pyre he lay ; but, round his bed,  
Far off the steeds and men confus'dly spread.  
In a gold vase, with double cauls enclosed,  
Place we his bones, till mine are there deposed.  
I will not now a mighty mound upraise ;  
Yours be that hallow'd charge in after days ;  
Ye, the survivors of our hapless doom :  
'There the large mound extend, and pile a loftier tomb."

He spake: the host Pelides' word obey'd,  
Pour'd the dark wine, and all the flame allay'd,  
Far as the fire had spread its strength around,  
And the heap'd ashes sank, and strew'd the ground ; —  
Then tearful gathering up, the bones reposed  
In the gold vase, with double cauls enclosed :  
Bore to the tent, and hiding it from view,  
O'er all a veil of finest linen drew.  
Then, circling round the place, mark'd out the mound,  
And there the broad foundation firmly bound,  
Earth heap'd on earth, to raise the structure, laid,  
And back return'd, that last sad duty paid.  
Achilles then the multitude detain'd ;  
And all spectators of the sports remain'd. —  
Forth from his ships, along the crowded shore,  
His train the great rewards of contest bore :  
Caldrons and tripods, and the proud-neck'd steed,  
Mules, and large bodies of the bovine breed,  
And lovely girls, th' at richest vesture wore,  
And the bright splendour of his iron ore.

In this way has imagination at all times blended itself with the passion of sorrow. The strong feeling in which the mind begins to work is the wound of its own loss. But immediately its wider feelings are opened up, and from all its stores of thought, from all its sources of passion, images and desires begin to crowd in, which belong not to that particular affliction, but to the universal constitution of our nature, and to its common lot. Such has been the origin of the funeral honours and consecrations of the dead. The soul in its sorrow was not satisfied to mourn. But awakened by its own anguish to the vivid realization of all those conceptions which the living spirit has gathered upon the name of death, it went down into the regions to which the ghost was gone, and found it shivering on the shores of the unnavigable river, till its funeral rites were paid. It found the departed soul yet troubled with the passions it had left on earth, and still communicating, by its mysterious sensibility, with the affections and the acts of the living. Hence stately obsequies were made, to solace with the last tribute of love that shadowy being ; warriors circled thrice with inverted arms the figure of the warrior slain ; wine was shed on the flame ; and blood was poured

from human bosoms to gladden the immortal spirit with earthly revenge. Wailings and shrieks were raised around the pile, to thrill for the last time unhearing ears ; and the farewell of the living to the dead was duly spoken, as if he were but then departing from the coasts of life.

"Salve aeternum, mihi, maxume Palla !  
Æternumque vale !"

Delightful is it thus to recall to memory a parallel passage from Virgil the divine—the Funeral of Pallas. The same passionate spirit breathes over that beautiful picture—coloured by a gentler and more pensive genius. From Homer's "Golden Urn" Virgil "drew light ;" and poets there have been, who, at the farthing rushlight of some poet-aster, have kindled their own huge pine-torch, that far and wide has illuminated the horizon. What is the use of making comparisons between Homer and Virgil ? Of each it may be said, in the mystic language of Wordsworth—

"Thou—thou art not a child of Time,  
But offspring of the Eternal Prime."

Virgil, according to "the whisper of a faction," is an imitator. So is every great poet. Shakspeare was a thief, and Homer was a robber.

Sympathy is one of the strengths of a poet's soul; and sympathy, at its height and depth, works into imitation. Imitation, therefore, is proof, power, test, trial, growth and result, cause and effect, of original genius. "The same! but oh! how different!" What a fund of philosophy in these few words! Æneas is not Achilles—Pallas is not Patroclus. But each illustrious pair were Knights-Commanders of the Order of the Stainless Shield—and theirs were immortal friendships. Achilles and Patroclus were nearly of an age. But Æneas was like the elder brother of Pallas, who had been committed to his care

by old Evander, that his princely boy might learn the last lessons of chivalry from the great Trojan. When Pallas fell, Æneas mourned with a twofold passion of grief. Nor had he the fiery spirit of Achilles. Therefore there is the most touching tenderness, but no startling intensity, in his sorrows. The anguish—and the agony—these are reserved for Evander; and our bosoms are rendered by his lamentations as sorely as by those of Priam. Nothing can be more affecting—more pathetic—than the following Virgilian strain sounded through the fire-touched lips of Dryden.

Thus, weeping while he spoke, he took his way,  
Where, now in death, lamented Pallas lay:  
Acetes watch'd the corpse; whose youth deserved  
The father's trust, and now the son he served  
With equal faith, but less auspicious care:  
The attendants of the slain his sorrow share.  
A troop of Trojans mix'd with these appear,  
And mourning matrons with dishevell'd hair.  
Soon as the prince appears, they raise a cry;  
All beat their breasts, and echoes rend the sky.  
They rear his drooping forehead from the ground;  
But when Æneas view'd the grisly wound  
Which Pallas in his manly bosom bore,  
And the fair flesh distain'd with purple gore:  
First, melting into tears, the pious man  
Deplored so sad a sight, then thus began.

"Thus having mourn'd, he gave the word around,  
To raise the breathless body from the ground;  
And chose a thousand horse, the flower of all  
His warlike troops, to wait the funeral:  
To bear him back, and share Evander's grief  
(A well-becoming, but a weak relief).  
Of oaken twigs they twist an easy bier;  
Then on their shoulders the sad burthen rear.  
The body on this rural hearse is borne,  
Strew'd leaves and funeral greens the bier adorn.  
All pale he lies, and looks a lovely flower,  
New crott by virgin hands, to dress the bower:  
Unfaded yet, but yet unfed below.  
No more to mother earth or the green stem shall owe.  
Then two fair vests, of wondrous work and cost,  
Of purple woven, and with gold embost,  
For ornament the Trojan hero brought,  
Which with her hands Sidonian Dido wrought.  
One vest array'd the corpse, and one they spread  
O'er his closed eyes, and wrapp'd around his head:  
That when the yellow hair in flame should fall,  
The catching fire might burn the golden caul.  
Besides the spoils of foes in battle slain,  
When he descended on the Latian plain:  
Arms, trappings, horses, by the hearse he led  
In long array (the achievements of the dead.)  
Then, pinion'd with their hands behind, appear  
The unhappy captives, marching in the rear:  
Appointed offerings in the victor's name,  
To sprinkle with their blood the funeral flame.

Inferior trophies by the chiefs are borne;  
 Gauntlets and helms, their loaded hands adorn;  
 And fair inscriptions fixt, and titles read,  
 Of Latian leaders conquer'd by the dead.  
 Acætes on his pupil's corpse attends,  
 With feeble steps; supported by his friends:  
 Pausing at every pace, in sorrow drown'd,  
 Betwixt their arms he sinks upon the ground.  
 Where grovelling, while he lies in deep despair,  
 He beats his breast, and rends his hoary hair.  
 The champion's chariot next is seen to roll,  
 Besmear'd with hostile blood, and honourably foul.  
 To close the pomp, Æthon, the steed of state,  
 Is led, the funerals of his lord to wait.  
 Stripp'd of his trappings, with a sullen pace  
 He walks, and the big tears run rolling down his face:  
 The lance of Pallas, and the crimson crest,  
 Are borne behind; the victor seized the rest.  
 The march begins: the trumpets hoarsely sound,  
 The pikes and lances trail along the ground.  
 Thus, while the Trojan and Arcadian horse  
 To Pallantean towers direct their course,  
 In long procession rank'd; the pious chief  
 Stopp'd in the rear, and gave a vent to grief.  
 "The public care," he said, "which war attends,  
 Diverts our present woes, at least suspends;  
 Peace with the manes of great Pallas dwell;  
 Hail, holy relics, and a last farewell!"

Æneas did not act well towards Dido. We do not mean in leaving her, for his departure was inevitable, it being doomed; and had he staid at Carthage, what had become of the Æneid? but in allowing her to indulge in "loving not wisely, but too well;" especially in that cave. Electricity is always perilous; and hence knight and lady fair have seldom escaped scatheless from such seclusion during a thunder-storm. We forgive them both. But Æneas redeems his character from the charge of selfishness, by his whole conduct towards Pallas and Evander. He had a good heart. He remorsefully reproaches himself for having suffered the young hero to encounter danger

and death in *his* war. He fears to look again on the face of the good old king, whom he has made sonless.

"And what a friend hast thou, Ascanius, lost!"

That is the last line of his heroic elegy over the corpse; and afterwards, on the decisive day, what are his words to Turnus?

"Pallas! te hoc vulnere Pallas  
 Immolat!"

Yes! Æneas was a hero.

Say not that Virgil is often pathetic, but never sublime. For believe thou with us that the pathetic is the sublime, as it comes pouring purely forth from the ether of a poet's soul. Thus—

The morn had now dispell'd the shades of night;  
 Restoring toils, when she restor'd the light;  
 The Trojan king, and Tuscan chief, command  
 To raise the piles along the winding strand:  
 Their friends convey the dead to funeral fires;  
 Black smould'ring smoke from the green wood expires;  
 The light of Heaven is chok'd, and the new day retires.  
 Then thrice around the kindled piles they go  
 (For ancient custom had ordain'd it so).  
 Thrice horse and foot about the fires are led,  
 And thrice with loud laments they hail the dead.  
 Tears trickling down their breasts bedew the ground;  
 And drums and trumpets mix their mournful sound.  
 Amid the blaze, their pious brethren throw  
 The spoils, in battle taken from the foe;  
 Helms, bits embost, and swords of shining steel,  
 One casts a target, one a chariot-wheel:

Some to their fellows their own arms restore ;  
 The falchions which in luckless fight they bore ;  
 Their bucklers pierced, their darts bestow'd in vain,  
 And shiver'd lances gather'd from the plain :  
 Whole herds of offer'd bulls about the fire,  
 And bristled boars, and woolly sheep, expire.  
 Around the piles a careful troop attends,  
 To watch the wasting flames, and weep their burning friends.  
 Lingerin' along the shore, till dewy night  
 New decks the face of Heaven with starry light.

The ancients—Hebrews, Greeks, Romans—had all noble ideas and feelings in their friendships. David and Jonathan—Achilles and Patroclus—Pylades and Orestes—Damon and Pythias—Nisus and Euryalus—and many others—real or phantoms—of the sages or the heroes. What is such friendship, when flowering on the battle-field, but peace-in-war! Profoundest repose of all the heart's best affections in the midst of its most tempestuous passions! A *loun* hour in midst of a day of storms!

Virgil pours his entire heart into the episode of Nisus and Euryalus—Homer all his into that loftier brotherhood. Both alike, under such inspiration, must have felt confident of immortality. The consciousness in the soul of genius of its own imperishable greatness, meets our perfect sympathy, when that genius exercises itself in the finest and most famous arts. We are easily able, for example, to imagine that the sculptor or the painter, while he looks with delight himself on the beautiful forms that are rising into life under his hand, feels rejoicingly that other men, formed by nature with souls like his own, will look with the same emotion on the same forms, and thank him to whose genius they owe their delight. We can conceive, without difficulty, the consciousness which Virgil felt of the delight which his verse would inspire, when, having celebrated, in that perhaps the most beautiful passage in all his poetry, the perilous and fatal adventure of those two youthful warriors, and closed their eyes in death, he adds, rejoicingly,

"Fortunati ambo ! si quid mea carmina  
 possint,  
 Nulla dies unquam memori vos eximet  
 ævo,  
 Dum domus Æneæ Capitoli immobile  
 saxum  
 Accolet, imperiumque Pater Romæ  
 habebit !"

He prophesied falsely of the duration of the Roman greatness ; but he committed no error in prophesying his own fame ; and the delight which he felt himself in the tender and beautiful picture he had drawn, is felt, as he believed it would be, by numberless spirits. He was not deceived, then, in the assurance he felt of an undying sympathy among men with his own emotions ; in his certainty that he should touch their hearts with a pensive pleasure, and win from them, along with love for his fallen heroes, some fond and grateful affection to him who had sung so well the story of their fortunes.

And think ye not that Homer, too, exulted in the consciousness that he had won himself an immortal fame, when he was conceiving for Achilles the tender desire that his body should lie in the same tomb with that of his Patroclus ? "The time may come," said the hero, "when Greece may decree us a vaster monument." There spake Homer's own heart, in the fulness of the pride of inspiration. Millions yet unborn would visit that mound, because of the glorifying song that illuminated its verdure with immortal light. Achilles was either to return home, and live and die obscurely happy, or to "fall in the blaze of his fame" before Troy. And the bard, in his prescience, knew that congenial spirits, in the after-time, would think it happiness enough for Achilles, that he had been sung by Homer. Not else had Alexander the Great sought the tomb of the hero whom he admired and resembled—though Homer's Achilles never saw the light of our day, but was in the air-world of imagination an ideal phantom, glorified by genius into the life that never dies.

From this unintended digression we now hasten back to the close of the funeral rites of Patroclus.

Those magnificent rites are follow-

ed duly by the funeral games—and who should preside over them—but Achilles? Agamemnon himself is there—and all the chiefs. But Achil-

les is king to-day; and he has received his sceptre from the hand of sorrow. How heroic his bearing from first to last!

COWPER.

Atrides, and ye other valiant Greeks!  
These prizes, in the circus placed, attend  
The charioteers. Held we the present games  
In honour of some other Grecian dead,  
I would myself bear hence the foremost prize;  
For well ye know my steeds, that they surpass  
All else, and are immortal; Neptune's gift  
To my own father, and his gift to me.  
But neither I this contest share myself,  
Nor shall my steeds; for they would miss the force  
And guidance of a charioteer so kind  
As they have lost, who many a time hath cleansed  
Their manes with water of the crystal brook,  
And made them sleek, himself, with limpid oil.  
Him, therefore, mourning, motionless they stand,  
With hair dishevell'd, streaming to the ground.  
But ye, whoever of the host profess  
Superior skill, and glory in your steeds  
And well-built chariots, for the strife prepare!

So spake Pelides, and arose the charioteers for speed renowned—Eumelus, accomplished in equestrian arts—Diomedes, the son of Tydeus—he yoked the coursers won by himself in battle from Æneas, what time Apollo saved their master—the son of Atreus with the golden locks, Menelaus, who joined to his chariot the mare of Agamemnon, swift Æthe, and his own Podargus—and Antilochus, son of Nestor, his bright-maned steeds prepared, of Pylian breed. At the sight, grief for the dead fades before the glory of the living—yet with what noble pathos does Achilles here remember his friend!

Tydidēs is victor; and the prizes are delivered in order;—the last of all to—Nestor, by Achilles himself, the Flower of Chivalry and Courtesy, in honour and reverence of Old Age. "Take thou, my Father! and for ever keep this in store, that thou mayst never forget the funeral of my friend! accept it as a free gift: for, fallen as thou art into the wane of life, thou must wield the cæstus, wrestle, at the spear contend, or in the foot-race, henceforth no more!"—"My son! I accept thy gift with joy;—glad is my heart that thou art evermore mindful of one who loves thee, and that now thou yielddest me such honour as is due to my years, in sight of all the Greeks. So may the gods immortalize thy name!" Such the princely bearing of Achilles on the first con-

test; and look on him now at the proposal of the last. In the circus he places a ponderous spear and caldron yet unfired, and around embossed with flowers—and uprise at once the spearmen, Agamemnon and Meriones, when Achilles thus addresses the king of men—nor is Sotheby's English inferior to Homer's Greek:

"Achilles spake—'King! thy surpassing art

All know, far far o'er all to hurl the dart,  
And—if thy will, Atrides!—such is mine—  
The lance be that brave chief's—the caldron thine.'

He spake: and Atreus' son, with joyful mind,

The lance to brave Meriones resign'd:  
And bade Talthylus to his tent convey  
The beauteous caldron, to record the day."

Old Homer was indeed a perfect gentleman. In the noblest of all warlike arts, that of the spear, he makes Agamemnon's self rise to contend, in honour of Patroclus—the brother of him he had so outrageously wronged—but whom he has now gloriously righted in the presence of all Greece. The mutual forgiveness is now complete—complete the reconciliation. Both heroes stand now in each other's estimation as they did before that fatal quarrel. Achilles, indeed, needed no vindication; but Agamemnon did; and in that incident, closing the games with such dignity, we

feel that he was indeed the King of Men,—such a king as even Socrates himself—in that divine dialogue of Plato which Cicero asked who could read without tears—hoped,

“ When he had shuffled off this mortal coil,”

to converse with in Elysium.

The assembly broke up, and to the swift-sailing ships the people all Dispersed went: for mindful were they of repast, And of sweet sleep to have their full: but Achilles Wept, calling to mind his beloved friend; nor him did sleep, The all-subduing, seize, but now here, now there he toss'd, Desiderating the manhood and the vigorous might of Patroclus; What toilsome labours he had terminated along with him, what distresses he had endured,

While passing through the battles of heroes, and dangerous waves:

Remembering all this—he let fall abundant tears.

One while reclining on his sides,—at another

Supine, and now on his face, then, standing up aright,

He saunter'd about sorrowing, along the shore of the sea: him not the morn,

When dawning on the sea and on the shore, missed:

But he, when he had yoked the swiftest horses to the chariot,

Bound Hector, to be dragg'd behind his chariot:

Thrice having dragg'd him around the mound of the dead Menœtiades,

Again he paused in his tent, him (Hector) he left

Extended prone in the dust: but Apollo from his

Body ward off all unseemliness,\* (putrefaction,) pitying the man

Even though dead: all around he veil'd him with his *Ægis*

Of gold, that when dragging him along he might not lacerate him.

The Fury will not leave his heart. She still glares in his bloodshot eyes—and through that ghastly light, discolouring and disfiguring, Achilles still sees the character and the corpse of Hector. Would that his rage suffered him to chop the slayer of Patroclus into pieces, and devour him raw! That savage desire is dead, but it gave way but to another—satiated—if his hate be not insatiable—by thus dragging the body at his chariot round the mound of Menœtiades. He sees not in that body the son of Priam, the Prince of the people, the defender of his country, the worshipper of the gods, but a wretch accursed—a hound abhorred—trampled on, stabbed, mutilated, but not yet enough insulted, and punished, and excommunicated from humanity; as is its ghost from all other ghosts in the world of shadows. 'Tis thus that in his insanity he has looked on Hector—living or dead—thus that he has thought on him—ever since Patroclus' death. And thus it is that rage, and hate, and revenge, kindled in war, or haply in peace, separate the souls of us mortal beings in bitterest enmi-

The games are over—the army is broken up—and to repast and sleep have gone all the people. Night and silence once more invest the camp; and again begins the passion of Achilles. His thoughts are like the rage *Leonum vincula recusantum*.

ty, whom nature graciously framed to live in the bonds of brotherhood. Had Helen and Paris never sinned, how heroic might have been the friendship of Achilles and Hector! The heir-apparent of the throne of Troy might have visited the son of Peleus in his father's court of Phthia, and bards immortalized the mutual affection of the heroes. For prodigally endowed were they both by the gods with the noblest gifts of nature, and to Achilles Hector might have been Patroclus. Such is the mystery of this life; but in the Elysian Fields they may repose together in immortal love on the meads of Asphodel.

While thus Achilles in his wrath disgraced his noble foe, looking down from heaven the Immortals pitied him; all but Juno and Pallas—remembering how Paris in his rural home had disdained them, and preferred to theirs the charms of Venus—and the sovereign power of Ocean, the earth-encircling Earth-shaker. Apollo pleads with Jove for the restoration of the body of his beloved Hector to Priam; and Iris summons Thetis to heaven from her lamenta-



tions for her noble son, ordained to die far distant from his home at Troy. She is commissioned by the Thunderer to tell the Implacable that

it is the will of heaven he should now relent, and receive the ransom.

COWPER.

So spake the God, nor Thetis not complied ;  
 Descending swift from the Olympian heights  
 She reach'd Achilles' tent. Him there she found  
 Groaning disconsolate, while others ran  
 To and fro, occupied around a sheep  
 New-slaughter'd large, and of exuberant fleece.  
 She, sitting close beside him, softly strok'd  
 His cheek, and thus, affectionate, began :  
 "How long, my son! sorrowing and mourning here,  
 Wilt thou consume thy soul, nor give one thought  
 Either to food or love? Yet love is good,  
 And woman grief's best cure; for length of days  
 Is not thy doom, but, even now, thy death  
 And ruthless destiny are on the wing.  
 Mark me—I come ambassadress from Jove.  
 The Gods, he saith, resent it, but himself  
 More deeply than the rest, that thou retain'st  
 Amid thy fleet, through fury of revenge,  
 Unransom'd Hector. Be advised, accept  
 Ransom, and to his friends resign the dead."  
 To whom Achilles, swiftest of the swift :  
 "Come then the ransom, and take him hence;  
 So be it, if such be the desire of Jove."

And now Iris, "who to her feet ties whirlwinds," is despatched to Troy, to enjoin Priam to repair unto Achaia's fleet with such gifts as may assuage Achilles. The old king sets out on his journey, and, under the guidance of Hermes, who meets him in shape of a "princely boy, now clothing first his ruddy cheek with down, which is youth's loveliest season," reaches in his car, with the glorious ransom-price of Hector, the tent of the Destroyer. See it in Sotheby, who has a fine eye for the picturesque:—

Then to the tent of great Achilles came,  
 Whose wider amplitude, and loftier frame,  
 To grace their king his Myrmidons had made,

With trunks of pine on pine in order laid,  
 And, from the marshes, for the shelt'ring roof,

Mow'd many a reed, and firmly rear'd aloof,

And compassing the court's wide spreading bound,

Girt, it with fence of thickest stakes around.

One bar, a pine, immense in size and weight,

From free intrusion fenced the guarded gate;

Three Greeks alone, with all their strength amain,

Could draw it back, or forward force again;

Achilles singly heaved it.—There the god Gave Priam entrance to the chief's abode.

And will the wretched old man indeed venture into such a presence? Yes—and without fear. For he has yet a kingly spirit—though, for his dear Hector's sake, willing with his hoary locks to sweep the dust. Hermes had told Priam from Jove not to dread Achilles.

The Argicide shall guide, shall onward lead,

Till to Achilles' presence thou proceed :  
 There boldly enter, nor Pelides dread,  
 That hero will not wound, but guard thy head.

For Pelus' son, not senseless, rash, unjust,

But prompt to raise the suppliant from the dust.

So Hermes spoke to Priam in his own palace; and now that they have reached the tent of the Terrible, before reascending the Olympian heights, he comforts him with the same assurance, bidding him enter, and seize fast the knees of Achilles, and adjure the gods to compassionate him, by his aged sire, by his beautiful mother, and his darling son.

We shall venture to give in our literal prose, from beginning to end, the whole of this immortal scene. It is manifestly impossible for us to quote the poetical versions of the

Four. Suffice it to say, that Sotheby, power, sustains his high character, in this severest trial of skill and and is inferior to none of his rivals.

## NORTH.

Right on to the tent march'd the old man  
In which Achilles was sitting, beloved of Jove: in it himself  
He found: but his companions were seated apart: these two alone,  
The hero Automedon, and Alcimus—a shoot of Mars,  
Minister'd, standing near: for he had newly ceased from food,  
Having eaten and drank: and the table still stood near:  
The huge Priam having enter'd, escaped the notice of these, and standing near,  
With his hands Achilles' knees he grasp'd, and kiss'd (those) hands  
Terrible, homicidal, which had slain so many of his sons.  
As when an overwhelming calamity hath taken hold of a man, who, in his own  
country,  
Having slain a human being, hath come among another people,  
To a rich man's (house), amazement seizes those looking upon him!  
In like manner stood Achilles aghast, when beholding the godlike Priam:  
Aghast, too, stood the others,—gazing on each other.  
But him Priam, supplicating, address'd:  
“Think on thy father, oh, Achilles, like to the gods!  
Who is of the same years as I, on the mournful threshold of old age:  
Him, peradventure, some neighbouring (rivals) dwelling around him,  
Are oppressing, nor is there one to avert evil and destruction:  
Yet he, indeed, hearing that thou art alive,  
Rejoices in his soul, and every day hopes  
To see his beloved son return'd from Troy:  
But I (am) thoroughly ill-fated, for I begat most valiant sons  
In wide Troy—of them not one can I say to have been left.  
Fifty they were to me, when the sons of the Greeks arrived:  
Nineteen were from one womb,  
But all the rest (my) concubines brought forth to me in the palaces.  
Of many of these did impetuous Mars unnerve the knees;  
But him who was my alone one, and defended my city and them,  
Him hast thou lately slain, while defending his native land,  
—Hector: on his account now come I to the ships of the Greeks,  
To redeem him of thee, and bring an unbounded ransom.  
But, oh! Achilles, reverence the gods, and pity me,  
Calling to mind your own father! truly still more pitiable am I,  
For I have endured what never did any other earth-inhabiting mortal,  
—To draw to my mouth the hand of the man that-slew-my-children.”  
Thus spoke he: and in him he stirr'd up the longing of grief for his father,  
And, having taken him by the hand, he gently push'd away the old man.  
Both call'd to remembrance (the past); the one, Hector the manslayer  
Lamented incessantly, prostrate at the feet of Achilles:  
But Achilles bewail'd his own father, and, by turns,  
Patroclus: and their groans rose up throughout the house.  
But after Achilles had had his full of bewailing,  
And the longing for it had departed from his mind and from his body,  
Forthwith from his seat started he, and by the hand upraised the old man,  
Taking pity on his hoary head, and hoary beard;  
And, addressing him, spoke (these) wing'd words:—  
“Ah, wretched one! many evils hast thou endured in thy mind.  
How did'st thou dare to come alone to the ships of the Greeks,  
Into the presence of a man who thy many and brave  
Sons slew? Surely thou hast a heart of steel!  
But come, sit down beside me on the seat; and our sorrows altogether  
Let us allow to lie down in our minds—grieved though we be;  
For there is no profit in freezing lamentation.  
Thus, then, have the gods spun the destiny of miserable mortals  
To live mourning; but they themselves are without cares.  
In the threshold of Jove lie two tasks  
Of gifts which he gives, the one of evils, but the other of blessings;  
(He) on whom Jupiter, who delights in thunder, having mingled (them), shall  
bestow (both),

At one time is in evil, at another in good :  
 (But) to whom he shall give of the bad, him hath he made subject to reproach ;  
 Him ravenous misery persecutes on the gracious earth,  
 And he goes about, neither honour'd by gods nor mortals.  
 So, indeed, on Peleus did the gods bestow splendid gifts  
 From his birth : for he was distinguished among all men  
 For plenty and wealth, and ruled over the Myrmidons ;  
 And to him, though a mortal, they gave a goddess to wife :  
 Yet even on him hath God inflicted an evil, in that no  
 Offspring of sons has been born in his house, to rule after him,  
 But an only son hath he begot, destined-to-perish-untimely ; nor him indeed  
 Do I cherish in his old age, since very far from my native land  
 Do I sit before Troy, saddening thee and thy children.  
 Thee, too, old man, have we heard, as once abounding in as much riches  
 As Lesbos southward, the seat of Macar, contains within itself,  
 And Phrygia eastward, and the far-extended Hellespont—  
 All these, old man, they say, didst thou surpass in riches and in sons.  
 But from the time when the celestials have inflicted on thee this calamity,  
 Battles and man-slayings have continually beset thy city.  
 Endure, nor unceasingly mourn in thine heart,  
 For nothing will it profit thee to be sad for thy son,  
 For thou shalt not raise him up again, before some new evil shalt thou suffer."  
 Him then answer'd the old man, the god-like Priam !  
 " Do not at all make-me-to-sit-down on a seat, Jove-nourish'd one, in so long as  
 Hector  
 Lies uncared-for (unburied) in the tents, but quick as possible  
 Ransomed-restore-him, that with (these) eyes I may behold him ; and do thou receive  
 the ransom  
 Magnificent, which we bring to thee : \* and mayst thou enjoy it, and return  
 To thy father-land, since thou hast first permitted me,  
 Myself, both to live and to look upon the light of the sun."  
 Him the swift-footed Achilles, sternly-eyeing, addressed :—  
 " Provoke me no more, old man ; I myself purpose,  
 Ransomed-to-restore Hector : from Jove to me came as a messenger  
 The mother who bore me, the daughter of the sea-dwelling old man :  
 But, Priam, I know thee in my mind, nor deceivest thou me,  
 In that some god hath conducted thee to the swift ships of the Greeks ;  
 For no mortal might dare to enter, not even though very youth-vigorous,  
 The camp ; since neither could-he-escape-the-notice-of the guards, nor the bars  
 Of our gates easily unbolt.  
 Therefore, no more rouse thou my soul in (its) sorrows,  
 Lest thee, old man, even thee I endure not in the camp,  
 Suppliant though thou be, and offend against the behests of Jove."  
 Thus spoke he : the old man feared, and obeyed the command.  
 But the son of Peleus from the house like a lion sprang forth ;  
 Not alone : along with him two attendants follow'd,  
 The hero Automedon, and Alcimus, whom chiefly indeed  
 Of his companions Achilles honour'd, since Patroclus was now dead—  
 They then from the yoke unloosed the horses and mules,  
 And introduced the summoning herald \* of the old man,  
 And placed him on a seat : from the beautifully-polish'd car  
 They took the unbounded ransom of Hector's head.  
 But two robes they left, and a fine-woven tunic,  
 That covering the corpse, he (Priam) might give it to be carried home.  
 Calling to him his maid-servants, he ordered them to wash, and to anoint all around  
 (The corpse)—taking it apart, so that Priam might not behold his son,  
 Lest he should not in his sorrowing heart restrain his anger.  
 When looking on his son, and rouse up the heart (wrath) of Achilles  
 To slay him, and violate the behests of Jove.  
 It, when the hand-maidens had washed, and anointed with oil,  
 Around it they cast the beautiful mantle and the tunic,

\* "κήρυκα καλήτερά." Ἐπιτιτικῆς τὴν κήρυκα, ἀπὸ τοῦ βαῖν καὶ συγκαλῆν ἔχλον.—  
 Schol.

And Achilles himself having lifted up, placed it in the couch,  
And along with him his attendants raised it up into the beautifully-polish'd car.

Then groan'd he, calling-by-name on his beloved friend,  
"Be not angry with me, Patroclus, if perchance thou mayst hear,  
Even in Ades, that ransom'd-I-have-restored the illustrious Hector  
To his father; since no unbecoming ransom hath he given,  
Of which I verily on thee will bestow as much as is befitting."

He said, and to his tent return'd the illustrious Achilles,  
And sat down on his splendidly-Dædalian reclining-chair, from which he had uprisen,  
From the opposite wall, and to Priam these words address'd:

"Ransom-restored hath been thy son to thee, old man, as thou did'st wish;  
In the couch he lies, and, along with the day-spring,  
Thou thyself shalt behold and carry him away: but now let us be mindful of supper.  
For even the beautiful-hair'd Niobe was mindful of food,

Although even her twelve children were cut off in the house,  
Six daughters truly, and six blooming sons;

Them Apollo slew from (by means of) his silver bow,  
Being enraged at Niobe; the former, Diana that-delights-in-arrows (slew),  
Because she (Niobe) had compared herself with the beautiful-check'd Latona,  
For she said that *she* had brought forth two, while she herself had produced many.  
But they (Apollo and Diana) though two destroy'd them all,  
For-nine-days lay they in their slaughter (blood), nor was there one  
To bury them; for Jove had made the people stone.

Them, however, on the tenth day did the gods of heaven bury:  
Yet even she was mindful of food, when weary of weeping.

And now somewhere among the rocks, among the sheep-frequented (solitary) mountains,

In Sipylus, where they say is the cradle of the goddess—  
Nymphs, who move-vigorously (dance) around (on the banks) of the Achelous,  
There, although of stone, does she digest\* her sorrows, from (inflicted by) the gods.  
But come, illustrious old man, let us concern ourselves  
About food, and afterwards mayst thou weep for thy beloved son,  
When you have carried him to Troy; much-wept-for shall he be by thee."

He said, and starting up, a sheep, white-fleeced, the swift Achilles  
Slew, (which) his companions slay'd, and prepared skilfully and gracefully,  
And into-small-portions-cut it attentively, and spits pass'd through it,  
And roasted it circumspectly, and drew all off (the spits).

But Automedon having taken bread, portion'd it out on the table  
In beautiful baskets, and Achilles portion'd out the flesh.

They stretch'd forth their hands to the good cheer† (now) ready and served up.

After they had removed the desire of food and drink,  
Then indeed did the Dardanian Priam gaze-with-admiration on Achilles,  
How large, and what kind he was, (his stature and beauty;) for he seem'd in presence  
like the gods:

And Achilles gazed with admiration on the Dardanian Priam,  
Contemplating his benevolent countenance, and listening to his words!

But when they were satisfied with beholding one another,  
The god-like aged Priam first address'd him:

"Send-me-to-repose, Joye-nourish'd-one, that now  
Lull'd in sweet sleep we may be recruited;  
For never have my eyes under my eyelids closed,  
From the time when, under thy hands, my son lost his life,  
But ever I groan, and ten thousand woes digest,  
In the enclosures of my court, rolling myself in the dust:  
But now have I fed upon food, and the dark wine  
Have I sent (poured) down my throat: for never before had I fed."

He said: but Achilles gave orders to his companions and bondswomen  
To prepare a bed beneath the portico, and beautiful bedclothes  
Of purple to onlay, and thereupon coverlets to place,  
And soft fleeces to put on, to be drawn over from above.  
They went forth from the house, having in their hands each a torch,

\* *Κνῆσα πῖσσι*—Shakspeare's "chewing the cud of sweet and bitter memory."

† *ὀψιαι*, lit. profitable things.

And immediately they made up two conches-with-sedulous haste,  
 When the swift-footed Achilles, false-fear-infusing\* into him, thus addressed him ;  
 " Sleep thou without, beloved old man, lest any one of the Greeks  
 As a consultant should come here, for such continually  
 Are sitting by me deliberating in council, as the manner is :  
 Of these, if any one should see thee through the swift dark night,  
 Forthwith will he tell it to Agamemnon, the shepherd of the people,  
 And peradventure a procrastination of the ransoming of the corpse may take place.  
 But come now, tell me this, and truly tell me,  
 How many-days art-thou anxious-for to bury the illustrious Hector,  
 Since so long will I myself be at rest, and restrain the people."  
 Him the venerable god-like Priam then addressed :—  
 " If me thou wish to celebrate funeral rites to the illustrious Hector,  
 By so doing, a grateful-favour wilt thou confer on me, Achilles.  
 Thou knowest that we are shut up in the city, and from afar must wood  
 Be brought from the city, and much panic-struck are the Trojans.  
 For nine days him shall we bewail in the house,  
 But on the tenth day would we bury him, and let the people have the funeral banquet :  
 On the eleventh day would we erect a mound upon him,  
 And on the twelfth will we renew the war, if it must needs be so."—  
 Him then addressed the swift-footed, god-like Achilles :  
 " It shall be so, venerable Priam, since thus thou wishest it :  
 The war, for as long as thou orderest, will I restrain."  
 Thus having spoken, the old man's right hand at the wrist  
 He grasped, that he might not in any respect be alarmed in mind,  
 And in the vestibule of the abode *l'ere*, there went to sleep  
 The herald and Priam, having prudent counsels in their breast ;  
 But Achilles slept in a corner of the well-compacted tent,  
 And beside him lay the beautiful-cheeked Briseïs.

This was, perhaps, the boldest attempt ever undertaken and achieved in one single scene by any poet. We do not except even the wonderful works of Shakspeare, who "exhausted worlds, and then imagined new," or of Milton, who not only brought together angels and us conversing in Paradise, but ventured even on more transcendent strains. The heart of Homer could not rest till he had reconciled the Destroyer and the Bereaved. Such was the nobility of his nature, and such the congenial grandeur of his genius, that he felt a high and holy duty imposed on him by the Muse, of which he was the Voice, to conquer and overcome all mortal horror, repulsion, and repugnance in the hearts of his heroes, and to vindicate in them the laws that bind together the brotherhood of the human race. His triumph is perfect in that reconciliation. Throughout the whole interview the flow of feeling is strong "as a mountain river" that issues in power from its very source ; with many magni-

ficent breaks and many majestic flows it pursues its way ; and ends tranquilly in the wide wide sea, under the hush of night, "when all the stars of heaven are on its breast."

We beheld a stormy morning—and a day of storms—nor knew how to hope for termination of the tempest. But we find ourselves "at dewy to-fall of the night" in the midst of profoundest peace. All passion has raved itself away ; no sound is heard in the Tent but the murmurs of the midnight sea ; and Achilles and Priam, like princes at peace, are asleep beneath the reed-roof of the pine-pillared edifice, while their tutelary gods inspire into their souls undisturbing dreams. Out in the open air, before the porch, and beneath the pity of the stars, laid thereon by the heroic hands that slew the hero, and decently composed his limbs at last, and covered with fair vesture, lies on the car of Priam the ransomed body of Hector. From all disfigurement and decay Apollo had saved it with his golden shield ; nor

\* *Ἐκινεσσεύων*—wounding by sarcastic railery—must here mean, *falsum timorem incutere cupiens*—τὸ κινεσσεῖν ὅν τε αἰσχύνην ἔχον ὑβριστικῶς, ἢ ὀνειδιστικῶς, ἀλλ' ἐκίνησεν φόβον ψεύδους—not a contumelious or sarcastic roughness, but an exhibition of pretended fear, says Eustathius on this passage. Heyne, however, translates it, "*Subridendo et quasi leniter jocando*,"

will Hecuba and Andromache need to regard with horror in their grief the face of the Defender.

MHNIN αἰδέσθαι, ὅτι δὲ, Πηλεΐδῃσιν Ἀχιλλῆος.

That great line has been developed—out of it has grown the Iliad.

“Like some tall palm the stately fabric rose.”

Yet have there been critics, and those, too, of some “mark and likelihood,” who have been unable to construe *MHNIN*—to understand the meaning of WRATH. They forget, too, that it was the Wrath of Achilles. They have complained of Homer, that he has inspired his hero with two Wraths—one—of which Agamemnon was the object—of the other, Hector. O the blind breasts of mortals! There was but one Wrath—but it was “wide and general as the casing air,”—in its atmosphere Achilles breathed—it was the plague—and Apollo sent it—it broke not out in boils and blains and blotches on the face of Achilles—for nothing could change the beautiful but into the terrible—but it bathed his eyes in fire, and discoloured to them all the green earth with blood. Wrath is a demon—and its name is Legion—for there are many; and the devils are like gods. The passion of Achilles—who was the Incarnation of the Will—hewed down, on all the high places, woods for fuel to burn on its own altar, a perpetual oblation and sacrifice, flaming day and night, to Revenge. Achilles had a noble understanding—no Greek among them all had larger Discourse of Reason. But he appealed to another power in his being, on his mighty wrong; and a response came to him, more sacred even than of conscience, “Relent not till Greece is trodden in the dust by Troy.”

MHNIN αἰδέσθαι, ὅτι δὲ, Πηλεΐδῃσιν Ἀχιλλῆος.

It is a miserable mistake to think that Achilles was at any time, except just at the very first burst on sustaining that injurious insult, wrathful with Agamemnon. The King of Men was the cause—but the effect flashed over his whole life. Never before had his heart conceived the possibility of insult to him the goddess-born. He had “taken the start of this majestic world,” and allegiance in all eyes looked acknowledgment of the divine right of him whom na-

ture had made and crowned a monarch of her own. In his superior presence the wisdom of Ulysses was mute—the strength of Ajax lost all its praise—dīm was the fire of Diomed—and the grey head of Nestor shone with joy when he did it reverence. Thersites’ self dared no scurrile jest within hearing of the son of Thetis. At the uplifting of his peaceful hand, the Myrmidons were meek as lambs—another wave—and away went the herd of wolves to lap the blood of battle. And then, had he not sacked a score of cities, slain their kings, and led captive the daughters of kings, gladly to live in the delights of love—leaving all of the man who had extinguished their kindred, but who still cherished closest to his great heart his affianced bride, Briseïs? *She was—not torn—for Agamemnon dared not violence to the Invincible—but taken from his Tent by the heralds—holy men even as the priests were holy—and Achilles in his wrath respected the servants of the laws, because the laws, he knew, are from Jove. His great soul enjoyed a religious pride (remember he was a pagan) in obedience—on that trial—to the Sire of the Gods.*

MHNIN αἰδέσθαι, ὅτι δὲ, Πηλεΐδῃσιν Ἀχιλλῆος.

The Wrath, you know, was just. And what is Revenge, but what one of the wisest of men has called it, a wild kind of Justice? Achilles sat not at the ships “nursing his Wrath to keep it warm.” “No fear lest dinner cool.” It was a repast of one dish, hot as if it had been baked in Erebus. It steamed up in his nostrils a bitter-sweet savour, while they dilated with the lust of that infernal food. To greatness of character is essential inflexibility of purpose; and he sat there, out of the battling in which, till then, had been his delight, a martyr to his own fury. His Wrath embraced now all the Greek army—all Greece—and especially himself—wroth was he exceedingly with Achilles. “Man pleased not him, nor woman either”—except Patroclus—and now and then, in dreadful dalliance of disappointed passion for another,

“Diomeda, Phœbus’ daughter fair;” yet he had delight still in Music and Poetry. Nor did the Harper smite

the strings like a madman. They yielded solemn sounds and high, for the chords were struck to odes chanted by the hero's voice, to the praise of the heroes. That voice was like a bell chiming among groves. It was of miraculous reach—but his contr'alto that soared skywards, was no falsetto—and his basso was like the sound of the hollow sea when the flowing tide is musical on the yellow sands in the night-silence. Beautiful 'twas felt to be by Ulysses, and Ajax, and Phoenix, when, on their hopeless mission, they paused at the door of the state-room of his Tent, to listen to Achilles, as if he had been Apollo. His very courtesy awed them; and they left him unmoved in his majesty, with even higher ideas of his heroic character, because that he was inexorable to all their prayers—while

“The war wide-wasted, and the people fell.”

From within—if at all—must be moved the soul of Achilles. The more terrible the passion, the more outlire its joy. And never is joy so deep, “as when drumly and dark it rolls on its way”—the main flood swollen by a thousand tributary streams, each, as it joins, lost in one general grim discoloration. And the soul of Achilles was moved—at last—from within—by his love for Patroclus. The first relenting of his Wrath—the first “change that came o'er the spirit of his dream,” vindicated his character at once from all that might have seemed questionable in his passion. The hero felt that Hector was too near the ships—in the remonstrance of the man dearest to his heart; and while other voices might as well have spoken to the winds, that of his brother began to move the hero. Like two trees had they grown up together in front of the palace of Peleus—they were as the pillars of his state. “Go then to battle—my Patroclus—and in the armour of thy Achilles!” He went—and died; and was his death, think ye, an anodyne to lull asleep the Wrath of him who sent his brother to destruction? But it became—say the philosophers—another Wrath; it continued the same Wrath, say we; but, like lightning glancing from tree to tree, or if lightning act not so,

like an arrow which does, it glanced from Agamemnon, and stopped not till it smote Hector.

MHNIN αἰδέι, Θεία, Πηληϊάδεω Ἀχιλλῆος.

But that Wrath, as yet, kindles not against the killer of Patroclus. It turns and fastens on his own heart. Dismally streaked is it now with the bloodshot agonies of grief. He rages against all that breathes—stirs—lives—dies. He is angry with gods and men—with Agamemnon, king of men—with himself—most of all with Hector—though he names him not—and with the doom of death, since it has fallen on Patroclus. What fierce embracement of the corpse! What fury in the aim meditated against that vein-swollen throat of his, choking in convulsive agonies heaved from his bursting heart! The Invincible about to be a suicide! But his hand is withheld—not by the warrior who kneels beside him—but by the same Familiar who had been with him ever since the insult—by Revenge. Then it is that the insult is forgotten—and Agamemnon too—and that one phantom establishes itself before his eyes—never more to leave them, till it be laid in blood—the image of Hector stripping Patroclus, and daring now to wear the armour Achilles wore. That now is the wrong—that now is the insult—let the living Briseis warm with love and delight the couch of Agamemnon—and none disturb their embraces; the dead body of Patroclus is now all his thought, and all his desire—and he will pursue his murderer till he has “torn the bloody reckoning from his heart.”

MHNIN αἰδέι, Θεία, Πηληϊάδεω Ἀχιλλῆος.

But who was it that rescued the body of Patroclus? Not Meriones and the Ajaces, from Hector's self, and restored his dead brother to Achilles? Achilles, unarmed—naked—but for the burning light with which Minerva haloed his head—beyond the fosse stood and shouted. That portentous apparition is the most sublime sight in poetry, and in nature; if, as we have said, sublimity be the union, as of cause and effect, of power and terror. Such is the union of the two, in thunder, lightning, and the sea, and the roar of battle when hosts commingle; and such then was their union in the figure, face, and

voice of one then invested by heaven with supernatural attributes, to astound and scatter a whole warlike host.

His goddess-mother alone knew how to lay the agonies of his wrathful woe. It was by elevating his whole spirit to a still loftier pitch of heroism by those heavenly Arms and Armour, to forge which roared all the furnaces in the celestial smithy. She knew the sight of that Shield, engraven with the glories of earth and heaven, would pacify her hero. From the dread music of the bright trembling and quivering beaten silver and gold, as Thetis dropt it, arms and armour, at the feet of her son, all the Myrmidons fled howling; but in that music Achilles heard the death-doom of Hector. He armed—he mounted—and, like the sun-god—unappalled by portents and prodigies—when his war-steeds spake—he drove to battle—in a whirlwind of wrath—as when the orb of day looks angry in heaven, and seems to move through the storm.

ΜΗΝΙΝ αἰεὶς, Θείᾳ, Πηλεΐάδης Ἀχιλλεύος.

Patroclus is with him all over the battle-field. For his sake he slaughters. Each foe that falls is a victim to his shade. So much dearer the sacrifice, if of the same blood—like Polydore and Lycaon—as Hector. Yet he scorns not even to take captives. Twelve Trojan princes he binds like slaves, reserved for the funeral pile of Patroclus, for a moment prefigured in a dream. Nor is the grandeur of Achilles abated by the sight of “the gods descending mixed in fight.” The mortal sustains compare with the immortals. His fury has brought them all from heaven. And now he rages alone before the walls of Troy—and as Hector stands at the Scæan gate, we hear again Homer’s voice, saying, in a low mournful tone,—“If Hector perish, then Ilium falls;” and perish he will, we well know, for his lot, in the eternal balance, kicks the beam held in the hand of Jove. The wrath of Achilles enkindles the burning light of his celestial armour. Kindled from within and from without, he is a figure of fire, or he is the lightning, the flame, the sun, the moon, the star Orion, or like him “that leads the starry host, and shines brightest,”

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Hesperus,—all that is most beautiful, most dreadful, most deathful in the skies.

He pursues—grasps—kills Hector, as a bird of prey a bird of peace. Yet Hector, too, was an eagle. Is the Wrath then assuaged at last? No doubt Achilles for a moment imagined that it was assuaged; and, therefore, he cried aloud, “great glory have we achieved; we have slain the illustrious Hector.” But he knew not the full power of his own passions of grief and revenge. What is glory now to him the lover of glory? What though Pergamus totter with all its towers? Patroclus is dead; and at that thought all is forgotten but the carcass of the dog that killed him; which shall have no burial but in the bowels of dogs and of the fowls of the air. Not sufficient to satiate his Wrath the wounds the soldiers gave. Achilles perhaps saw them not while they were stabbing; nor heeded the crows picking at the fallen quarry. But he was himself the lion to drag away into his lair the infatuated hunter that dared to turn upon him on the edge of the forest.

Then a sudden thought smote him—and away he drove in his chariot, amid clouds of dust, the hero’s hated head, with its long black-brown curls, dashing, and leaping, and bounding, the whole naked body bloodily begrimed, and distorted all its once fair proportions; and thus doth the noble Hector now approach the fleet he so lately fired, while the city shrieks to see the flight, and there is the silence of consternation among them who have their dwelling in heaven.

ΜΗΝΙΝ αἰεὶς, Θείᾳ, Πηλεΐάδης Ἀχιλλεύος.

It—the Wrath—heaves so broad and high the funeral pyre of Patroclus. Sullen as the soul of Achilles, that pyre smoulders, but will not burst into devouring flames. But the hero calls upon the Winds—they obey the spell of his passion—and the sudden conflagration is in a roar. A mingled immolation of hounds, horses, and princes, sacrificed in horrid mixture of brute and human life, expiring in the same pangs in the same expiatory fire! But the bones of the beloved, they are apart—and, gathered out of the reach of

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contamination, remain in their own hallowed mould for the consecration of Achilles' tears. And now, let the heroes contend in the games, and every heart be joyful—while he decides the victory, and bestows the prize—in honour of the shade that once animated that dearest dust. The pomp fades away; and then comes the final transport of passion—its last agony—truculent as its first—just as in external nature we see the tumult of the elements collecting all its violence for the explosion in which it dies. Achilles having tost, till midnight, on his sleepless couch, rushes off to the lonely sea-beach, and raves there, “till the ruddy morning rises o'er the waves.” Into his savage spirit no pity is breathed by “the innocent brightness of the new-born day.” Its rising glory but aggravates his gloom; the general joy embitters his own peculiar loss; and his wrath flames up to a fiercer height, now that its object is again exposed before his eyes in the blaze of light. There stands the monument of Patroclus—suddenly heaved aloft by the Grecian army; and there lies his murderer. Thrice round it he drives the corpse—and then the Avenger, having exhausted his heart, sinks down into sleep. Patroclus had already visited him in a dream—all the prayers of the phantom had been religiously fulfilled; and we can believe that the sleep of Achilles was passionless as that of death.

But he awakes from that oblivion—and again we hear

“the voice of loud lament,  
And echoing groans that shake the lofty tent.”

His companions in arms are preparing the unheeded repast; Achilles is “feeding on his own heart.” That such unrelenting wrath should longer abide in such heroic bosom, is now displeasing to the Gods. Nature has had its dreadful indulgence, and must be restored to sanity; nor will heaven suffer a dead son to lie longer out of the reach of his parent's tears. Throughout all the *Iliad*, the Immortals have been coming and going before our eyes; and now they appear, like “blessed angels pitying human cares.” The silver-footed mother, Jove-sent, beseeches her son to vent

no more his vengeance on senseless earth. Achilles becomes, in one moment, merciful; a divine calm is instantly inspired into his being, and not merely without reluctance, but in a movement of his whole soul, as if it met the benign command with the joy of deliverance from evil, he utters but these few words,

“Be the ransom given—  
And we submit—since such the will of heaven.”

Simple—and sublime! and now we feel more than ever the grandeur of the opening line of the *Iliad*.

ΜΗΝΙΝ ἄλεις, ὅσκι, Πηλεΐάδην Ἀχιλλεύος.

We are prepared now for the Interview between Achilles and Priam. He, who abhorred as the gates of hell the man who said one thing and did another, has pledged his word to his immortal Parent that he will accept the ransom—and we know that he will do so in a manner worthy of himself; that all the beauty of his character will again break forth as bright as the day. The being whom, for some time past, we have been shuddering at with fear, we shall ere long regard with love—and then be conscious of the perfect admiration due to the noblest of heroes.

Yet Homer, reverent of humanity, is afraid, even in the mightiness of his power, that he may offer violence to nature. And therefore, with what holy skill does her High Priest prepare the way to his ministrations at her altar! Achilles is gentle as a child: but Priam rages in the impotence of grief. The wretched old man plays the tyrant in his palace, more imperious in his misery than he ever had been in his joy; more self-willed, now that they are all dead, and wrested from his sway, than when surrounded by his princely sons, and his tributary princelings. How unlike his wrath to that of Achilles! But the heavens look down with pity on his grey and almost discrowned head, and under their guidance he takes his way, with good omens, to the Tent of the Destroyer. It is the Will of Jove that all those agonies of the old and young—the weak and the mighty—should cease; that for a while there should be a truce to sorrow—and that the peace of heaven, with healing under its wings, should descend on earth.

"Right on to the Tent marched the old man." Achilles was not now singing to the harp old heroic songs; for the ear was cold that used to listen to his music and his poetry. Patroclus was dead—and therefore mute was Achilles. Automedon and Alcimachus still ministered near; and in midst of all that silence, like a night-vision, entered the figure of Priam. Achilles' self stood aghast at sight of the Apparition. For a moment he recognised not the kingly suppliant embracing his knees, as some homicide driven from his native land; but soon knew he that it was even very Priam himself, "kissing those hands, terrible, homicidal, which had slain so many of his sons." Those lips had already done their work, even before one word had found its way through them from that broken heart. Still—but not stern—stood Achilles, like a statue. He feared to stir hand, foot, or figure, lest he should disturb or dismay the old King, whom his wrath had thus prostrated into the posture of a slave. Yet—think not that he felt any remorse—for he was the prince of "souls made of fire, and children of the sun, with whom revenge is virtue."

"Think on thy father, O Achilles! like to the gods!" Words that like arrows pierced his heart! For the Destroyer knew that never more was he to see the face of Peleus. He thought of far-off Phthia, and Pity "her soul-subduing voice applied" to his mournful and melancholy spirit. The pleading of Priam was indeed most pathetic—but we cannot believe that more than a low indistinct murmur from his lips was heard by Achilles. There was a confusion before his eyes—and in his spirit—of Priam and of Peleus—one image—one phantom mysteriously combined of two fathers left utterly desolate. But the last words of the kneeler he did hear—"I have endured to draw to my mouth the hand of the man that slew my children." And then, Achilles took Priam by the hand, as tenderly almost as if it had been the hand of his own father, and "gently pushed away the old man," that he might not abide another moment in that attitude of abasement; but even, in worst affliction, might rise up to the bearing proper to a king, "taking pity on his hoary head and hoary

beard!" How consolatory that address to the royal suppliant! and how dignified! Admiration of the fearlessness of the old man mingled with pity of his sufferings; and what a princely expression of profoundest sympathy,—*"Come, sit down beside me on this seat!"* Priam is again about to be enthroned. The momentary abjectness of misery gives way to a kingly comfort; and the shades of Patroclus and of Hector would have rejoiced in Hades to behold such a spectacle. The great soul of Achilles speaks in the heroic homily with which he soothes the sorrows of the King. A high moralist he becomes, in the midst of their common misfortunes—common not to them alone—but to all the human race. "Thus, then, have the gods spun the destiny of miserable mortals!" He reconciles his illustrious guest, as well as himself, to all that has befallen, and to all that is about to befall them, by religion; and he ennobs their reconciliation by the sublimity of the fiction in which the "truth severe" is expressed, and shadowed forth the moral providence of Heaven.

But, elevated as is the mood in which Achilles converses with the father of Hector, they both feel as men; and the peculiar character and passion of each breaks out suddenly in the midst of that divine dialogue. Priam, though calmed by the pouring out of his own sorrow, and by the sympathy of the "Lord of Fears," is all at once seized on by a longing to see and to receive, and to embrace the dead body of his son. "Do not at all make-me-to-sit-down on a seat, Jove-nourished one! in so long as Hector lies uncared-for-in the tent; but quick as possible ransomed-restore him, that with these eyes I may behold him; and do thou receive the ransom magnificent, which we bring to thee; and mayst thou enjoy it, and return to thy father-land!" "Him, the swift-footed Achilles, sternly eyeing, addressed—'Provoke me no more, old man! I myself purpose ransomed-to-restore Hector!'" And yet this finest touch and trait of nature has been found fault with by the critics! "I believe every reader," says Wakefield, "must be surprised, as I confess I was, to see Achilles fly out into so sudden a passion,

without any apparent reason for it." He then explains the proper meaning of the passage. "Priam, perceiving that his address had mollified the heart of Achilles, takes this opportunity to persuade him to give over the war, and return home, especially since his anger was sufficiently satisfied by the fate of Hector. Immediately Achilles took fire at this proposal, and answers: 'Is it not enough that I have restored thy son? Ask no more, lest I retract that resolution!' In this view we see a natural reason for the sudden passion of Achilles."\* This is very bad. It represents Priam as cunning and crafty even in his distraction; and why should he have desired a cessation of the war? All his sons were dead—Hector and all—and yet so fond was he of life—so tenacious of his throne—that he took this favourable opportunity of eliciting a promise from Achilles to spare Troy!

Achilles did not "*fly into a sudden passion*." But as Cowper, on the whole, well says, he was "mortified to see his generosity, after so much kindness shewn to Priam, still distrusted, and that the impatience of the old king threatened to deprive him of all opportunity of doing gracefully what *he could not be expected to do willingly*." He was about to do it willingly; for Thetis had told him, that such was the will of Jove. But a sudden flash of memory came across him—and he said, "No more arouse thou my soul in its sorrows." Achilles, all his life long—at least all through the Iliad—took his own way in all things; and he could not bear to be baffled in his own mode of mercy, even by the unhappy father of the prince whose body he was about—ransomed—to restore.

MHNIN αἶδε, Οἶα, Πελοπιδῶν Ἀχιλλῆος.

But an end to all criticism—alike of others and our own—on the immortal interview. That was the last cloud that passed across the countenance of Achilles. "The son of Peleus from the house (tent) like a lion sprung forth." Yes—like a lion

—though it was to order in the herald—"to take from the beautifully-polished car the unbounded ransom of Hector's head"—to enjoin the women to wash the corpse apart from Priam, that the passionate old man might not, by giving sudden vent to his agony, provoke him (Achilles, who knew well his own WRATH) "to slay the king, and violate the behests of Jove"—and to lift it with his own hands up upon the bier on the car that was to convey it to Troy. In the tenderest offices of humanity to the living and to the dead, aware of the danger of his own fiery spirit! In self-knowledge, if not in self-control—a philosopher—and a hero.

MHNIN αἶδε, Οἶα, Πελοπιδῶν Ἀχιλλῆος.

That Wrath has now blazed its last, yet "even in its ashes live its wonted fires;" and he asks forgiveness of Patroclus, that even now, and thus, has been quenched his Revenge. "But large, O beloved Shade! hath been the ransom—nor shalt thou not receive thereof thy due even in Hades." Now all in the Tent shall be perfect peace. Priam must partake of the repast. Famished is the Woe-begone, but he must eat and drink—even as Niobe did in the midst of all her dead children. "Then indeed did the Dardanian chief gaze-with-admiration on Achilles, how large, and what kind he was, (his stature and beauty;) for he seemed in presence like the gods: And Achilles gazed with admiration on the Dardanian Priam, contemplating his benevolent countenance, and listening to his words!" They retire to sleep—Priam on a couch graciously provided for him by the "great lord" in a place safe from all intrusion of the Greeks, that he may take his departure—without an eye to see him—early in the morning, with the body of his son, to Troy—Achilles in the bosom of Briseis—wherein not often will the hero lay his head; for we remember the dying words of Hector,

"Phœbus and Paris shall avenge my fate,  
And stretch thee here, before the Scæua gate."

A LETTER TO THE LORD CHANCELLOR ON THE PRESENT STATE OF THE  
ESTABLISHED CHURCH.

MY LORD,

You will think it strange that one who differs so decidedly with you upon so many important points, (as will very speedily appear,) should yet choose to address himself to you, rather than to any other individual, touching the present and prospective condition of the Established Churches of England and Ireland. My reasons for thus selecting you are these. In the first place, you have taken an interest in the affairs of the Church, which separates you altogether from the other members of your party, and constrains, from me at least, the acknowledgment that, however mistaken your views may have been, you have been actuated by a sincere desire for the promotion of its best interests. In the second place, the truly enlightened view which you took of the subject of national education, argues a radical soundness in your notions of the uses of a Church Establishment. In the third place, the warm panegyric which you pronounced upon the great body of the clergy, with whom you had been brought, more or less, into contact, in the prosecution of your education enquiries, proves the candour with which you can repudiate injurious impressions, and that you harbour no malignant aversion to their order. In the fourth place, the noble defence which, in the last Session, you made for the property of the Church, renders it impossible to confound you with the spoliators by whom it is not more wickedly than ignorantly assailed. And, in the fifth place, in the disposal of Church patronage, since your elevation to the high office which you at present hold, you have evinced a discrimination and a disinterestedness, which entitle you to respect and admiration. These, my Lord, are the reasons why I address you:—and while I shall take no pains to conceal the wide differences which exist between us upon many points, I trust that no expression will escape me which can, by the remotest implication, give offence, or which may be fairly deemed inconsistent with the spirit

of earnest, but courteous and dispassionate enquiry.

It is difficult, perhaps impossible, to speak of plans which have not yet been fully disclosed, without deservedly incurring the censure of rashness. I will not, therefore, attempt to discuss the probable measures of Ministers respecting Church property; or to hold them responsible for any of the various projects of which they have borne either the praise or the blame. On the contrary, I will take it for granted that they are sincerely disposed to respect the rights of the Church, and to make no other use of clerical property than such as may appear to them advisable for the furtherance of religious objects. I will take for granted that their end and aim is the wellbeing of the Church Establishment—and that if they touch its possessions, it is for the purpose of bettering itself. This is, I flatter myself, allowing the utmost which they can fairly require. It is not, I believe, denied by any one, that they seriously meditate a *new distribution* of Church property;—a distribution which would, in some measure, correct the inequalities which at present exist. To *that*, therefore, I shall, in the first place, confine myself;—and I am much deceived if I do not make it appear that the evils under which the Church at present labours, (if evils there be,) are not such as can be remedied by such an arrangement.

And here, my Lord, I may surely take for granted, that to touch Church property, even in the cautious manner in which they propose to touch it, can only be justified by a case of pressing necessity. Your Lordship knows that such a proceeding must, in some degree, unsettle the foundation upon which it at present rests, and so far endanger its existence. Whatever may be the prospect of improvement which it holds forth, there can be no doubt that the experiment has a tendency to impair its stability—and should not, therefore, be made without a reasonable degree of assurance that the risk will be more than

counterbalanced by the advantages. In the first place, it must be shewn that the evil which Ministers propose to remedy is so great, as to justify a measure which perils the very existence of the possessions of the Church;—and, in the next place, that there are good grounds for supposing that that evil will be remedied by the course which may be pursued, and by which these possessions must be endangered. Unless both these points are satisfactorily established, no honest and reasonable man can approve of the project of his Majesty's Ministers. It will labour under the fatal objection of unsettling every thing without any sufficient object. On that very account there are numbers whom it may gratify:—the restless, who are desirous of change; the turbulent, who are fond of disturbance; the covetous, who are greedy of gain; the malignant, who hate our venerable Church, because of those very qualities which, on the part of the wise and good, have obtained for it respect and admiration; the infidels, who consider its overthrow synonymous with the suppression of Christianity in these countries; the republicans, who desire its extinction as the speedy precursor of the subversion of the monarchy; the dissenters, who dislike it because it has retained so many ancient rites; the Roman Catholics, who abhor it because it has got rid of so many exploded absurdities:—all these put together form a large class, by whom any measures having a tendency to injure our Church Establishment must be hailed with delight. But you, my Lord, I fondly believe, are not to be numbered amongst them; and it would not be doing you common justice to suppose, that any measure of Church reform which you patronise is not, *bona fide*, intended for the benefit of the Church—and that your intentions will then only be carried into effect when your measures are found to have been compatible with the security, as well as available for the efficiency, of our ecclesiastical institutions. I proceed at once, therefore, to state why, as it appears to me, by the present plan, their security must be impaired, while their efficiency is not promoted.

The public in general must feel

respect for those who commiserate the condition of many amongst the working clergy, whose remuneration would appear to be ill suited to the services which they perform, and little equal to the appearance which they must endeavour to maintain. At first view, nothing appears more equitable than a proposal to equalize Church preferments, and an arrangement by which both the labour and the emoluments of the clergy might be more fairly and evenly distributed. Nor is it, my Lord, against the *equity* of the proposition that I will, in the first instance, direct my argument;—for I am willing to grant, that if it be found conducive to the more efficient discharge of their spiritual functions, on the part either of the higher or the lower clergy, it ought to be very seriously entertained. But is it certain that such a change in their condition must be beneficial to true religion? I know it might increase the comforts of many amongst them who are at present far from abounding in the good things of this life;—and *that* by merely subtracting a little from the superfluities of many who may be thought to have more than is quite indispensable for their wellbeing in the life to come. Still the question recurs, how far will all this serve to forward the great end for which the Church has been appointed? And attend, my Lord, I pray, to the issue upon which I am willing to rest the whole controversy. *If it can be shewn, that what is conceived to be no more than an equitable adjustment is materially conducive to the furtherance of that great object for which the clergy have been consecrated, and set apart as a peculiar people, I object not to it. Let it, in God's name, be effected.* But, if such can not be shewn;—if the proposition be made merely from a feeling of compassion for the clergy, and without any distinct foresight of the effect which it must have upon the condition of the Church, is it too much to expect of those who administer it, to pause before they sacrifice the *end* to the *means*—to hesitate before they apply a remedy to the poverty of individuals, which may operate injuriously upon the efficiency of their order, and thus, instead of improving the condition of the clergy, for

the good of the Church, impair the condition of the Church for the good of the clergy?

Your Lordship, on more than one occasion, has not only admitted, but eulogized, the worth and the respectability of the great body of the clergy. Inquire, I beseech you, who amongst them may be considered most worthy? You will find that the curates of the establishment, the men who have entered into the Church from no greater pecuniary inducement than that which is offered in L.75 a-year, are the individuals who do most to support the credit of their order. They are most assiduous as parish ministers, most energetic as the patrons and advocates of schools, most zealous and persevering in the forwarding of every good work by which the principles of the Christian religion might be diffused, and the practice of Christian morality promoted. A little further enquiry will satisfy your Lordship, that the professional devotedness thus evinced, is not a kind of thing that could be purchased. It arises from a love of sacred truth and a spirit of Christian self-renouncement, such as could alone be evinced by those whose hearts are not set upon the things of this world. The curates of the Church of England are, generally speaking, a body of men who have turned their backs upon far better worldly prospects than any upon which even the most sanguine of them could calculate as the reward of their professional exertions. But, "*sua præmia laudi.*" These exertions are their own reward. The high-souled and humble-minded men who thus devote themselves, carry about with them a heart-consoling consciousness, that however noteless and unrewarded their career may be amongst men, there is ONE who looketh with approbation upon them;—and they care not how little of this world's advantage they possess, provided they are secure of the favour of their Father who is in Heaven.

Now, upon this class of men, what would be the effect of a considerable increase in the amount of their stipends, say, the raising them from L.75, to two or three hundred a-year?—I confidently affirm, that the effect of it would be to banish

them almost entirely from the service of the Church. If every curacy was worth even two hundred a-year, the candidates for it would be at least ten times as numerous as they are at present, and the chances of obtaining one would be not merely proportionally diminished on the part of the sincere and single-minded, but diminished in proportion to the interests which might be brought to bear against their humble pretensions, and in favour of those whose only motives for desiring "one of the priest's offices" would be, "that they might eat a morsel of bread."

A clergyman has a curacy to dispose of which is worth two hundred a-year. For this he receives, perhaps, fifty applications. Some of them are poor relatives, whom he is anxious to serve;—some from individuals whom he wishes to oblige; some from those to whom he is under obligations. Supposing that clergyman sincerely disposed to make an honest choice, will he not, under such circumstances, find it extremely difficult to obviate altogether a bias by which his conscience may be perverted;—and will not this difficulty be increased by whatever increases the value of the curacy, and, in consequence, multiplies the applications? I say, my Lord, that an honest man has to contend against fearful odds, whose integrity is thus exposed to the assaults of interest or cupidity, in persevering and importunate solicitation. One or two perhaps may be found, who would be proof against such attacks, and who would prefer the candidate whose claims were based upon purely spiritual considerations. But, taking human nature as it is, such could not often be the case;—and few but those whose claims were backed by powerful friends, could expect to obtain employment in the very lowest offices of the ministry, when the stipends annexed to those offices amounted to something approaching a provision for life. At present they do not amount to any thing like that. They are not, accordingly, the objects of very eager competition. Good men, therefore, are not jostled out of the way by the crowd of those who, provided they can obtain the emolu-

ments, concern themselves but little about the duties. The offices are, accordingly, frequently very well filled;—filled by men who are a credit to their profession; and whose zeal and devotedness compensate, in a great measure, for the laxity and the secularity of many of their brethren. And when we owe our present supply of such spiritual labourers to those circumstances which render it not worth the while of mere clerical adventurers to enter into the ministry, let us not be seduced, by any plausible project for improving the condition of the working clergy, into the adoption of a measure by which these circumstances must be so materially changed, and a state of things produced, which will render it but too probable, that our curacies will be filled by a very different set of men;—by men who, instead of contributing to support, will lie like an incubus upon true religion.

"Strange," some philanthropist will say, "to make the worth and the usefulness of the present race of curates a reason against augmenting their scanty and all too insufficient incomes! Because they are zealous and indefatigable in their sacred calling, they must be condemned to pine in penury, 'while luxury in palaces lies straining its low thought to form unreal wants!'" But such is not the drift of the argument. The proposition to increase the stipends of the inferior clergy is objected to, not because these excellent men are not, from their merits, entitled to larger incomes; but because a higher scale of remuneration would attract the cupidity of needy and gain-loving adventurers, and, in all probability, keep those worthy men out of the Church. The proposition, if considered only with reference to the individuals who are *immediately* to profit by it, is a very fair one; but, viewed as it would affect the permanent interests of the body to which they belong, it must be regarded as most injurious. It is the Church which should be first considered in all arrangements which concern the condition of the clergy. Whatever has a tendency to produce a perpetual supply of worth, zeal, piety, learning, and all evangelical virtues, and to facilitate their admission to the service of the sanc-

tuary, is that which will, eventually, contribute most to the wellbeing of the Church. Whatever has a tendency to obstruct the free ingress of men distinguished for faith and holiness, must, eventually, prove injurious to it. And unless it can be shewn, that the proposed measure has no such tendency—that increased emoluments will *not* attract increased competition—and that the retiring and humble-minded Christian, who desires to become a minister of Christ, with the single view of forwarding the spread of the gospel, will *not* find any greater difficulty than he does at present in obtaining a post of spiritual usefulness; unless these paradoxes be maintained, I know not how any friend to religion can suffer his compassion for the poverty of individuals to blind him to the necessary consequences of a measure, which must so seriously militate against the effective promulgation of vital and genuine Christianity.

There lies around the spot where I at present write, a tract of about twenty miles, with which I am perfectly acquainted. Within that district there are about thirty curates, who are truly "worthy the vocation to which they are called;" who are instant, "in season and out of season," in the discharge of their sacred duties; and who are beloved and respected, by all denominations of their parishioners, for the untiring zeal and the self-renouncing devotedness by which they manifest their Christian sincerity. I can truly say, that if these men were suddenly withdrawn from that district, it would almost be paganized. And with perfect truth it may be added, that, if their curacies were worth two hundred a-year, they never would have obtained them. They all owe their humble preferments to the circumstance, that these were not worth the acceptance of those whose interest with the patron, had they been valuable things, would have been more prevailing. Shall I be told,—no matter for that, the Church would still be supplied with good and faithful servants? But I happen also to know who the individuals are who, in all probability, would fill these curacies, had the emoluments connected with them

been worth their notice. Truly, they are individuals who would not have been over assiduous in their sacred calling; by whom the business of an evangelist would be very imperfectly done; shepherds they would prove, who would endeavour to make up, by a scrupulous attendance upon their flock at shearing-time, for the neglect with which they would permit them to stray into unwholesome pastures. Can I then pronounce of a measure, which would cause such a change as this in the condition of the Church, that it is a good one? Truly no. The presentrace of worthy men might receive some little temporal benefit, but it would be at the expense of the spiritual wellbeing of unborn thousands. They might be better enabled to keep the wolf from their own door, but it would be by means which must almost ensure his admission amongst the flock;—and what such men would at any time lay down their lives to defend, they will cheerfully bear with poverty rather than endanger.

Still, it will be asked, are not these excellent men deserving of a better provision than they have at present? Undoubtedly they are; and such they would have, if those who possess the disposal of Church preferments only did them common justice. It is there the evil lies. The patrons of livings regard them as private property, and consider that they are at perfect liberty to dispose of them in a manner the most conducive to their personal advantage. If the patron be a layman, he never thinks of giving a parish to any one but some near relative. Even in the instance of the Bishops, the case is not very materially different. They, generally speaking, have hitherto disposed of their benefices, more with a view to the family claims of those upon whom they have been conferred, than from a discriminating estimate of their professional pretensions. And yet, the very men who are systematically guilty of the flagrant abuse of a sacred trust, would, perhaps, be amongst the foremost to commiserate the condition of poor curates, and to come forward with proposals for confiscating Church revenues, in order to create a fund for the relief of that very poverty which

has been solely caused by their own injustice! Kind and amiable philanthropists! They would remedy, by alienating the property, the misery which they have caused, by abusing the patronage of the Church! But such benevolent projectors had need to be just, before they aspire to the merit of being generous. At least I think they are bound to shew how much of the poverty of the curates might be relieved by simply promoting them according to their deserts, before they encourage an invasion of vested rights, which may be but the commencement of more extensive spoliation. Let us see how much of this poverty will remain, after a due regard has been paid to the honest claims of the inferior clergy. I undertake to say, my Lord, on the part of all the curates in the United Churches of England and Ireland, that if patronage were honestly dispensed, they would be perfectly satisfied. No complaint of poverty would be heard, if Bishops and lay patrons did their duty. If the good and faithful servant, he whose ministry has been marked by extraordinary success, is considered deserving of the reward which ought always to attend great exertions in a good cause, every thing practicable for the support and the encouragement of the clergy will be accomplished. Few deserving men will remain unprovided. But what dispirits the labourer in Christ's vineyard is this, that no matter how eminent may be his merits, unless he is able to command some interest with his diocesan, distinct altogether from the consideration of his professional services, he may remain until doomsday without his reward. He must sow, that others may reap. He must labour, that others, who have not put their hands to the plough, may enter into his labours. Now, my Lord, if the evils under which the curates of our establishment suffer so grievously, have their root in this gross abuse of the patronage of the Church, were it not wiser to attempt the removal of the evil by remedying the abuse out of which it arises, than, by an indiscriminating augmentation of the incomes of the inferior clergy, run the risk of increasing the negligence and the in-



efficiency, in a much greater proportion than we should diminish the poverty of its members?

For the abuses of patronage, my Lord, there is, in our Church, but one remedy, viz. more care in the selection of those by whom it is dispensed. With the Government rests the responsibility of appointing Bishops; and, according as they use or abuse their important trust, the Church must flourish or decay. How has it been hitherto exercised? Have the advisers of the Crown, in all cases, been solicitous to recommend individuals for that high office, from a consideration of their character and qualifications? Have worth, virtue, learning, and ability been duly honoured? Has the choice been usually made solely with a view to the importance of the office, and the fitness of the individual to discharge its sacred duties? I know how your Lordship will unhesitatingly answer these questions. You are well aware that parliamentary influence has always had more weight than the only species of influence which should, on such occasions, be all prevailing; and that an individual is much more likely to be selected for the office of Bishop, because of his Ministerial connexions, than because of that integrity and intelligence, that separation from the world, and that knowledge of men, which is so beautifully expressed by our Lord, as a combination of the simplicity of the dove and the wisdom of the serpent, which can alone enable the overseers of God's heritage rightly to divide the word of truth, and so to preside over its appointed ministers, as to promote their efficiency, appreciate their worth, and "give them their meat in due season." This is a representation which your Lordship will acknowledge to be as true, as I maintain it to be deplorable. And while the case continues to be so, nothing effectual can be done for the better government of the Church. As long as its high places are filled by those whose promotion has been the result of Ministerial favouritism, or parliamentary intrigue, so long will its affairs be administered with a view to temporal rather than spiritual interests. And, while this is the case, we cannot, humanly speaking, expect that Bishops will be governed in the

disposal of livings, by any other principles than those to which they have been themselves indebted for promotion, and that dependents and relatives will not be preferred, while laborious and meritorious individuals are neglected.

A change, therefore, must take place in these things; that is, if it be the object of the Government that the Church shall stand. It is almost demonstrable that it cannot much longer survive the abuses of a species of misgovernment which almost ensures, and even necessitates, a prostitution of its patronage. Can the Bishops be fairly expected to be more conscientious than those by whom they have been chosen? If they should make improper appointments, can we be surprised, seeing how they have been themselves appointed? Do they neglect merit? They never would have had an opportunity of so doing, had not merit been neglected. Are they inordinately susceptible of those influences which lead them to employ their power in providing for their own families, rather than to use it in furtherance of the spiritual objects for the sake of which it was conferred? They never would have had an opportunity of thus scandalizing their profession, if such, precisely, was not the case when they were themselves promoted. A change, therefore, must take place in the principles which seem hitherto to have regulated ecclesiastical preferments; and this change will imply a total alteration in the mode in which they have been effected.

We have no Minister for Ecclesiastical Affairs. The business of the Church is lumped with the other business of the Home Department; and there is too much reason to believe that it is carried on with reference to merely secular ends, and that that portion of the wealth of the Church which is at the disposal of the Crown, is only considered as so much oil for greasing the wheels of government, in order that the machine of state may roll on more smoothly. I now speak without reference to the merits or the demerits of any administration. Widely as the several parties who have governed the country for the last century may have differed from each

other upon many subjects, there is too much reason to believe that, in this one respect, they have exhibited a melancholy uniformity; all agreeing to regard the Church as a source of patronage, which might fairly be employed either for the gratification of private partiality, or the purchase of so much parliamentary support as might be necessary to secure the success of their measures. The Church has thus been uniformly sacrificed to objects of comparatively but little importance. The power which Ministers possess over it, has been employed in perverting it from its proper purpose. The same individual who was charged with its concerns, was also charged with the temporal concerns of a mighty empire; and, as he could not serve two masters, one must of necessity have been neglected. You, my Lord, do not require to be told, that when the interests of religion are thus brought into collision with projects of human policy, that the latter must always prevail against the former. But those who have been devoted to the contemplation of religious truth, with an ardour and intensity somewhat proportioned to that which has distinguished your Lordship in the pursuit of knowledge, as a scholar, and as a statesman, can alone estimate the prodigious injury which has been done to the Church, by being thus abandoned to the negligence or indiscretion of intemperate or incompetent advisers.

But if the mischief which arose from thus imposing upon the same individual, and that individual a layman, the care both of lay and ecclesiastical concerns, has hitherto been great, the danger of continuing to do so at present is still greater. Previously to the repeal of the Roman Catholic disabilities, there was some security that the Secretary for the Home Department being a Protestant, Church patronage would not be employed with a *direct* view to the injury of the Church. We are now without any such security. The Home Secretary, or even the Prime Minister, may to-morrow be a Roman Catholic; and is it fitting that such an individual should possess the power which such stations would at present give him of working the downfall of our ecclesiastical insti-

tutions? I hope I do not idly flatter myself in anticipating how your Lordship, all emancipator as you were, would answer such a question. And if I do not, there is additional reason for believing that you will not be very averse to a measure which, by separating lay from ecclesiastical considerations, would so far cause a natural division of labour amongst the Ministers of the Crown, and protect the concerns of the Church against such profane intermixture with secular transactions, which has, under the most favourable circumstances, been proved to be so injurious.

The first measure, therefore, for the improvement of the Church, should be the appointment of a Minister for Ecclesiastical Affairs, together with a Board of Commissioners, by whom the concerns of religion, as far as they come under the cognizance of the State, should be steadily and vigilantly superintended. By such a measure two objects would be gained—the Secretary for the Home Department would be dis-embarrassed of a very onerous responsibility, and relieved from exposure to a great temptation; and the Church would receive, from the new Commissioners, a more undistracted attention. It would be considered more with reference to how its condition might be improved, than how it might be made subservient to the promotion of temporal objects. Indeed, my Lord, it is thus alone that the national religion can experience the protection and the encouragement to which it is entitled. It is thus alone that a reasonable hope can be entertained, that the same judgment and discrimination which are so observable in appointments to legal and military offices of importance, should also be manifested in the promotions which take place in the Church, and that individuals should be selected for its high stations, from an honest estimate of their intrinsic worth, rather than a partial and corrupting consideration of their accidental advantages.

The principal objection to this proposal would be, that it implies a great sacrifice of patronage on the part of Government, and does not, after all, afford a certainty of much better appointments than are at present made. It does, unquestionably,

imply a sacrifice of patronage on the part of Government; but, I humbly contend, if it does not afford a certainty, it furnishes a reasonable probability, that more care will be taken in the selection of individuals to fill high and responsible stations in the Church. This, after all, is the great object that should be aimed at. The patronage of the Church is vested in Government *for the benefit of the Church*; and the only solicitude of those who have the disposal of it, *ought* to be, how it may be most righteously administered. The plan which I have the honour to submit, would diminish the temptations to its abuse, and *that* to a degree that must almost necessitate its appropriation to strictly legitimate objects.

The temptations to its abuse would be diminished in two ways—by heightening the responsibility of the patrons, and by increasing their number. Their responsibility would be heightened, because they would be regarded by the public as individuals set apart for guarding the purity, and promoting the wellbeing of the Church; and whose first duty it would be to see that, in the promotions which took place, religion received no detriment. And, in proportion as their numbers were increased, while the interest which they took, collectively and individually, in the public weal, remained the same, the private motives which any one of them could have for a departure from the principles by which he should be guided, could seldom be so great as to tempt him to abuse his powers. If there were ten unpaid Commissioners, (members of the Church of England, and chosen for their known devotion to it,) appointed to assist by their counsel in the selection of individuals to fill the office of Bishops, supposing them to be actuated by the lowest motives, namely, the desire of appointing some relative or friend, these could only operate with *one-tenth* of the force which would belong to them, if the nomination rested, as at present, with a single individual, who is, besides, embarrassed by the multifarious duties of another office, and whose notions of official usefulness might lead him to sacrifice the Church to the State, in his ecclesiastical arrangements.

The Secretary for the Home Department considers that he has friends to gratify, and supporters to maintain, and parliamentary antagonists to buy off, or to conciliate. These are his most important duties. When a bishopric is to be disposed of, they are considerations of which, as things stand at present, he cannot lose sight. Those who have supported his measures “in the House,” would consider themselves very ill used, if their applications at the Home Office were unattended to, and a preference given to others, whose only claims were their work as clergymen, or their merit as theologians. But, if clerical appointments were placed in the hands of commissioners such as I have supposed, whose *sole business* would be to see that they were properly made, the very men who would be unscrupulous and importunate, while they regarded such patronage as a mere appendage to the office of a Secretary of State, and conferred for the purpose of augmenting his influence, would hesitate to press the claims of those whose interests they were desirous to promote, upon a body of men whose duty it would be most jealously to criticise their professional pretensions.

Your Lordship is aware, that for the proposal which I make, there is something very like precedent. When William the Third came to the throne of these realms, he felt that, as a stranger, he was not qualified to make a proper use of his power of appointing to bishoprics, without the aid of a committee composed of discreet individuals, well affected towards the Church of England, by whom his choice might be guided. Such a committee was accordingly appointed; and, with the exception of their natural prejudices against those who were suspected of Jacobitism, they were wise and discriminating in their selections. Burnet, Hoadly, and Tillotson, are names which reflect no discredit on those by whom the distinguished individuals who bore them were recommended for the mitre.

Now, if such a course was deemed necessary when the Church was fortified against both Dissenters and Papists, it cannot be supposed less expedient at a time when the House of Commons has been thrown open

to those who make no secret of their hostility to the established religion, and who may, at any moment, take their seats amongst his Majesty's constitutional advisers! Surely, my Lord, more unlikely things have come to pass in our day, than that Mr O'Connell should be a Cabinet Minister, or that the Duke of Norfolk, or the Earl of Shrewsbury, should take a leading part in the formation of a new administration!

But I do not urge the appointment of Ecclesiastical Commissioners, and a Secretary of State for ecclesiastical affairs, so much for the purpose of guarding against the dangers which threaten the Church from without, great and imminent as these are, as of preventing the abuses which prey upon it within, and to which, if they be not obviated, it must speedily fall a victim. *An end must be put to these abuses, or they will put an end to the Church.* And if we could only ensure the appointment of good Bishops, the Church would be out of danger. Your Lordship could scarcely conceive how much would be done, by any measure affording a reasonable prospect of such a result, towards remedying every evil under which the establishment labours.

When Parliament once practically recognised the principle, that the patronage at the disposal of Government should be exclusively appropriated for the service of religion, they might, with consistency, declare that the patronage at the disposal of every Bishop was a sacred trust for the benefit of the Church, and that in the distribution of it favouritism and partiality should be excluded. It should be authoritatively declared, that the right of the patron in such cases is not so much a *right of selection*, as a right of *adjudication*. He cannot be so truly said to possess the privilege of choosing who *shall*, as of pronouncing who *ought*, to possess the benefice at his disposal. And as soon as he decides, "*in foro conscientiae*," that a particular individual possesses the ability and the qualifications which render him more likely than any other to be useful, if put in possession of a particular preferment, he should feel himself under as strong an obligation to promote that individual in preference to any

other, as a juror to decide according to evidence, or a judge to adjudicate according to law.

It will be said that such ought to be the case at present; that Bishops should feel themselves under a sacred obligation to consider nothing but the interests of religion in their appointments; and that if their own consciences do not influence them to do what is right, it would be vain to expect that they should be so influenced by any such measures as are proposed. The sacred obligations of Bishops I do not deny; they have, however, been hitherto comparatively inoperative, because men have been chosen for that high office who do not feel them. The proposal which I have made would, it is to be hoped, greatly increase our chances of good Bishops; and the regulations which I have suggested are not, it may be presumed, ill calculated to keep alive in the mind of a good man a sense of his most awful responsibility. These are the two great points at which Government should aim, if they are desirous of conferring real benefit upon the Church; and it is most important to hold in mind, that all the care and all the skill which can be employed in the selection of worthy and meritorious individuals, will not enable Government to dispense with any one of the forms or the ceremonies by which such individuals may have impressed upon them, or renewed within them, a spirit-stirring conviction of their solemn obligations.

If a judge, instead of presiding in a court of law, surrounded by the circumstances of official dignity, under the necessity of listening to the pleadings of the parties between whom he arbitrates, and of pronouncing his judgment in the presence of the public, felt himself at liberty, in his own private apartment, and with no greater formality than that which is customary in the transaction of private business, to come to a decision respecting the merits or demerits of particular individuals, by which decision they might be affected either for good or for evil for the rest of their lives, is it probable that no private or sinister influence would ever pervert his mind, and that he would in all cases be guided in his awards by even-handed jus-

tice? This is a subject concerning which your Lordship is much better able to judge than I am: but indeed it does not require a very extended experience in such matters to be able to say, that, by such a course, much would be done to make the judge forget that he was a public functionary, and to give an undue ascendancy to influences which could not be too carefully excluded. Now, the supposed case of the judge is the actual case of the bishop. He decides respecting the merits of the individuals who may be considered as having claims for preferment, without any consciousness of standing in the presence of a public who exercise a kind of censorship over his determinations. He is, on the contrary, surrounded by those whose interest it is to blind him to any discriminating appreciation of real merit, and to practise, by every artifice, upon his weakness, his partiality, or his affection. He is taken out of the atmosphere in which his sense of public duty could not die, and brought into the atmosphere in which more than due encouragement is given to the selfishness and the corruption of his nature. The latter requires no assistance. Like a rank weed, it flourishes without culture. The former requires all the assistance which can be given to it. And when the very contrary of what would be right and expedient thus takes place; when the corrupting influence of private affection is unnecessarily cherished, and the purifying influence of a sense of public duty unnaturally repressed or extinguished, is it surprising that clerical appointments are made, in many instances, less with a view to the good of the Church, than to the benefit of the individuals who are promoted?

I ask any candid man, who has ever fairly turned his mind to the subject, whether the first consideration of the generality of those who are invested with patronage in the Church is not, how they may most effectually employ it in the service of their relatives and friends? If they are laymen, it is often sold to the highest bidder. In the case of Government or the Bishops, it is too frequently made subservient to parliamentary interest, or to family con-

venience. The very most that can be expected in such cases is, that a negative should be put upon gross disqualification. If the son or the brother of a Bishop was guilty of any offence which would render his promotion in the Church a great scandal, he might perhaps be passed by; so far a deference might be shewn to public opinion. But the generality of patrons, both lay and clerical, would consider it most unreasonable to be expected to give their best preferments to any individuals, however qualified, before they provided for their own near connexions. And, indeed, the public have become so reconciled to this scandalous misappropriation of ecclesiastical property, that, when a Bishop does occasionally depart from the ordinary practice, and prefer some worthy man, from truly Christian motives, praise and admiration is sure to attend him for it, as though he did some extraordinary thing, while, if the matter were truly considered, he would be found to have been simply faithful to his trust, and to have only performed his bounden duty. "Dear me," one says to another, with a countenance expressive of delight and wonder, "such a Bishop has given such a living to such a person, from no other motives than the respect and estimation in which he held him, for his zeal and ability as a parish minister!" In this case it may be truly said, "*exceptio probat regulam*." The praise of the individual is the censure of the body to which he belongs. For it would be impossible that, in particular cases, such conduct could be entitled to praise, if the general conduct of the Bishops in the disposal of their patronage were not deserving of censure.

And let it not be supposed, my Lord, that I am disposed to be very severe upon the heads of our Church. Undoubtedly I cannot award to them the praise of great disinterestedness. But, truly, such is not to be expected; nor can I, when I consider the manner in which they have been chosen, blame them for being influenced by lower motives than such as would be sanctioned by the highest sense of duty. It is the Government by whom, or rather the system according to which, they have been

appointed, that must bear the blame of any neglect of worth, or promotion of inefficiency, with which they are chargeable. If the Prime Minister should say to some individual, only known to him through his parliamentary connexions, "Sir, will you accept of a bishopric?" it is scarcely to be expected that that individual, how conscious soever he may be of his own deficiencies, should say, "*nolo episcopari*." And surely if he should prove incompetent to the righteous discharge of his important duties, the Minister by whom these duties have been so improperly imposed upon him, is guiltier than he. This would at once be evident if the charge confided to him related to the cure of bodies, and not to the cure of souls. If a person, at once negligent and incompetent, were appointed to the care of an hospital, —appointed without any reference to his professional qualifications, and solely because of his parliamentary interest, what an outcry would be raised, and how would the Government be denounced which could thus trifle with the lives of his Majesty's subjects? This is a matter in which the public would feel a lively interest, and the promptest measures would be taken to prevent the recurrence of so intolerable an evil. But, such is the different estimate which the generality of people make of things temporal and things eternal, that a system which would be denounced as an abomination if it merely related to their bodies, is regarded with indifference, if not complacency, because the mischief which it is calculated to work is purely of a spiritual kind, and does not materially or ostensibly interfere with their wellbeing in this present world.

And even, my Lord, when Government intend to do right, such is the pernicious influence of the system according to which they have hitherto worked, they are seldom able to do so. They have of late years made some appointments, clearly with the most disinterested views. Men, eminent for their scholarship, have been raised from professorships in our Universities to the mitre. But, while I am bound to admit that the Church is thus indebted to the Government for some good

Bishops, I must add that little regard seems to have been paid to any peculiar fitness for the sacred office in such appointments; and accordingly some of those in whose elevation the Government have felt an honest pride, are positively to be reckoned amongst the worst Bishops upon the bench. Their election, though disinterested, was not judicious. They were chosen rather because of their general eminence and ability, than because of the distinct recognition in them of the virtues and the talents which would ensure that the duties of their high office should be well and wisely administered. In fact, the office was conferred upon them as a reward, instead of their being chosen to the office from a conviction that they would fitliest execute its important functions. It was regarded as a kind of "*finis laborum*." And, however gratified the public may have been at thus seeing merit reap a very rich reward, when such individuals are fairly chargeable with disposing of their preferments more with reference to their family interests than to the good of the Church, the scandal thence arising is greater than it would be if they themselves had not been so disinterestedly promoted.

And with respect to the value of the encouragement thus given to merit, to what does it amount? Does it tend to encourage *professional* merit,—that species of merit which most stands in need of encouragement? I dare say that when Government feel at liberty to make an honest appointment in the Church, professional merit on the part of any individual will be *no bar* to his advancement. But this is almost the utmost that can be said. For a good commentator upon some ancient classic, or an able writer of a history of Greece, or an ingenious essayist upon political economy, or an eminent astronomer, or an erudite antiquarian, is just as likely to be the object of their choice on such occasions, as the individual whose personal and strictly professional merits should more decidedly entitle him to notice. Their object is gained if they obtain the eclat of a disinterested appointment. And that, they are led to imagining, is sometimes accomplished most effectually,

by the promotion of some one who possesses no parliamentary interest, and who has attained a considerable share of scientific or literary distinction.

What, then, can be said for a system, the natural tendency of which is to put in the highest places in the Church, individuals whose chief, or perhaps only recommendation is, that they are the friends or the connexions of some powerful family; and under the influence of which, even when the Government are anxious to compensate, by one praiseworthy appointment, for the many instances in which professional merit was altogether neglected, they are betrayed, either from ignorance or carelessness, into mistakes, which are scarcely less to be deplored than their acts of more deliberate injustice, in which the claims of truly deserving persons are designedly passed by, and the best interests of the Church formally sacrificed to their notions of political expediency? Indeed, my Lord, it must be changed. Nor can I conceive how a change may more fittingly begin than by the division of labour, which I have suggested; by means of which, a separation would take place between offices which should never have been united, and no Minister of the Crown would be exposed to the temptation of bartering stations in the Church, which impose upon them an awful spiritual responsibility, for that species of support in Parliament, by which the other business committed to his charge may be transacted with least inconvenience.

Much has been said, and much may be said, of the necessity imposed upon practical statesmen to conciliate those great interests, by whose influence the business of the nation must be carried on; and that their wishes must be consulted in the more important clerical arrangements. I, my Lord, never was, and never will be, a believer in any such necessity. A Minister of the Crown is addressed by a great parliamentary lord, or commoner, who says to him—"appoint my son or my brother to such a bishopric — or" — the Minister knows the alternative. If he is a timid man, or a time-serving man, or one who cares nothing for the Church, or who is

his secret enemy, he will strike to this great lord, or commoner: the bishopric will be disposed of for the purpose of securing his support, and his compliance will be remembered on those occasions when it is important that he should be able to command a majority in the House of Commons. But if he be an honest man, he may say to the borough proprietor, "No, sir; no support which you can give me shall induce me to sacrifice the interests of religion. While I hold the reins of power, the Church shall never be desecrated by an unfit appointment." The Minister who had the courage and the virtue to use this language, would, I am persuaded, gain more than he could lose by it. He might forego the purchased support of a few great lords, but he would be more than compensated for it by the accession of strength which he would receive from the people. He would find that honesty was the best policy; and the conviction of his rectitude to which such conduct would give rise, would cause even those very individuals to respect his integrity, who, if he were a different man, would have traded upon his corruption. For we must not suppose, my Lord, that all those who profit by the present system, therefore approve of it. No such thing. Many of them disapprove of it; they disapprove, decidedly, of making the high places in the Church the purchase of parliamentary services: but they say, "as this is the system, and as these good things are going, we may as well take advantage of it as long as it lasts, and have our share of them." Only let a conscientious Minister arise, who is determined that such an abomination shall no longer receive his countenance, and he will find the very class of persons who were most ready to avail themselves of them, as long as they were available for their use and benefit, not the least ready to second him in his most praiseworthy and high-minded determination.

The proposal which I respectfully submit to your Lordship, as far as it has been yet developed, involves no scheme of spoliation; it implies no departure from any one of the principles of our ecclesiastical polity. I believe that polity to be essentially

good and sound, and that it is only necessary to act up to the conception of those by whom it was framed, in order to accomplish every thing practicable for the benefit of religion.

If the thinking and worthy part of the public feel an objection that large revenues should be appropriated for the use of Bishops, it is chiefly because of the improper appointments that have been hitherto made. Let Bishops be but what they ought to be, and it will be acknowledged that large revenues could not be in better hands. Even as matters stand, I am persuaded that they are better employed than they would be, if they were confiscated, and handed over to lay proprietors. Take any bishopric either in England or Ireland, and let a fair comparison be instituted between the manner in which its revenues have been employed for the last hundred years, and those of any other lay property of the same amount,—let it be enquired which has cherished most worth, which has relieved most poverty, which has given to industry the most beneficial stimulus,—and if the very worst managed bishopric during that period be not proved to have been more advantageous to the country, even without any reference to its spiritual uses, than the very best managed private property, I have not read aright the lessons of history and experience. This I say, with a full knowledge of the value of the statement which has been so ostentatiously put forward by the enemies of our establishment, that Church lands have been always imperfectly cultivated. That such has been the case, is owing, chiefly, to the state of insecurity in which Church property is placed, in consequence of the clamours excited by those who are the enemies of the Church. But even taking in their widest latitude the statements which have been made to this effect, all the drawback which this implies, will not reduce the sum total of the good which has been done by the clerical possessors of ecclesiastical revenues, to the level of that to which any similar number of lay proprietors may lay claim as *their* contribution to the public advantage.

But the objection to Church property takes another form. The Bi-

shops are gravely told, that so much wealth is not good for their souls. Now, if this objection were made by individuals who practically evinced, in their own persons, any real apprehension of the danger of riches, however, we might dissent from their opinion; we could not but respect their sincerity. To them we should be contented to say, that if the individuals who were appointed to fill the office of Bishops, were not above the temptations which riches imply, they would be unfit for their stations; and that, if they did stand above such temptations, riches could not be in better hands. If they were useful for no other purpose, they would be eminently useful for this, viz. shewing how to use without abusing the gifts of Providence. But your Lordship very well knows, that the objectors are, generally speaking, a class who are by no means over solicitous about exemplifying the Christian virtues; and no one of whom has ever yet taken a fancy to prove the reality of his fears by a life of voluntary poverty. On the contrary, they make as much money as they can; and seem to have no fears but lest they should lose it. Now, if they reasoned thus, and said, "Riches are dangerous even for a Bishop, how much more dangerous must they be for a sinner like me?" they would be only consistent; their words would square with their conduct. As matters stand at present, their conduct says one thing, their words say another. And, as practical men, the only conclusion to which we can possibly come is this, that as they find riches very compatible with their spiritual well-being, it is to be presumed, that they may be compatible with the spiritual well-being of Bishops also.

In truth, my Lord, no one of the evils connected with our establishment, and which it should be the object of Government to remedy, is referable either to its wealth or its poverty. For their correction, therefore, it is wholly unnecessary to disturb the present arrangements of the Church. The effect of any interference with them must be to unsettle the foundation on which they at present rest, and to afford an opening, and give an impulse, to the rapacity by which they would be invaded. I am myself no stickler for the main-



tenance of the prelates' incomes precisely at their present amount; and I can, perhaps, recognise a certain advantage as likely to accrue from a more perfect equalisation of their preferments. But I cannot say, that this advantage would not be too dearly purchased by the admission of a principle which must make all Church property precarious. And it is not a slight improvement in the theory of our establishment, which should reconcile any of its sincere well-wishers to a project which would render its possession insecure.

Let our establishment be rendered as efficient as it is possible to be, and we will hear no more, at least in the shape of objection, of the wealth of one class of its clergy, and the poverty of another. When a man has been thirty or forty years before the public in his professional capacity, his character must be pretty well known; and if any taint of avarice belong to him, he should be deemed unfit for the office of Bishop. If, on the contrary, he should have, for such a period, exhibited those virtues which mark him as a follower of his Divine Master; if his affections have been so long "set on things above, not on things of the earth," it is but reasonable to presume that the same simplicity and singleness of heart will attend him in a higher station. To such a man, therefore, more ample funds will only be more ample means of doing good; and although he may not keep so many dogs or horses as this lord, or that squire, yet will his expenditure not be less creditable to himself, or less beneficial to his fellow-creatures.

If such and such only were appointed Bishops, we would hear but few complaints of the poverty of the inferior clergy; for they would all be promoted according to their worth and services. I am against any regulation which should prescribe that a certain standing entitled a clergyman to promotion. By such a rule no distinction would be made between the drones and the bees. It might, indeed, be very well to provide, that a clergyman should be some years in the ministry before he was entitled to become a rector. Under the eye of a vigilant and discriminating Bishop, however, all would go on well even without any such provi-

sion; but it would be necessary, for many reasons, to keep him in perpetual remembrance of his sacred obligation. Every appointment which he made should take place in public. It should be done in the sight of God, and of his congregation. Nothing should be wanting which could impress both upon himself and the beholders that he was about to perform a solemn religious act, upon which might depend the spiritual wellbeing of thousands. Can it be supposed, that, in such a case, he would be as accessible to carnal, corrupting, or presumptuous solicitations, as many of the Bishops are at present? Assuredly he would not. He would be placed under circumstances in which "all that was carnal would die in him, and all things belonging to the spirit would live and grow in him." Every project of family aggrandisement would be repressed, when he called upon the congregation to join with him in prayer, "that the Lord of the harvest might send forth labourers into the harvest." He could not think, in such a moment, of making merchandise of the souls of men: and rare, indeed, would be the appointment which would cause scandal to religion.

Thus, by providing good men for the higher offices, we would cause that good men in the lower offices should never be, for any length of time, unprovided. This, surely, will be admitted to be a better mode of remedying an evil which every one must acknowledge and deplore, than a regulation which, by raising the stipends of curates, would have a tendency to banish useful labourers from the Church, and this, by an interference with vested rights which must bring all ecclesiastical property into danger. The State, my Lord, cannot at present too jealously guard against every project which bears even a semblance of spoliation. These projects may begin with the Church, but, depend upon it, they cannot end there. If possessions, the most ancient, the most sacred, and the most imprescriptible, are invaded, upon what principle can any other species of property be deemed secure? If the clergy, from usufructuary proprietors, are degraded to the class of mere stipendiaries; and if their property is to be commuted for salaries to be determined by a "quantum

merit" consideration of the services they perform, these services being estimated by those who despise their office and character, we may easily conceive the species of estimation in which the ministers of religion will be held. And when we consider, that, by such a course, the populace will have got but a taste of plunder, what is to prevent the appetite which shall be thus excited from gratifying itself at the expense of the possession of the hereditary proprietors, whose titles cannot be considered better than those which they have themselves contributed to destroy,

and who, when they thus, in their turn, become the victims of popular caprice, can scarcely be said to suffer any thing more than the awards of evenhanded justice?

But I have already detained your Lordship too long, and will conclude for the present by assuring you, that if I did not feel much respect for your talents, and was not led to believe, by many of your acts and expressions, that you are a sincere well-wisher of our venerable Church, I never would have so far trespassed upon your attention.

SCRUTATOR.

TOM CRINGLE'S LOG.\*

THE only other midshipman on board the cutter beside young Walcott, whose miserable death we had witnessed, was a slight delicate little fellow, about fourteen years old, of the name of Duncan; he was the smallest boy of his age I ever saw, and had been badly hurt in repelling the attack of the pirate. His wound was a lacerated puncture in the left shoulder from a boarding-pike, but it appeared to be healing kindly, and for some days we thought he was doing well. However, about five o'clock in the afternoon, before we made Jamaica, the surgeon accosted Mr Douglas as we were walking the deck together. "I fear little Duncan is going to slip through my fingers after all, sir."—"No!—I thought he had been better."—"So he was till about noon, when a twitching of the muscles came on, which I fear betokens lock jaw; he wavers, too, now and then, a bad sign of itself where there is a fretting wound."—We went below, where, notwithstanding the wind-sail that was let down close to where his hammock was slung, the heat of the small vessel was suffocating. The large coarse tallow candle in the purser's lantern, that hung beside his shoulder, around which the loathsome cockroaches fluttered like moths in a summer evening, filled the between decks with a rancid oily smell, and with smoke as from a torch, while it ran down and melted like fat before a fire. It cast a dull sickly gleam on the pale face of the

brown-haired, girlish-looking lad, as he lay in his narrow hammock. When we entered, an old quarter-master was rubbing his legs, which were jerking about like the limbs of a galvanized frog, while two of the boys held his arms, also violently convulsed. The poor little fellow was crying and sobbing most piteously, but made a strong effort to compose himself and "be a man" when he saw us.—"This is so good of you, Mr Cringle! you will take charge of my letter to my sister, I know you will?—I say, Anson," to the quarter-master, "do lift me up a little till I try and finish it.—It will be a sore heart to poor Sarah; she has no mother now, nor father, and aunt is not over kind,"—and again he wept bitterly. "Confound this jumping hand, it won't keep steady, all I can do.—I say, Doctor, I sha'n't die this time, shall I?"—"I hope not, my fine little fellow."—"I don't think I shall; I shall live to be a man yet, in spite of that bloody Buccaneer's pike, I know I shall." God help me, the death rattle was already in his throat, and the flame was flickering in the socket; even as he spoke, the muscles of his neck stiffened to such a degree that I thought he was choked, but the violence of the convulsion quickly subsided. "I am done for, Doctor!" he could no longer open his mouth, but spoke through his clenched teeth—"I feel it now!—God Almighty receive my soul, and protect my poor sister!" The arch-enemy was indeed

\* See Number for November last.

advancing to the final struggle, for he now gave a sudden and sharp cry, and stretched out his legs and arms, which instantly became as rigid as marble, and in his agony he turned his face to the side I stood on, but he was no longer sensible. "Sister," he said with difficulty—"Don't let them throw me overboard; there are sharks here."—"Land on the lee-bow,"—sung out the man at the mast-head. The common life sound would not have moved any of us in the routine of duty, but bursting in, under such circumstances, it made us all start, as if it had been something unusual; the dying midshipman heard it, and said calmly—"Land,—I will never see it.—But how blue all your lips look.—It is cold, piercing cold, and dark, dark." Something seemed to rise in his throat, his features sharpened still more, and he tried to gasp, but his clenched teeth prevented him—he was gone.

I went on deck with a heavy heart, and, on looking in the direction indicated, I beheld the towering Blue Mountain peak rising high above the horizon, even at the distance of fifty miles, with its outline clear and distinct against the splendid western sky, now gloriously illumined by the light of the set sun. We stood on under easy sail for the night, and next morning when the day broke, we were off the east end of the magnificent Island of Jamaica. The stupendous peak now appeared to rise close aboard of us, with a large solitary star sparkling on his forehead, and reared his forest-crowned summit high into the cold blue sky, impending over us in frowning magnificence, while the long dark range of the Blue Mountains, with their outlines hard and clear in the grey light, sloped away on each side of him as if they had been the Giant's shoulders. Great masses of white mist hung on their sides about half way down, but all the valleys and coast as yet slept in the darkness. We could see that the land-wind was blowing strong in shore, from the darker colour of the water, and the speed with which the coasters, only distinguishable by their white sails, slid along; while astern of us, out at sea, yet within a cable's length, for we had only shot beyond its influence, the prevailing trade-wind blew a smart breeze, coming up strong to

a defined line, beyond which and between it, and the influence of the land-wind, there was a belt of dull lead-coloured sea, about half a mile broad, with a long heavy groundswell rolling, but smooth as glass, and without even a ripple on the surface, in the midst of which we lay dead becalmed.

The heavy dew was shaken in large drops out of the wet flapping sails, against which the reef points pattered like hail as the vessel rolled. The decks were wet and slippery, and our jackets saturated with moisture; but we enjoyed the luxury of cold to a degree that made the sea water when dashed about the decks, as they were being holystoned, appear absolutely warm. Presently all nature awoke in its freshness so suddenly, that it looked like a change of scene in a theatre. The sun, as yet set to us, rose to the huge peak, and glanced like lightning on his summit, making it gleam like an amethyst. The clouds on his shaggy ribs rolled upwards, and enveloped his head and shoulders, and were replaced by the thin blue mists which ascended from the valleys, forming a fleecy canopy, beneath which appeared hill and dale, woods and cultivated lands, where all had been undistinguishable a minute before, and gushing streams burst from the mountain sides like gouts of froth, marking their course in the level grounds by the vapours they sent up. Then Breere mill-towers burst into light, and cattle mills, with their cone-shaped roofs, and overseers' houses, and water mills, with the white spray falling from the wheels, and sugar-works, with long pennants of white smoke, streaming from the boiling-house chimneys in the morning wind. Immediately after, gangs of negroes were seen at work; loaded waggons, with enormous teams of fourteen to twenty oxen dragging them, rolled along the roads; long strings of mules loaded with canes were threading the fields; dragging vessels were seen to shove out from every cove; the morning song of the black fishermen was heard, while their tiny canoes, like black specks, started up suddenly on all sides of us, as if they had floated from the bottom of the sea; and the smiling scene burst at once, and as if by magic, on us, in all its coolness and beauty, under the cheer-

ing influence of the rapidly rising sun. We fired a gun, and made the signal for a pilot; upon which a canoe, with three negroes in it, shoved off from a small schooner lying to about a mile to leeward. They were soon alongside, when one of the three jumped on board. This was the pilot, a slave, as I knew, and, in my innocence, I expected to see something very squalid and miserable, but there was nothing of the kind; for I never in my life saw a more spruce salt water dandy, in a small way. He was well dressed, according to a seaman's notion—clean white trowsers, check shirt, with white lapels, neatly fastened at the throat with a black ribbon, smart straw hat; and altogether he carried an appearance of comfort—I was going to write independence—about him, that I was by no means prepared for. He moved about with a swaggering roll, grinning and laughing with the seamen. "Isay, Blackie," said Mr Douglas,—"John Lodge, massa, if you please, massa; Blackie is not politeful, sir," whereupon he shewed his white teeth again. "Well, well, John Lodge, you are running us in too close surely;" and the remark seemed seasonable enough to a stranger, for the rocks on the bold shore were now within half pistol-shot.—"Mind your eye," shouted old Anson. "You will have us ashore, you black rascal!"—"You, sir, what water have you here?" sung out Mr Splinter. "Salt water, massa," rapped out Lodge, fairly dumfounded by such a volley of questions—"You hab six fadom good here, massa;" but suspecting he had gone too far—"I take de Tonnant, big ship as him is, close to dat reef, sir, you might have jump ashore, so you need not frighten for your leetle dish of a hooker; beside, massa, my character is at take, you know"—then another grin and bow. There was no use in being angry with the poor fellow, so he was allowed to have his own way until we anchored in the evening at Port-Royal. The morning after we arrived, I went ashore with a boat's crew to perform the magnanimous operation of cutting brooms; we pulled ashore for Green Bay, under the guns of the Twelve Apostles—a heavy battery of twelve cannon, where there is a tombstone with an

inscription, setting forth that the party over whom it was erected, had been actually swallowed up in the great earthquake that destroyed the opposite town, but subsequently disgorged again; being, perchance, an unseemly morsel.

We approached the beach—"Oars"—the men laid them in. "What sort of nuts be them, Peter Combings?" said the coxswain to a new hand who had been lately impressed, and was now standing at the bow ready to fend off.

Peter broke off one of the branches from the bush nearest him.—"Smite my timbers, do the trees here bear shellfish?" The tide in the Gulf of Mexico does not ebb and flow above two feet, except at the springs, and the ends of the drooping branches of the mangrove trees, that here cover the shore, are clustered, within the wash of the water, with a small well-flavoured oyster. The first thing the seamen did when they got ashore, was to fasten an oakum tail to the rump of one of the most lubberly of the cutter's crew; they then gave him ten yards law, when they started in chase, shouting amongst the bushes, and switching each other like the veriest schoolboys. I had walked some distance along the beach, pelting the amphibious little creatures, half crab, half lobster, called soldiers, which kept shouldering their large claws, and running out and in their little burrows, as the small ripple twinkled on the sand in the rising sun, when two men-of-war's boats, each with three officers in the stern, suddenly pulled round a little promontory that intercepted my view ahead. Being somewhat out of the line of my duty, so far from my boat, I squatted amongst the brushwood, thinking they would pass by; but, as the devil would have it, they pulled directly for the place where I was ensconced, beached their boats, and jumped on shore. "Here's a mess," thought I.

I soon made out that one of the officers was Captain Pinkem of the Flash, and that the parties saluted each other with that stern courtesy, which augured no good. "So, so, my masters, not enough of fighting on the coast of America, but you must have a little private defacing of God's image amongst yourselves?" Pinkem spoke first. "Mr Clinch,"

(I now knew he addressed the first Lieutenant of the flag-ship,) "Mr Clinch, it is not too late to prevent unpleasant consequences; I ask you again, at the eleventh hour, will you make an apology?" He seemed hurried and fidgety in his manner; which rather surprised me, as I knew he was a seasoned hand in these matters, and it contrasted unfavourably with the calm bearing of his antagonist, who by this time had thrown his hat on the ground, and stood with one foot on the handkerchief that marked his position, the distance, twelve paces, having already been measured. By the bye his position was deucedly near in a line with the grey stone behind which I lay hid; nevertheless, the risk I ran did not prevent me noticing that he was very pale, and had much the air of a brave man come to die in a bad cause. He looked upwards for a second or two, and then answered, slowly and distinctly, "Captain Pinkem, I now repeat what I said before; this rencontre is none of my seeking. You accuse me of having spoken slightly of you seven years ago, when I was a mere boy. You have the evidence of a gallant officer that I did so, therefore, I may not gainsay it; but of uttering the words imputed to me, I declare, upon my honour, I have no recollection." He paused. "That wont do, my fine fellow," said Pinkem. "You are unreasonable," rejoined Clinch, in the same measured tone, "to expect farther *amende* for uttering words which I have no conviction of having spoken; yet, to any other officer in the service I would not hesitate to make a more direct apology, but you know your credit as a pistol-shot renders this impossible."

"Sorry for it, Mr Clinch, sorry for it." Here the pistols were handed to the principals by their respective seconds. In their attitudes, the proficient and the novice were strikingly contrasted; (by this time I had crept round so as to have a view of both parties, or rather, if the truth must be told, to be out of the line of fire.) Pinkem stood with his side accurately turned towards his antagonist, so as to present the smallest possible surface; his head was, as it struck me, painfully slewed round, with his eye looking steadily at

Clinch, over his right shoulder, whilst his arm was brought down close to his thigh, with the cock of the pistol turned outwards, so that his weapon must have covered his opponent by the simple raising of his arm below the elbow. Clinch, on the other hand, stood fronting him, with the whole breadth of his chest; holding his weapon awkwardly across his body, with both hands. Pinkem appeared unwilling to take him at such advantage, for, although violent and headstrong, and but too frequently the slave of his passions, he had some noble traits in his character.

"Turn your feather edge to me, Mr Clinch; take a fair chance, man." The lieutenant bowed, and I thought would have spoken, but he was checked by the fear of being thought to fear; however, he took the advice, and in an instant the word was given—"Are you both ready?" "Yes." "Then fire!" Clinch fired without deliberation. I saw him, for my eyes were fixed on him, expecting to see him fall. He stood firm, however, which was more than I did, as at the instant, a piece of the bullion of an epaulet, at first taken for a pellet of baser metal, struck me sharply on the nose, and shook my equanimity confoundedly; at length I turned to look at Pinkem, and there he stood with his arm raised, pistol levelled, but he had not fired. He stood thus whilst I might have counted ten, like a finger-post, then dropping his hand, his weapon went off, but without aim, the bullet striking the sand near his feet, and down he came headlong to the ground. He fell with his face turned towards me, and I never shall forget the horrible expression of it. His healthy complexion had given place to a deadly blue, the eyes were wide open and straining in their sockets, the upper lip was drawn up, showing his teeth in a most frightful grin, the blood gushed from his mouth as if impelled by the strokes of a force pump, while his hands griped and dug into the sand.

Before the sun set, he was a dead man.

"A neat morning's work, gentlemen," thought I. The two surgeons came up, and opened his dress, felt his pulse, and shook their heads; the boat's crews grouped around

them—he was lifted into his gig, the word was given to shove off, and I returned to my broom-cutters.

When we got on board, the gunner who had the watch was taking his fisherman's walk on the starboard side of the quarter-deck, and kept looking steadily at the land, as if to avoid seeing poor little Duncan's coffin, that lay on a grating near the gangway. The crew, who were employed in twenty different ways, repairing damages, were bustling about, laughing, joking, and singing, with small regard to the melancholy object before their eyes, when Mr Douglas put his head up the ladder—"Now, Transom, if you please." The old fellow's countenance fell as if his heart was wrung by the order he had to give. "Aloft there! lie out, you Perkins, and receive a whip on the starboard yard-arm to lower Mr"—The rest stuck in his throat, and, as if ashamed of his soft-heartedness, he threw as much gruffness as he could into his voice as he sung out—"Beat to quarters there!—knock off, men!" The roll of the drum stayed the confusion and noise of the people at work in an instant, who immediately ranged themselves, in their clean frocks and trousers, on each side of the quarter-deck. At a given signal, the white deal coffin, wrapped in its befitting pall, the meteor flag of England, swung high above the hammock nettings between us and the clear blue sky, to the long clear note of the boat-swain's whistle, which soon ending in a short chirrup, told that it now rested on the thwarts of the boat alongside. We pulled ashore, and it was a sight perchance to move a woman, to see the poor little fellow's hat and bit of a dirk lying on his coffin, whilst the body was carried by four ship boys, the eldest scarcely fourteen. I noticed the tears stand in Anson's eyes as the coffin was lowered into the grave,—the boy had been wounded close to him,—and when we heard the hollow rattle of the earth on the coffin,—an unusual sound to a sailor—he shuddered.—"Yes, Master Cringle," he said, in a whisper, "he was as kind-hearted, and as brave a lad as ever trod on shoe leather,—none of the larkings of the men in the clear moonlight nights ever reached the cabin through him,—nor was he the boy to rouse the watch

from under the lee of the boats in bad weather, to curry with the lieutenant, while he knew the look-outs were as bright as beagles,—and where was the man in our watch that wanted 'bacco while Mr Duncan had a shiner left?" The poor fellow drew the back of his horny hand across his eyes, and grumbled out as he turned away, "And here am I, Bill Anson, such a swab as to be ashamed of being sorry for him."

We were now turned over into the receiving ship the old Shark, and fortunately there were captains enough in port to try us for the loss of the Torch, so we got over our court-martial speedily, and the very day I got back my dirk, the packet brought me out a lieutenant's commission. Being now my own master for a season, I determined to visit some relations I had in the island, to whom I had never yet been introduced; so I shook hands with old Splinter, packed my kit, and went to the wharf to charter a wherry to carry me up to Kingston. The moment my object was perceived by the black boat-men, I was surrounded by a mob of them, pulling and hauling each other, and shouting forth the various qualifications of their boats, with such vehemence, that I was nearly deafened. "Massa, no see *Pam be Civil*, sail like a witch, tack like a dolphin?"—"Don't believe him, Massa, *Ballahoo* is de boat dat can beat him."—"Dam lie dat, as I am a gentleman!" roared a ragged black vagabond.—"Come in de *Monkey*, Massa, no flying fis can beat she."—"Don't boder de gentleman," yelled a fourth.—"Massa love de *Stamp-and-go*—no, no, Massa," as he saw me make a step in the direction of his boat. "Oh yes, get out of de way, you black rascals,"—the fellow was as black as a sloe himself—"make room for man-of-war buccra; him leetle just now, but will be admiral one day." So saying, the fellow who had thus appropriated me, without more ado, levelled his head like a battering ram, and began to batter in breech all who stood in his way. He first ran a tilt against *Pam be Civil*, and shot him like a rocket into the sea; the *Monkey* fared no better; the *Ballahoo* had to swim for it, and having thus opened a way by main force, I at length got safely moored in the stern sheets;

but just as we were shoving off, Mr Callaloo, the clergyman of Port-Royal, a tall yellow personage, begged for a passage, and was accordingly taken on board. As it was high water, my boatmen chose the five foot channel, as the boat channel near to Gallows Point is called, by which a long stretch would be saved, and we were cracking on cheerily, my mind full of my recent promotion, when, scur, scur, scur, we stuck fast on the bank. Our black boatmen, being little encumbered with clothes, jumped overboard in a covey like so many wild-ducks, shouting, as they dropped into the water, "We must all get out—we must all get out," whereupon Mr Callaloo, a sort of Dominie Sampson in his way, promptly leaped overboard up to his waist in the water. The negroes were

thunderstruck. "Massa Parson Callaloo, you mad surely, you mad!" — "Children, I am not mad, but obedient—you said we must all get out"— "To be sure, Massa, and you no see we *all did* get out?" "And did you not see that I got out too?" rejoined the parson, still in the water. "Oh, lud, Massa! we no mean you—we meant poor niger, not white man parson."—"You said *all*, children, and there-upon I leaped," pronouncing the last word in two syllables—"be more correct in your grammar next time." The worthy but eccentric old chap then scrambled on board again, amidst the suppressed laughter of the boatmen, and kept his seat, wet clothes and all, until we reached Kingston.

17th Dec. 1831.

#### THE HORSE.

BY THE REV. F. W. MALTBY.

*Hasst thou given the horse strength?  
Hasst thou clothed his neck with thunder?  
The glory of his nostril is terrible.  
He paweth in the valley, and rejoiceth in his strength:  
He swalloweth the ground with fierceness and rage.*

*Book of Job.*

Proud creature! thou dost boast the favour'd station  
Thy beauty wins thee o'er each meaner race;  
The glory, strength, and freshness of creation  
Still live around thee: what withholden grace  
Could nature's wondrous treasury afford,  
Were thy primeval majesty restored!  
And much I marvel, when the world was young,  
From what fierce element thy beauty sprung.  
Had storms engender'd thee—aye, wert thou not  
Born of the billows, by the blast begot!

I ask not with what spirit thou dost brook  
Thy cancell'd birth-right, liberty! But look  
Into the wrathful splendour of thine eye,  
Now roaming wild, now fix'd attentively,  
As if some far off object thou would'st scan,  
Ten thousand leagues beyond the range of man.  
No! fierce impatience, scorn of all control,  
Stirs thy hot heart, and fires thy savage soul:—  
Seen in the breathed nostril's sanguine stains,  
And the swoll'n channels of thy branching veins;  
Nature's proud tracery, heralding high birth,  
Patent of thy nobility and worth!  
Yes! thou art far too beautiful, and brave  
For man's dominion; the dull name of slave  
Suits not with thy free temper and just state;  
Aye, spurn th' insensate earth, for thou dost hate  
All dull and lifeless natures, and wouldst mate  
Thy spirit with the lightnings and the wind;  
But that the last thou scornest, as 'twould find  
Its wild wings idle in their stormy might  
I suppose thy name is in the stormy flight

## GEOGRAPHY OF AFRICA—QUARTERLY REVIEW.

LETTER FROM JAMES M'QUEEN, ESQ.

SIR,

IN your Number for July last I drew the attention of the public shortly to the course and termination of the great river Niger, as pointed out by me upwards of eleven years ago, and the accuracy of which the recent successful journey of Lander has so amply confirmed. The last number of the *Quarterly Review* compels me to turn again to this important subject.

Describing, whether accurately or not, I know not, nor is it my business to enquire, a delineation of the course and termination of this river by a German named *Reichard*, the writer in the Review, at page 79, says, "Mr M'Queen, almost as ingenious as M. Reichard, but a humble copyist, with equal poverty of facts, claims the merit of the discovery; which however is due, and solely due, to Richard Lander, on whom the society" (Royal Geographical) "has very properly bestowed his Majesty's royal premium of fifty guineas."

There is a tone of insolence and contempt, and a disclosure of certain modes of transacting business, displayed in this passage, which render it deserving of remark. To this silly misrepresentation it is replied, *first*, Reichard, according to the critic, has been right in his view of the important subject, but which that critic never was; *secondly*, that in my labours in this subject I was his "humble copyist," is most pointedly and flatly denied and contradicted. When the map was constructed, which was laid before his Majesty's Government in June 1820, and published with the volume on the Geography of Central Africa, by Mr Blackwood, in March 1821, I had not then, nor for several years afterwards, heard of the name of Reichard or his theory; nor then, nor till this moment, have I either seen or heard one syllable that that individual has said, written, or published, on the subject. The statement, therefore, is a gratuitous assumption and assertion on the part of the writer in the Review, and he is welcome to the merit, whatever merit a dis-

passionate public may consider to be due, for the statement, and also for the manner in which it has been brought forward. *Thirdly*, The assertion, "with an equal poverty of facts," will be speedily put to the proof, by laying before your readers a portion of the "facts" so many years ago submitted to a discerning public.

Previous, however, to entering upon this part of the subject, the following remarks appear necessary.

Think not, Mr Editor, for a moment, that your humble servant judges Mr Lander his reward, and the honour which has been bestowed upon him. He is entitled to all; nor were such things ever thought of or sought by me. That meritorious individual will forgive me when in my defence it becomes necessary to turn the Reviewer's arguments against himself. Mr Lander may rest assured that this is done not to lessen his merits, but to curb the arrogance of one who unnecessarily and unjustly attempts to depreciate the labours of others in this important question, and who, considering the erroneous theories which he has so long and so pertinaciously attempted to spread and to maintain, ought to have been the very last to pursue the course which he pursues.

Mr Lander has sailed down a *River* from Yaoori to the sea, (near the ocean in a minor branch,) but that that River which he did sail down is the Niger of Ptolemy, the Joliba of Park, and the River of Timbuctoo, so long sought and so much famed, he knows no more than I do, except from the reports of other authorities and other travellers, and particularly from the important fact that Park, who embarked on the upper Joliba, passed Yaoori, and was lost in a river at Boussa. All these latter facts were well known previously to the journeys made by Denham, Clapperton, and Lander. Now upon this fact, that Park sailed down the Niger, the Joliba, or whatever name the critic pleases to give it, to Boussa, where he perished, I established the irrefragable truth, that the Niger actually



entered the sea in the Bights of Benin and Biafra; because, by other authorities, I learned that the river which passed Yaoori and Boussa was navigable and navigated from these places to the Atlantic Ocean. The above is all the advantage which Lander has over me, and it is willingly yielded unto him, while, from more than one authority, I had, long before Lander's journey was undertaken, pointed out that the river on which he embarked at Yaoori and Boussa was the river which passes Kabra, the port of Timbuctoo, and that on which Park embarked at Sansanding.

There is more than one passage in the article contained in the Review alluded to, which deserves remark; but previous to going into these, it may be proper to adduce the "poverty of facts" with which I shewed that the Niger, or River of Timbuctoo, terminated in the Atlantic Ocean, in the Bights of Benin and Biafra.

First, there is the map drawn and submitted to his Majesty's Government in June 1820, delineating the course of the Rivers in Northern Central Africa, and more especially, and as a primary object, the course and termination of the Joliba or Niger. This cannot be denied. The writer, at least that gentleman whom I believe to be the writer in the Quarterly Review, saw this map at the time mentioned. As published on a reduced scale in 1821, it can be referred to, in order to shew how little difference there is in the great features, from those which have been subsequently ascertained by European ocular demonstration. The only data I had to determine the course of the rivers, more especially the Niger, as laid down in this map, were the bearings and days' journeys as confusedly given by Moor and Arab travellers and authorities. Still, with these deficient materials, Boussa is laid down on the map in question in about 11 deg. 40 min. N. Lat. and 8 deg. 20 min. East Long., with the observation in the volume subsequently published, that the portion assigned to it was believed to be about a degree and a half too much, both to the eastward and northward.

In 1826\* these errors were, from subsequent research and information, corrected to a certain extent; and according to Clapperton's observations, Boussa is situated in 10 deg. 14 min. N. Lat. and 6 deg. 11 min. East Long., thus not differing above half a degree from the position as laid down by me (taking the reservation above alluded to into account) in the map constructed June 1820.

So far as concerns the map. Next comes the volume on the geography of Northern Central Africa, published in 1821, and already alluded to. The object of this volume was to bring forward the authorities and the facts on which the map was constructed, and to shew the course of the Niger, and its tributary streams, to the ocean; but, as has been already stated, the course and termination of the Niger were the grand points to make out—all the rest were of minor importance. In the course of the rivers in Eastern Sudan, there are, particularly in the middle and more northern of them, several errors, but which were corrected in 1826. These errors arose from the exceedingly confused accounts given by Moor and Arab travellers, and which were rendered still more unintelligible by the imperfect manner in which they were understood, and the despotic manner in which they were applied by the European authorities to which they were given, and by which they were adduced and referred to. The great cause of error, however, was in that source of information by which the intelligent and accurate Burckhardt was deceived, in stating the course of the Shary to be from N.E. to S.W. to the *Bahr* Lake, or River of Bornou, instead of the course being, as it is, towards its mouth, from S.W. to N.E. His authority was taken as the point to fix the course of the streams which traverse this part of Africa; but had the true course of the Shary been known, it would have at once enabled me to clear up the geographical features of this portion of Africa, so far as concern the rivers thereof, and to have reconciled, readily and accurately, what otherwise appeared to be irreconcilable and unintelligible in the narratives

\* See this Magazine for June, 1826.

obtained from Moor and Arab travellers.

With these remarks, I proceed to the "*facts*" adduced in the volume, concerning the more prominent and most important point of the whole; namely, the course and termination of the mighty River Niger; and to show these, I must adduce the theories and errors brought forward by various writers, and by none more pertinaciously than by the writer in the *Quarterly Review*. These are thus shortly stated in the volume referred to, p. 3:—

"The theories at present most in vogue are, *first*, that it flows eastward, reaching beyond the parallel of 18 deg. N. Lat., and then, in about 20 deg. E. Long. that it flows south-east." (See *Quarter. Rev.*, May, 1820,) the parent stream of the *Bahr-el-Abiad*, or Nile of Egypt. *Secondly*, That it terminates in a large lake in the interior, which also receives the Gir, or Nile of Sudan, coming from the eastward. *Thirdly*, That the waters of both rivers are lost in, and absorbed by, swamps and sandy deserts, in a country called Wangara. And, *fourthly*, that the Niger, from its middle course, flows south, and joins the great River Congo or Zaïre. Every one of these theories is grossly erroneous, contrary to every authority on which reliance can be placed, and in opposition to every feature of geography exhibited any where else on this globe." "That the Niger flows to form the *Bahr-el-Abiad*, is contrary to all probability—contrary to the good authority of Ptolemy—contrary to the authority of the best Arabian geographers—and contrary to excellent modern authority. Yet it is most surprising that an opinion so improbable in itself, and so directly opposed to all the authorities mentioned, should, even to this day, continue to be believed and maintained."

Strabo and Pliny had a vague idea that the streams descending from the south side of Mount Atlas, after running under the desert, emerged, and formed the Great River of Central Africa, which continued its course to the Egyptian Nile; and they seem to have imbibed this idea from the remarkable fact, that upon digging some feet below the surface, and in the very middle of the Great Desert, abundance of fresh water is found,

and which the Arabs term "*the sea under ground*." Be this as it may, however, it is plain that their information told them that there was a river to the south of the Great African Desert, then certainly, but imperfectly known, running to the eastward. Ptolemy makes the matter clearer, and, in the general course of the great rivers, very nearly indeed what modern investigation has found it to be. "He wrote in Egypt in the second century of the Christian era. Then Africa was better known. The interior of the northern division he describes, apparently from good authority, and with considerable accuracy, only he seems altogether to leave out the Great Desert. *Mount Mandrus*, the middle of which was 22 deg. N. Lat. and 23 deg. E. Long. from Ferro, and *Rhisadirus* mountain, more to the south, he places as the barrier that divides the waters which flow westward into the Atlantic Ocean, by the Rivers *Stachirus*, &c. (the Senegal, Gambia, &c.) from those which flow eastward in the Niger. Turning eastward from Mount *Rhisadirus*, we find Mount *Caphas* in about 10 deg. N. Lat., which divides the waters that flow south into the *Great Gulf*, or Gulf of Guinea, from those which flow north to join the Niger. In *Caphas* we readily recognise the Kong range. Eastward, in the same parallel, there is a blank or opening, and then comes *Mount Thala*, situated in 10 deg. N. Lat. and 38 deg. E. Long. from Ferro, on the very place where Denham found the Mandara hills, and high '*Moon Mountains*,' stretching southward from them." "Turning north, in 10 deg. N. Lat. and 50 deg. E. Long. from Ferro, we have the chain of hills called the Garamantican Rampart, which divides the waters which flow west in the Gir, from those which flow east to the Nile, and from those deserts which stretch eastward to the Nile. Turning westward in the parallel of 21 deg. N. Lat. and extending along by the sources of the River Cinips, from 40 deg. to 41 deg. E. Long., we have Mount *Girgires*; and from 8 deg. to 10 deg. farther west, in the same parallel of latitude, are the *Usurgala* mountains. Next, in N. Lat. 32 deg. and E. Long. 20 deg. 30 min., we have Mount *Sagapola* placed (if the

latitude is correctly given) most erroneously in the map accompanying the work, (Ptolemy's,) in 20 deg. N. Lat., and 15 deg. E. Long. on the south side in place of the north side of the desert. The formidable barriers here enumerated, according to the delineation of Ptolemy, encircle, or enclose, those extensive valleys, if I may use the expression, through which the Niger, the Gir, and their tributary streams take their courses, leaving only the opening between Mount Thala and Mount Caphas, for the collected flood to escape to the southward. How much these general outlines agree with modern accounts, our future investigations, and the map accompanying this work, will shew."—P. 7, &c.

Pages 10 to 14 go on to shew Ptolemy's account of the rivers Gir and Niger—the former running from east to west, and enumerating the chief cities situated on its banks, for the space of 12 degrees of longitude; and the latter running from west to east, enumerating also the most celebrated cities situated on its banks, from 19 deg. to 31 deg. east longitude from Ferro, shewing a declination of the river to the south of no fewer than 5 deg. on the latter meridian. Ptolemy places his *Nigrites Palus* in 18 deg. N. latitude, and 15 deg. E. longitude from Ferro, which is very near the true position of Lake Dabbie; he places his *Nigra* Metropolis in 17 deg. 15 min. N. latitude, and 25 deg. 30 min. E. longitude, (about 3 deg. east longitude from Greenwich,) almost on the very spot where all modern accounts place Timbuctoo; and he brings a great branch of the Niger to the *Nigrites Palus* from the north-west, which is actually found to be the fact, as stated in the Report of the Committee of Privy Council of 1789, the travels of Sidi Hamed, who marched along its banks several days, and also from the travels of Batouta and others. D'Anville, in an early map, lays down a river in the same space, but makes it run from the Lake to the Senegal. Ptolemy also brings a branch to the Niger from the eastward, "above the Lybian Lake," that is, to the south of the Lybian Lake, which lake he places in 16 deg. 30 min. N. latitude, and 35 deg. E. longitude from Ferro, the branch no

doubt descending by or from Mount Thala, which I have denominated Dar Kulla, and Lander has found under the name of Tshaddi.

These are all very remarkable, and, generally speaking, accurate features of African Geography, as delineated by Ptolemy; and after considering them and several others attentively, the arbitrary and despotic manner in which the writer in the Quarterly Review insists that Ptolemy knew nothing whatever of the rivers which flow in Central Africa to the south of the Great Desert, and that his authority should be wholly set aside, cannot fail to excite astonishment and reprobation. The accuracy of modern geography we are not to expect in Ptolemy's accounts, but certainly his general delineation of the rivers of Northern Central Africa is worthy of attention, and cannot be mistaken, and, at any rate, is more accurate and worthy of attention, than any thing that has ever previously been advanced about them by the present writer in the Quarterly Review.

So much for "facts" from Roman authority. Let us next come to Arab authority. *Belad-el-Soudan*, or the country of the blacks, says *Ebn Haukal*, "is more extensive than that of any other nation of blacks," whether Habeshis (Abyssinians) or Zingians (Ethiopians). "It is situated on the coasts of the ocean to the south." Edrisi distinctly informs us that a river, corresponding to the Gir of Ptolemy, ran from east to west. In part 4th of climate 1st, that is, in the part of Ethiopia, S. and S. W. of Nubia, says Edrisi, "is seen the separating of the two Niles. The one flows from south to north into Egypt, and the other part of the Nile flows from the east to the utmost bounds of the west, and upon this branch of the Nile lie all, or at least the most celebrated kingdoms of the Negroes. The Blacks mostly inhabit the banks of the Nile, or the streams that flow into it. It waters the country from east to west." Scheabeddin, who flourished about the year 1400, brings the Egyptian Nile and the Nile of the Blacks from one source. "From this lake," says he, "comes the Nile, the greatest and most beautiful river of all the earth. Many rivers derived from this great river

water Nubia, and the country of *Djenawa*," or Guinea, in its largest sense. Here the western course of the eastern river is decidedly pointed out and maintained. It is the G<sup>r</sup> of Ptolemy, who lays down his *Lake Nuba* in 15 deg. N. lat., and 50 deg. E. long., from Ferro, or, taking his error (nearly 12 deg.) in longitude into account, about 23 deg. E. long. from Greenwich, answering pretty nearly to the modern position of *Lake Fittre*. Ibn-al-Vardi states pointedly, that Meczara "is in the territory of the Sudans or blacks. The principal city is named Oulili. It is situated on the shore of THE SEA. There are salt-pits, and a great trade in salt." Edrisi says, that "in the island of Ulil," (the city of Ulil stands *not far from the continent*;) "are those famous salt-pits, the only ones we know in all the countries of the Negroes, whence they are every where supplied with salt. Men coming to this island load their vessels with salt, and direct their course to the mouth of the Nile, which is at the distance of one day's sail. Along the Nile they afterwards pass by Salla, Tocrus, Berissa," &c. In this description, are not the Delta of Benin, and the mouths of the Niger, recognised, at which places there is at this day a great manufacture of salt carried on, in order to supply the natives of the interior, by means of the navigation of the Niger? Leo speaks decidedly of a country, Guinee or Genawa, extending "along the Niger, bordering upon the ocean sea, in the same place where the Niger falleth into that sea. This region, during July, August, and September, is yearly environed with the overflowing of the Niger," &c. Horneuman and Park were pointedly informed that the Niger ran southward of Nyffe, till it joined the Bahar Kulla. Windhus was informed at Morocco, in 1721, that "the Niger, or Blacks' River, had a passage into the SOUTHERN SEA." Barnes was told that the Niger discharged itself into a large lake, on the borders of which there were white inhabitants, who dressed in the style of the Barbary Moors, but do not speak Arabic. In this we recognise the coast of Guinea and Benin, and the Europeans which then frequented that quarter. El Hadgi

Shabeeny states very pointedly, that he always understood "the Niger run into the sea, the salt sea, or Great Ocean, on the coasts of Genawa or Guinea." (*Jackson's Shabeeny*.) M. Beaufoy was informed by an intelligent Moor, that below Ghinea (that is, Genawa) is the sea, into which the river of Timbuctoo disembogues itself, and that boats went with the stream to Ghinea." Mr Grey Jackson, who had received much information concerning the interior of Africa, states that it is "the general African opinion, that the *Neel-el-Abeed* (Niger) discharges itself into the salt sea." The natives on the coasts of Benin and Biafra, says Robertson and others, "assert that all the rivers in the Delta come from one great river, which descends from the north." "The Niger," said Park, in the last dispatch that he wrote which has reached Britain, and on the eve of his embarking at Sansanding, "can terminate nowhere else but in the sea."

I pass over with merely alluding to the many facts disclosed by Bataouta, Leo, and by several of the Arabian geographers, about the course and existence of various rivers in Africa, which, when the true course of the Niger was learned and kept in view, were all useful to shew the grand result. For the same reason, namely, brevity, I merely allude to the "fact" mentioned by Leo, and so long sneered at, about the cold being so great about Zegzeg and Cano, that the inhabitants were obliged to kindle fires under their beds at night in order to keep themselves warm. Our unfortunate countryman, Dr Oudney, lost his life by being exposed to this cold, and found in December, and in the lat. of 13 deg. N., the water in their water-skins frozen to a SOLID MASS, and this amidst those elevated lands, through which the Quarterly Review in 1820 had carried the Niger in its eastern course to the Egyptian Nile!! I also pointed out, that old Dutch maps, and the maps of D'Anville, laid down rivers coming from the north from Agadez, &c. and joining the Niger through the *Bahr* lake, or river of Goober; and moreover, that the maps of De Lisle and Vagondy, made for the King of France, laid down a river joining the

Niger from the north-west, at or immediately below Boussa, which we now find the Menai and other rivers certainly do. I also pointed out, that in some very fine maps drawn for the use of the French navy during the government of Bonaparte, the Rio de Formosa was laid down as coming from about N.N.E.; and that in some Portuguese maps, near three centuries old, attached to the copy of Ptolemy's Geography, in the library of Glasgow College, the river of Formosa is laid down as descending nearly from north to south, and traced upwards to 10 deg. 30 min. N. lat. This direction of the bed of the Rio de Formosa accorded with my own opinion formed from other authorities.

I might fill pages with "facts" collected and published in my work on Africa in 1821, from various authorities, shewing the progress of the Niger, under various names, in its course through Northern Central Africa, but I content myself with only entering more minutely into one authority regarding the middle course of this celebrated stream, and that is the narrative of Sidi Hamed, an intelligent Moor belonging to the empire of Morocco. This individual, in company with a large caravan, travelled, from Timbuctoo to Wassanah, fifty-seven days along the northern bank of the river, either close to its bank, or else every day, once or oftener in sight of the stream. His journeys I estimated at ten geographical miles made good daily in the general bearings on which his route lay, and at six miles each day during the space of six days, when the caravan crossed a rugged ridge of mountains against which the river ran.—Taking the above scale as correct, Sidi Hamed travelled from Timbuctoo, along the north bank of the river, first easterly (six days,) sixty miles; secondly, more to the S. E. (fifteen days,) one hundred and fifty miles, through a hilly and woody country, the river bent by a very high mountain flowing in a majestic stream in that direction. At this distance from Timbuctoo two very large towns appeared on its southern bank. For thirty miles farther the river pursued a winding course S. E. About this point, the travellers from Dagwumba

and Ashantee cross the river in their route to Houssa. Bowditch (p. 206) places the ferry at twenty-four days' journey below Timbuctoo. At this part of its course the river approached a very high ridge of mountains covered with trees, and so close that no path remained between the stream and the mountain. "*It ran against the steep side of the mountain,*" said Sidi Hamed. In passing through this ridge, the Niger makes a turn to the S. W. Sidi Hamed took six days to cross this ridge, travelling at the rate, I suppose, of six miles per day, or thirty-six miles. After crossing the ridge, the caravan came to the river again at a place where it was narrow and full of rocks, "*which dashed the water most dreadfully.*" Below Kaffo, Amadou Fatouma, Park's guide, states that they came to a place where the river was divided into three channels and full of rocks, but that through one channel, smoother than the others, their canoe passed safely.

From the ridge mentioned, the stream continued to flow in a S.E. direction for 120 miles, receiving, in this part of its course, *many small streams* from the eastward. "The stream looked deep," but "was not very wide." At this point they found a great ferry, no doubt the celebrated ferry of Yaoori, so much frequented by all travellers from the countries situated on the S.W. to the countries situated on the N.E. of the Niger. Continuing its course from this ferry, the Niger flows south-eastward 150 miles, to Wassanah, a city twice as large as Timbuctoo, and the capital of a great kingdom. "Here the river turns nearly south, and is so broad, that it is scarcely possible to discern a man on the opposite bank. From 300 to 400 canoes, each capable of containing from ten to twenty persons, plied constantly on the river." The land was well cultivated, and produced abundance of rice. The sovereign and principal people wore shirts and trowsers of European manufacture, and the king's guards were armed with muskets. Here the river was called "Zadi." From this point the son of the king of Wassanah pressed Sidi Hamed to accompany him, (but which the latter declined,) with a fleet of 60 canoes and

500 slaves, down the river, first south and then west, "to the great water," where they would, he said, find "pale people, who come thither in great boats, and brought muskets, powder, tobacco, blue cloth, and knives, which they exchanged for slaves, ivory," &c., and which pale people had in their great boats, "guns as big as men's bodies, and with which they could kill all the people in a hundred negro boats." Many people had been down "at the great water," with slaves, &c. The voyage to it would occupy "three moons."

Here the exact course and termination of the stream is marked out by Sidi Hamed. The description of the European traders, and the trade carried on in the mouths of the stream at Lagos, and in the Delta of Benin, is so accurate, that no one can mistake it, nor is it possible that a native of the S.W. part of Morocco, bordering on the Great Desert, could invent details like these, though they were passed by, by the Quarterly Review, and other very high and great wisacres, as fictions, undeserving a moment's notice. Yet how accurate in general points and bearings do we find them! Sidi Hamed says that, at Wassanah, the river was called "Zadi." This is a generic name for water, or great water, in Southern Africa, as we may find from Tuckey's narrative. About the point where, according to Sidi Hamed, Wassanah must be, we find from Lander that the river Tshaddi enters the Niger, and which name is the same as Zadi, and merely a corruption of it.

I stated, p. 142, "Mandingo merchants informed *de la Brue*, at Galam, that some leagues from Timbuctoo the river was navigated by *masted vessels*. Dr Laidley, who resided at Pisania, was informed that vessels of 100 tons burden frequented Houssa. A priest who had visited Timbuctoo informed Mr Park that the canoes on the Niger were large, and not made of a single tree, but of various planks united, and navigated by *white people*. Major Houghton was informed by a Shereef whom he met at Medina, and who had been at Timbuctoo, that they had *decked vessels* with masts, with which they carry on trade from Timbuctoo eastward to the centre of Africa. The crews

of these vessels had been stated sometimes to exceed 150 men." These things De Caillé, Robertson, and others, since the above was collected, have seen and confirmed; and, lastly, Lander has found these statements, so long accounted fables, to be facts. The *white people* mentioned may have been Arabs, but it is remarkable that the natives of Goober are nearly white, and Robertson tells us that the natives of Tobo, to the north of Benin, are whiter than Arabs. These, no doubt, were the white people which navigated the vessels above alluded to, and it is a remarkable fact, that Ptolemy places in this part of Africa a nation called *Leuca Ethiopians* (white Ethiopians.)

Regarding the mountains, it was stated, (*Africa*, p. 124,) "The mountains are at no great distance from Benin. Stretching eastward from the Kong range, they form a kind of amphitheatre to the northward. Encircling Benin, they descend southerly till they are merged in the high land which stretches north from Cameroons. This is particularly mentioned by *Joannes Blacc*," &c. The Reviewer informs us that Lander has found these statements to be correct.

So much for the "poverty of facts" in my labours on this subject, to 1820. From that period to 1826, when I published the article with the corrected map in your Magazine, I collected others stronger, and, if possible, more convincing and satisfactory; but, *first*, let me advert to a few important facts which I have omitted, regarding the course and magnitude of the Niger. Park told us its size at Bammakoo is one mile broad, and that it was navigable from Kaniaba, a considerable way above it. From the magnitude of the stream at Bammakoo, I pointed out the fact, that its sources must not only be much more remote to the south-west than had previously been supposed, but that it must receive very large supplies from the eastward in the early part of its course. These supplies were pointed out in the probable western course of the *Coomba* or *Zamma*. The discoveries of *Mollien* and *Laing* have shewn, that my conjecture regarding the source of the Niger being more to the south-west was cor-

rect, and the still later discoveries of *De Caillé* confirm the fact of its receiving large supplies from the S.E. in its early course, while the magnitude of the stream at Couroussa, nearly due east from Teemboo, 900 French feet broad, and 10 deep, in the dry season, goes to establish, as correct, the conjecture that it receives from the east the Coomba, or some other great river.

Amongst other "facts" adduced, I noticed the pointed facts stated by Robertson, (see notes on Africa, 1820,) that the natives on the coasts of Lagos and Benin all assured him that the rivers were derived from one great river to the northward, which made all the rivers in these countries. Subsequently to 1821, I had communications with different individuals who had traded on the parts of the coast of Africa mentioned, and in the mouths of the rivers in the Delta of Benin, particularly one gentleman belonging to Glasgow, and one very intelligent gentleman and excellent navigator, belonging to Liverpool, who had traded with the places and on the rivers mentioned, (not in the slave-trade,) during a period of twenty years. The latter informed me that all the rivers in the Delta communicated with each other—that on these rivers he had yearly traded with natives, who, in canoes capable of containing 200 persons, and covered at one end, as the cabin for their wives and families, had descended the parent stream from countries *two and three moons distant*, and far above Boussa. The other, who had been up the Rio de Formosa in a large schooner, told me a similar tale, and described the magnitude, width, and depth of that noble stream, and the numerous branches diverging from it, with great accuracy, and with such precision as could leave no doubt on any mind capable of reflection, that these streams were the mouths of the mighty Niger. They completely confirmed the account given by Bosman; as noticed in my book, p. 129, when speaking of the Rio de Formosa, he says, "upwards" from its mouth, "it is sometimes broader (than four miles,) and sometimes narrower. It sprouts into innumerable branches, some of which may very well deserve the name of rivers. About

five miles from its mouth, it throws off two branches within two miles of each other. Agatton, a place of great trade, was situated 60 miles up the river. So far, and yet farther, ships may conveniently come sailing by hundreds of branches of the river, besides creeks, some of which are very wide. Its branches extend into all the circumjacent countries. The country all about is divided into islands by the multiplicity of its branches." The Portuguese also affirmed that it was easy, with a canoe, to get from the Rio de Formosa into the circumjacent rivers, viz. the Rio Lagos, Rio Volta, Elrei, New Calabar, Bonny, and other rivers.

The lamented Major Laing told me, that a native of Kano, under his command, and a sergeant in the Royal African Corps, named Frazer, told him that he was, with 125 others, seized, when trading near Yaorie. "After they were taken, they were put into a canoe rowed by six men, and in two weeks they reached *Ecco*, where they were sold. After being put into the canoe, they were one week on a small fresh-water river, about 200 yards wide; then they got into a large river of fresh water, (took calabashes to drink it,) *about two and a half miles broad*—they were one week on it before they got to *Ecco*." Another man, a native of Houssa, told Major Laing that he went prisoner from Nyffe to Ecco, distant thirty days' journey, and that at Ecco, the river is called Quorra. Scarcely any thing can be more accurate than this account of the course and navigation of the Niger from Yaorie to Ecco, in which we at once, and readily, discover the town named *Egga*, on the banks of the river, above the junction of the Tschaddi with the Niger, as mentioned and named by Lander. Clapperton, in his first journey, gives various accounts which he had received from travellers, that the Niger flowed south from Nyffe to the Salt Sea—(see *Magazine*, June, 1826, p. 697)—and Dupuis' accounts, derived from most intelligent Moslem travellers, were such, as that scarcely even prejudice itself could doubt or dispute them. "Whence," said Dupuis, to his informants, "are the great rivers talked of in the Gharb, (*Ismaelia*), and which the Arabs say run to Wanga-

ra?" The reply was—"The rivers of Wangara are numerous."—"They are such as we have already described as running into the Great Salt Sea at Benin, and from whence you came, Cape Coast." The navigation between Benin (and all those streams which intersect the *Warree* coast) and the Koara and Gulby rivers, is not, as my informants say, to be doubted; and it is possible to perform the voyage from Benin to Timbuctoo and Sego, WITHOUT SETTING FOOT ON SHORE, although it is not usual to navigate against the streams of these great rivers, the Koara, the Shady, the Joliba, &c., particularly during the rainy season, when the rivers are full; for, although they know of no RAPIDS or CATARACTS below *Wauwa*, yet the natural velocity of the streams is so great as to impede the canoes in a northern progress, although impelled forward by the strength of fifty men, or more. Two of my informants declared that "they had performed the voyage from NORTH to SOUTH, under the protection of the Sultan of Yaoorie, as far as the gates of Benin."—"The great river of Benin," said they, "runs to the south through *Wauwa*, Kaima, Ageassay and Benin." "All the rivers," said the Moslems, "are great seas, but the Koara is the greatest in the universe." The Moslem travellers also stated to both Dupuis and Bowditch, at Coomassie, the capital of Ashantee, that Wangara meant all that portion of Africa from the Great Desert south to Benin, and extending from Ganem, on the west, to Benin, on the east—that this portion of Africa was Wangara, and that they neither knew nor heard of any other place or country called Wangara, in Northern Africa.

These are a few of the "facts" brought forward regarding the course and the termination of the Niger. I might multiply them, but consider it unnecessary. I shall next, for a moment, turn to the *opinions* adduced in the same publication; and, in proof of the same objects, at page 137, it is distinctly pointed out that the Congo could not be, as the Quarterly Review had once maintained that it was, the Niger, because the Congo only began to rise into flood at 200 miles from its mouth, on the

7th of September, whereas the Niger is, in the highest flood in the Delta of Benin, in August, only about 500 miles to the north of the parallel where Tuckey first perceived the Congo began to swell. For the same reason, I pointed out that the Nile of Egypt and the Niger could not be, as the Reviewer had maintained, the same river, because the flood in the Nile, in Egypt, was nearly over, at the period when the Niger is in the highest flood, from Nyffe downwards; and for a similar reason it was stated, that the rivers which entered the sea in the Delta of Benin, being in high flood in August, must descend from countries considerably to the northward, where the rains were greatest in July and August; whereas the rains in the Delta begin in May, and are greatest in June and July.

In short, and on these subjects, I stated under the head, "GENERAL OBSERVATIONS," page 2:—"The Niger, and his tributary streams, pursue their course through central Africa. From the west and from the east they converge to one point. After uniting in one channel, the mighty current divides itself into several streams, which enter the Atlantic Ocean by navigable estuaries in the Bights of Benin and Biafra. Allowing we had no positive information of the course and magnitude of the Niger lower down than Banimakoo, Sego, and Lake Dobbie, still the fact of there being a river continuing its course eastward from the latter place, is sufficient to induce us to look for its exit on the sea-coast. We are quite certain it does not enter the sea to the north; and we may say we are equally sure that it does not finish its course in any sea to the east. To the south, therefore, we must turn our enquiries. In no part of Western or Southern Africa are there stronger grounds to look for this estuary, than in the coast below Benin. There the soil is all alluvial. Through a great distance into the interior, stones larger than a man's fist are unknown. The country is flat and inundated during the swell of the rivers from the tropical rains. The land is daily gaining on the sea, from the quantity of alluvial matter brought



down from the interior. The whole country and coast, for a great extent, is intersected with arms and outlets of rivers communicating with each other inland. The bottom of the sea, along a great extent of coast, is all soft mud. From the Rio Lagos to the Rio Elrei Rivers, no fewer than twenty streams enter the ocean, several of them of surprising magnitude, and navigable for ships. Large floating islands are borne down by their waves, and carried into the ocean." "In the Bights of Benin and Biafra, therefore, is the great outlet of the Niger, bearing along in his majestic stream all the waters of central Africa, from 10 deg. west long. to 28 deg. east long., and from the tropic of Cancer to the shores of Benin," &c.

The great geographical ignorance which the writer in the Quarterly Review has shewn regarding the interior of Northern Africa, renders it very unbecoming on his part to attempt, by his *ipse dixit* alone, to beat down all the authorities of antiquity upon that subject. Herodotus is dismissed in a moment as no authority. The account given by that celebrated historian is, that five young men of the tribe of the Nassamonies, a people who resided south-east of the great Syrtes, south of Cyrene, and about the latitude of 29 deg. north, set out "to explore the deserts of Africa, and to endeavour at extending their discoveries beyond all preceding adventurers. The remoter parts of Lybia beyond the sea-coast, and the people who inhabit its borders, are infested by various beasts of prey; the country yet more distant is a **PARCHED AND IMMEASURABLE DESERT.**"\* The young men left their companions well provided *with water and with food*, and first proceeded through the region which was inha-

bited. They next came to that which was infested by wild beasts, leaving which, they directed their course westward (*pros zephuron anemon*—towards the southwest wind) through the desert. After a journey of many days over a barren and sandy soil, they at length discerned some trees growing in a plain. These they approached, and seeing fruit upon them, they gathered it. Whilst they were thus employed, some men of dwarfish stature came where they were, seized their persons, and carried them away. They were mutually ignorant of each other's language, but the Nassamonians were conducted over many marshy grounds to a city, in which all the inhabitants were of the same diminutive appearance, and of a black colour. This city was washed by a great river, which flowed from (*rein de apo hesperes auton*) west to east (*to the rising sun*), and abounded in crocodiles." The Nassamonians afterwards returned to their own country, and told the dangers they had undergone, and the wonders they had seen.

This is the simple statement given by Herodotus, and if the account had come to him through fifty different hands, instead of three hands, it does not lessen the general accuracy of the account, that these men had crossed the Great Zahara, and reached the banks of the Niger. They certainly first travelled south through the inhabited country, and next through that inhabited by wild beasts, from whence, probably to the south of Mourzouk, they bent their course westward, not "directly west," as the Reviewer states, through the desert, which if they had not crossed in a southwesterly direction, they never could have reached either a cultivated country, or any river great or small. If their course was directed

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\* In another part, Herodotus, (Melpomene, sec. 185,) after describing Mount Atlas, and its immediate vicinity to the southward, says, "beyond this sandy desert, southward to the interior parts of Lybia, there is a vast and horrid space without water, wood, or beasts, and totally destitute of moisture!" Yet the Reviewer has had the hardihood to assert, that "of the Great Desert or Zahara, in point of fact, Herodotus knew nothing, and, therefore, says nothing!" It is necessary to remark, that with Herodotus, Lybia and Africa are synonymous terms, and he frequently uses the former for the latter. It is clear, then, that he particularly mentions the Great Desert, which he describes as "a vast and horrid space," "immeasurable," and "totally destitute of moisture—without water, wood, or beasts!" Moreover, at the time to which Herodotus alludes, there were no Ethiopians, or Blacks, to the North of the Great African Desert.

south-westerly from the southward of Mourzouk, they would come to the cultivated land to the north of Timbuctoo, or, perhaps, still further to the west, and from whence they were captured and carried to the city on the river mentioned. Herodotus clearly points out his knowledge of the Zahara, when he mentions "a parched and immeasurable desert," and which "immeasurable desert" was certainly the space which the adventurous travellers intended to explore, from their taking plenty of water and food with them; while any one has but to take up a map of Africa to see, that no man travelling due west from the country of the Nassamones, situated a little to the north of 30 deg. of north latitude, as the Reviewer says the travellers alluded to went, could have "a parched and immeasurable desert" to cross, or come to a "city washed by a great river, which flowed from west to east, and abounded in crocodiles." No river that flows on the south side of Mount Atlas can deserve the appellation of "great;" because their courses are very short, and their courses are, moreover, from northwest to southeast until they are lost in the desert. It is impossible that the Ghir or Adjidi streams, mentioned by the Reviewer, can be the river mentioned by Herodotus; for who ever heard of crocodiles being in either of them, or in any stream that flowed on the south side of Mount Atlas, or in any stream that has not a communication with the ocean? while every one acquainted with African geography knows that crocodiles or alligators are numerous in the Niger. Also, that while there are marshy lands to the north of that river, there are none on the banks of the Ghir and the Adjidi.

Still more unfounded is the Reviewer's assertion and assumption, that the Ghir and the Adjidi of Mount Atlas, are the Gir and the Niger of Ptolemy. However little acquainted Ptolemy might be with the extent of the Great Desert, still his knowledge of the countries and rivers to the south of it seems to have been obtained from good authority. The Gir he distinctly points out as rising in 9 deg. north latitude, and to the westward of the great western branch of the Nile, and flowing northwest, and af-

terwards westward. In this portion of Africa, we not only find, from modern information, a river rising and running in the place and in the direction mentioned by Ptolemy, but we have the very name given upon the best authority. The river alluded to, is the *Misselad* of Brown, and *Om Teymam* of Burckhardt; and which, as the latter gentleman informs us, is also called by the natives of the country *Dgyr*, and which long-lost name is to this day pronounced *Gir* in Egypt, the country wherein Ptolemy wrote. In attempting to expose the ignorance of the ancients, therefore, the Reviewer only exposes his own. Moreover, there is a remarkable fact which shews Ptolemy's knowledge of the interior of northern Africa, where he mentions the people called *Leuce Ethiopians*, or White Ethiopians, and in these parts we at this day find the country of Goober, &c., the natives of which are almost white!

But quitting these subjects, the writer in the Quarterly Review knows very well that the map of Northern Africa, constructed by me, and the researches made to shew the course and the termination of the Niger in the Atlantic, was not made, nor undertaken for the purpose of seeking applause, or medals, or rewards from Government, or from any other quarter, but made to establish clearly an important geographical fact, in order, by that fact, to induce the Government to form and to support an establishment on Fernando Po; from thence to open up a trade with the adjacent coasts, and up the rivers into the interior of Africa, by which means the country would have been civilized, and the slave trade terminated, and also a great and beneficial trade opened up to and acquired by my country. I carried the offer of a commercial company to Government to undertake this. The President of the Royal Society, Lord Goderich, will, I dare say, remember the fact of the application having been officially made to the Board of Trade, in June and July 1820, when he was the President of that Board. This application was also made, and the map exhibited, to Earl Bathurst, the Secretary for the Colonies, to Mr Canning, President of the Board of Control, and to Lord Mel-

ville, First Lord of the Admiralty, and also to Mr Barrow.

The large map alluded to was accompanied by a memorial of considerable length, detailing the particulars of the extensive trade which might be opened up and carried on by means of the Niger, and a settlement upon Fernando Po, and which, though more particularly intended for the Board of Trade, was shewn to other departments of Government. A short abstract of the whole, in a printed shape, was given to the heads of the different Government Offices. I subjoin the principal paragraphs of the letter.

“ TO HIS MAJESTY'S MINISTERS.

“ The interior of Northern Africa, if colonized, affords a noble and most extensive field for agriculture and commerce. The Niger and its tributary streams traverse the central parts of this division of Africa, and afterwards enter the ocean by several navigable estuaries in the Bights of Benin and Biafra. Two of these are each eleven miles broad. The extent of country traversed by these rivers is 38 deg. longitude from east to west, and through the greatest part of this space, 17 deg. latitude from north to south. It is probable that these streams are navigable for large vessels for a considerable part of their course, and it is certain that they can be navigated by vessels of small tonnage, to their remote sources. The course of the Niger is about 2600 British miles in length. The countries along these mighty rivers are all populous, fertile, in many places well cultivated, and in every part capable of being so. The precious metals abound. The part of Africa mentioned, contains perhaps fifty millions of people, many of whom are well acquainted with trade.

“ The value of the trade at present carried on with this interior part of Africa, amounts to fully three millions annually, in imports and exports. Two-thirds of this consists in the trade carried on across the Great Desert with Nubia, Egypt, the Barbary States, and Morocco: and the remainder with Europeans who frequent the Bights of Biafra and Benin. By commanding the Niger, the whole would immediately fall into our hands, and be rendered permanently and exclusively our own. An insular station at the mouth of the Niger, and another in the interior, either where the last branch unites, or where the river begins to throw off branches, as may be found most convenient or most healthy, would enable us, at a trifling expense, to command and control the whole. By the Niger alone an outlet or an inlet

can be obtained. On the north and on the east, frightful deserts form impregnable bulwarks. On the west, southwest, south-east, and the south, (the banks of the Niger excepted,) prodigious mountains present insuperable barriers. Once settled in the interior, no power from without could seriously alarm or disturb us. The barrier placed on the Niger we could shut and open at our pleasure.

“ By such an establishment in the heart of Africa, we would cut up the Slave Trade by the roots; for it is from the interior that the external trade receives its chief supplies. By doing this, we would destroy or check the cultivation of the colonies of Foreign Powers, thereby enhancing the value of our own, at present threatened with ruin by the continuation of this abominable trade. In a short time we should be able to supply, from Africa, our West India colonies with dry provisions, better suited for the health of the Negroes in those colonies than the supplies from the United States, which cost us annually half a million. We would be able to open up a trade beneficial to the Cape of Good Hope, by taking the wines and spare grain in exchange for tropical productions. We could supply our manufactures with cotton of the finest quality; thereby rendering Great Britain independent of rival powers, and keep amongst our own subjects those immense sums which we annually give unto other nations, thereby increasing their prosperity, depressing the value of our own colonies, and encouraging those rivals to continue the Slave Trade, by which they are such gainers. By such an establishment, we will also gain the trade on all the southern shores of the Mediterranean, and a vast outlet for all our cotton manufactures; for every article, in short, that our skill and industry produce, and which nations advancing from a state of barbarism to a state of civilisation can want.

“ The Island of Fernando Po, only forty miles from the mouth of New Calabar river, is the insular station which nature has pointed out for the purpose mentioned. In our hands it would be an impregnable bulwark. Other nations are anxiously turning their attention to form establishments in Africa. They must soon learn the course of the Niger, and the advantages which the command of it will give; and, if we hesitate, the glory and advantages will be wrested from our hands.

“ The authorities and plans are detailed more at length, in a map and memorials which accompany this,” &c.

“ Glasgow, 13th June, 1820.”

Among others, as I have mentioned, this memorial was sent to Mr

Barrow, and from that gentleman I received the following note :—

“ Mr Barrow presents his compliments to Mr M<sup>c</sup>Queen, and returns his Memorial, with many thanks for the perusal of it.

“ There cannot be two opinions with regard to the policy of extending our intercourse with the nations of Africa, both on the eastern and western coasts, and of using all our endeavours to free the unhappy natives from the thralldom of the inhuman Moors and Arabs; but, at the same time, he cannot but be aware of the difficulties which will occur in the outset, at home, and also on the part of our dear ally, the Portuguese; for he is satisfied, that before we attempt to rush into unknown countries, and encounter probable disasters, it would be most wise to fix ourselves on some insular situation where we should be invulnerable. On the eastern side, Quiloa would be the eligible spot; and on the western, the Island of Fernando Po, which commands the embouchures of all those great waters which Mr M<sup>c</sup>Queen supposes to open a communication with the interior and central parts of Africa.

“ *Admiralty, 18th July, 1820.*”

Perfect accuracy was never pretended to in the delineation of the course of the Niger, and other rivers in Northern Central Africa. On the contrary, it is stated in the volume published in 1821, Preface, p. 7, thus—“ Perfect accuracy on these subjects is at present unattainable, nor is it here pretended to.” I had no mode of determining the positions of these, but by the bearings and day’s journey mentioned and given by travellers; and these again often confused by Europeans in the narratives given from one to another. These days’ journeys I estimated at ten geographical miles, made good in the general bearing for all the countries south of the Niger, and at 13 miles made good in the cultivated countries to the north of that river; but my opinion was, that these distances were too great; and if they had been, as they ought to have been, shortened a little, the positions of Boussea, Yaoorie, and other conspicuous places, fixed upon as points to regulate the whole, would have been found very nearly where Lander’s and Clapperton’s researches have found them; yet with such difficult materials to guide me, a look at the respective maps will shew how immaterial,

compared to the general question and the result, the difference and the error really is. According to Lander, the Tschaddi enters the Niger from the east, in about eight and a half deg. N. latitude. I have laid down the junction of a great river, which I call *Bahr Kulla*, which descends from the hills, near the sources of the *Bahr el Abiad*, by Mount *Thala*, almost as near as may be in the very same parallel; and the separation of the Niger into branches, I supposed took place in about seven deg. N. lat., which Lander, it appears, has actually found to be the case.

The “poverty of facts,” therefore, is thrown back in the teeth of the Reviewer, and with what force and success, a discerning public is left to judge. Sir Rufane Donkin’s theory, which the Reviewer so loudly and so justly condemned, was put forward too late, because its absurdity was made manifest by the modern discoveries of Denham and Clapperton; but had it been put forth before their discoveries, it would really have been sanity, compared to the theory so long maintained in the Quarterly Review, that the Niger ran to the Bahr el Abiad, the parent stream of the Nile of Egypt.

The system which has been pursued by this country, during the last thirty or forty years, in every thing that was connected with a knowledge of Africa, its people, or its geographical features, has been alike contemptible and reprehensible, and such as is a disgrace to it. A contemptible and interested faction laid claim to the government of that quarter of the world, dictated to the British Government what it should and what it should not do, shut up all communication concerning Africa, except such as its lying vehicles pleased to give, and led the people of this country to believe that the barbarism, brutality, superstition, and degradation of four thousand years’ standing, had wholly vanished from Africa, under their superintendence. That delusion is past, and an astonished and indignant country finds, that after mis-spending about FIFTEEN MILLIONS of money, Africa is left more wretched than ever. So much for the would-be instructors of Africa. Another party, re-

siding with the Government, and with the ear of the Government, took African geography under its supreme direction, and the consequence was, that her vast mountains, and cultivated plains, were turned into morasses, lakes, or sandy deserts, at pleasure; and her mighty rivers, compared to which European streams are rivulets, were made to stand still, to sink in sands, or disappear in fictitious lakes, to run dwindling through sandy deserts, or to leap over mighty mountains,—to run every way but the way they really ran, according as these geographical dictators thought proper; while every information which made for a more rational system, if contrary to their views, was garbled, mutilated, or wholly suppressed, though obtained at the expense of the public money of the country, and the lives of several of her gallant sons. Yet the nation submitted to such quackery and imbecility, until it had become the laughing-stock of Europe.

In the year 1820, and immediately after the information which I have alluded to was laid before his Majesty's Government, Mr DUPUIS, who had been British Consul at Coomassie, the capital of Ashantee, arrived in London, with the information which he had obtained in the capital mentioned, from intelligent Moor and Arab travellers, that the Niger entered the sea in the Delta of Benin. This information I received, when in London, from a gentleman who obtained it from Dupuis, who considered the matter of such importance as to leave his post without permission having previously been obtained, in order to communicate it. Yet this important information was withheld in his book, or given in such a way as to leave the point as uncertain and confused as before. Clapperton, in his first journey to Saccatoo, I know, obtained the most positive information, that the Niger ran south from Boussa into the Atlantic, below Benin. He stated this most positively when he arrived in London; yet, I may say, not one syllable of a decided character appeared in the ponderous volumes subsequently published. This information reached the ears of a gentleman, a particular friend of Major Laing's, who had shortly before left England to under-

take the journey in which he lost his life. Clapperton was requested to give a short sketch of the important information which he had received, that it might be transmitted to Major Laing, in order to direct his steps at once to the right point. This Clapperton refused. The gentleman in question went directly to the Colonial Office, laid the matter before the Under Secretary of State, and urged upon him the propriety of Major Laing being put in possession of the information obtained on this important subject. The Under Secretary saw the matter in a proper light. He instantly sent orders to detain the Mediterranean packet, then about to sail, commanded Clapperton shortly to give the information required, got it, put it into the gentleman's hands already mentioned, who forwarded it to Malta, and it reached Major Laing the day before he set out from Tripoli for the interior of Africa!

Before undertaking his second journey, Clapperton, I positively know, constructed a map in London, representing the course and termination of the Niger, exactly as laid down by me in 1820; and a gentleman in the Navy told me, that he was shewn this map by Clapperton at Sierra Leone, at which place he touched in his voyage out to the Bight of Benin.

In his second journey, Clapperton obtained, at Katungah, and other places, still more accurate information, that the Niger flowed from Nyffe, through Benin, into the Atlantic Ocean. He wrote his friends in this country, in the most pointed manner, to this effect. Yet the important and decisive information was again either suppressed in his book, or such parts of it given as left the question still in doubt; and that the information which he had received was withheld, we have only to consult the volume containing the account of his and Lander's journey, and the two volumes published by Lander himself. It is painful to dwell upon such proceedings as these, which were adopted only that the Niger of Ptolemy and the Joliba of Park should be joined to the Nile of Egypt, in the face of all probability, and in the face of various authorities worthy of credit to the contrary.

The errors which have been committed in, and the blunders which have crept into, the narratives of Clapperton's and Lander's earliest travels, are, by the article in the last Review, rendered as conspicuous as they are remarkable. In the narrative of Clapperton's second journey, we are informed that Boussa is situated on an island; that the Quorra there runs in three streams,—the Menai, a narrow sluggish stream, and two others with very rocky channels and rapid currents. The narrative states this in the most pointed manner as being what Clapperton saw and wrote. Lander now tells us that the Menai is a distinct river; that the Quorra at Boussa runs in one channel, which is only about a stonethrow across, though immediately above that city,—not situated on an island, but on the northern bank of the river,—it runs in two channels, one of which only is one mile broad. Which of the narratives, both being given by eye-witnesses, are we to believe? The narrative of Lander's discovery given in the Review states, that the river Coodonia joins the Quorra from the "north-west," whereas it should be, and must be, from the north-east! Lander, in his first journey, says, that Fundah was situated on the Quorra, 12 or 13 days' journey "due west from Dunroora;" whereas on the present map it is laid down on the Tahaddi, about forty miles, four days' journey, S. S. W. from Dunroora. In the account read by Mr Barrow to the Royal Geographical Society on the 13th June last, as published in the journals of the day, it is stated—"shortly after reaching Fundah, the last point laid down on Clapperton's map, they found the river make a bold sweep to the east," &c.; whereas the Quarterly Review states that Fundah is far distant eastward from the point on the Quorra where Fundah is placed on Clapperton's map, and on the river Tshaddi, three days' journey above the junction of that river with the Quorra. The space allowed also for the distances made good on general bearings in the journey down the river is certainly too great, and by which error the river is carried too far to the eastward, and consequently all the more remarkable sta-

tions, such as Kirree, the lake below it, Ebboe, and the separation of some important branches taken to regulate and to fix the positions of other places, are laid down too distant from the sea. Thus Ebboe, three days' journey from the mouth of the river, is laid down about 110 miles from the sea, which is at least 50 miles too much. The Bonny and New Calabar rivers are also laid down a great deal too far to the westward; and the river Nun, down which Lander descended, is represented as entering the sea at Cape Formosa, whereas it is the first considerable river to the east of it. These obvious errors disfigure the map delineating the delta of the river, and place the points where the principal branches diverge in unnatural positions with the well-known great estuaries of the river.

In Clapperton's second journey, we are told that Yaori was three days' journey by land above Boussa, or about thirty miles. In the narrative under review, we are told that Lander performed the journey by water in three days, *against* the stream. Consequently, the actual distance cannot exceed thirty-five miles; yet Yaori is laid down one degree, or seventy miles, due north from Boussa. Yaori, we are moreover told, is five days' journey from Saccatoo, which five days' journey cannot exceed sixty miles. Yet we find Saccatoo about 140 miles more to the north, and in 13 deg. 4 min. N. lat. At Saccatoo also, Clapperton was told that Yaori was situated five days' journey to the S.W. The position, therefore, of one of these places is certainly wrong, or the distance betwixt them must be much greater.

It is very confidently stated by African travellers, that the Niger, or Quorra, communicates with the Shary and the Lake of Bornou. Although no great faith is put in such narratives, yet such a thing is not improbable; and, if so, the Tshaddi ~~may~~ be the channel of communication, and the Shary a branch diverging from that great river. Should this be the case, the interior of Africa will, by means of the Niger, be laid open to a still greater extent than is at present supposed. The point of separation will probably be

in about 8 deg. 30 min. N. lat., and 16 deg. 40 min. E. long. The Shary has been traced to Loggun in 11 deg. 7 min. N. lat.; and there, probably, its bed is about 1500 feet above the level of the sea. From the supposed point of separation, if such separation actually exists, of the Shary from the Tshaddi, the distance to the junction of the latter river with the Niger is, in a direct course, about 630 British miles, a distance sufficient to take away any very extraordinary rapidity from the current of the Tshaddi.

"None," says the Reviewer, p. 79, "ever heard of such a place as Bous-sa," before the account given by the Mandingo Priest, sent to enquire about the fate of Mr Park. Why, *Boossa*, or *Boussa*, was well known to every one who had made enquiries about African geography, for many years before Park's journey; and in the excellent maps of D'Anville, De Lisle, &c., the Reviewer, if he chooses to examine them, will find both Yaoory and Boussa laid down, and with considerable accuracy.

It is really pitiable to observe the attempt which the writer in the *Quarterly Review* makes to have the

name *Niger* expunged from the map of Africa, as an unmeaning name given to a river which never existed. This will not do. The Joliba of Park is, beyond all contradiction, the "Great River" of Herodotus, the Niger of Ptolemy, the great river of Central Africa mentioned by Ba-touta, seen by Leo, sought for, and delineated in part, by D'Anville and De Lisle, and also the Quorra, or Koara, of modern Arabs, and of Clapperton and of Lander. The Nile theory is as absurd as to dispute this fact; and really, if the Royal Geographical Society will have writers to record their geographical labours, it would be wise in them not to trust the promulgation of these to hands that display such partiality, and such intolerable arrogance. It is not by conduct like this that the society will encourage geographical research, or collect useful geographical information; nor is it by giving publicity to articles so erroneous, yet written in such a contemptuous, domineering style, that the *Quarterly Review* is to maintain or to spread its name and its fame for a superiority over its brother periodicals. I am, &c.

JAMES M'QUEEN.

Glasgow, December 24th, 1831.

#### THE SWAN AND THE SKYLARK.

BY MRS HEMANS.

Hail to thee, blithe spirit!  
Bird thou never wert,  
That from heaven, or near it,  
Pourest thy full heart,  
In profuse strains of unpremeditated art.

SHELLEY.

MIDST the long reeds that o'er a Grecian stream  
Unto the faint wind sigh'd melodiously,  
And where the sculpture of a broken shrine  
Sent out, through shadowy grass and thick wild flowers,  
Dim alabaster gleams—a lonely swan  
Warbled his death-chant, and a poet stood  
Listening to that strange music, as it shook  
The lilies on the wave; and made the pines,  
And all the laurels of the haunted shore,  
Thrill to its passion. Oh! the tones were sweet,  
Ev'n painfully—as with the sweetness wrung  
From parting love; and to the poet's thought  
This was their language.

"Summer, I depart!

O light and laughing Summer, fare thee well!  
No song the less through thy rich woods shall swell,  
For one, one broken heart!

" And fare ye well, young flowers  
Ye will not mourn ! Ye will shed odours still,  
And wave in glory, colouring every rill  
Known to my youth's fresh hours.

" And ye, bright founts, that lie  
Far in the whispering forest, lone and deep,  
My wing no more shall stir your lovely sleep—  
Sweet water, I must die !

" Will ye not send one tone  
Of sorrow through the shades ? one murmur low ?  
Shall not the green leaves from your voices know,  
That I, your child, am gone ?

" No ! ever glad and free !  
Ye have no sounds a tale of death to tell ;  
Waves, joyous waves, flow on, and fare ye well !  
Ye will not mourn for me.

" But thou, sweet boon, too late  
Pour'd on my parting breath, vain gift of song !  
Why comest thou thus, o'ermastering, rich, and strong,  
In the dark hour of fate ?

" Only to wake the sighs  
Of echo-voices from their sparry cell ;  
Only to say—O sunshine and blue skies !  
O life and love, farewell !"

Thus flow'd the death-chant on ; while mournfully  
Soft winds and waves made answer, and the tones  
Buried in rocks along the Grecian stream,  
Rocks and dim caverns of old prophecy,  
Woke to respond : and all the air was fill'd  
With that one sighing sound—" Farewell, farewell !"  
Fill'd with *that* sound ? high in the calm blue heavens  
Ev'n then a skylark sung ; soft summer clouds  
Were floating round him, all transpierced with light,  
And midst that pearly radiance his dark wings  
Quiver'd with song ; such free triumphant song,  
As if tears were not—as if breaking hearts  
Had not a place below—as if the tomb  
Were of another world ; and thus that strain  
Spoke to the poet's heart exultingly.

" The Summer is come ; she hath said, ' Rejoice !'  
The wild woods thrill to her merry voice ;  
Her sweet breath is wandering around on high ;  
Sing, sing, through the echoing sky !

" There is joy in the mountains ; the bright waves leap,  
Like the bounding stag when he breaks from sleep ;  
Mirthfully, wildly, they flash along ;  
Let the heavens ring with song !

" There is joy in the forest ; the bird of night  
Hath made the leaves tremble with deep delight ;  
But *mine* is the glory to sunshine given ;  
Sing, sing, through the laughing heaven !

" Mine are the wings of the soaring morn,  
Mine the free gales with the day-spring born !  
Only young rapture can mount so high :



So those two voices met: so Joy and Death  
 Mingled their accents; and, amidst the rush  
 Of many thoughts, the listening poet cried,  
 "Oh! thou art mighty, thou art wonderful,  
 Mysterious Nature! not in thy free range  
 Of woods and wilds alone, thou blindest thus  
 The dirge-note and the song of festival!"

LET US DEPART!

BY MRS HEMANS.

Louder and louder, gathering round, there wander'd  
 Over the oracular woods and divine sea,  
 Prophecys which grew articulate.—SHELLEY:

NIGHT hung on Salem's towers,  
 And a brooding hush profound  
 Lay where the Roman Eagle shone,  
 High o'er the tents around—

The tents that rose by thousands,  
 In the moonlight glimmering pale;  
 Like white waves of a frozen sea,  
 Filling an Alpine vale.

And the temple's massy shadow  
 Fell broad, and dark, and still;  
 In peace, as if the Holy One  
 Yet watch'd his chosen hill.

But a fearful sound was heard  
 In that old fane's deepest heart,  
 As if mighty wings rush'd by,  
 And a dread voice raised the cry,  
 "Let us depart!"

Within the fated city  
 Ev'n then fierce discord raved,  
 Though through night's heaven the comet-sword  
 Its vengeful token waved.

There were shouts of kindred warfare  
 Through the dark streets ringing high,  
 Though every sign was full which told  
 Of the bloody vintage night:

Though the wild red spear and arrows  
 Of many a meteor host,  
 Went flashing o'er the holy stars,  
 In the sky now seen, now lost.

And that fearful sound was heard  
 In the temple's deepest heart,  
 As if mighty wings rush'd by,  
 And a voice cried mournfully,  
 "Let us depart!"

But within the fated city  
 There was revelry that night;  
 The wine-cup and the timbrel note,  
 And the blaze of banquet light.

And the music of the dulcimer  
Summon'd to festival.

While the clash of brother-weapons  
Made lightning in the air,  
And the dying at the palace-gates  
Lay down in their despair.

And that fearful sound was heard  
At the temple's thrilling heart;  
As if mighty wings rush'd by,  
And a dread voice raised the cry—  
“*Let us depart!*”

#### THE FLOWER OF THE DESERT.

BY MRS HEMANS.

“Who does not recollect the exultation of Vaillant over a flower in the torrid wastes of Africa?—The affecting mention of the influence of a flower upon his mind, by Mungo Park, in a time of suffering and despondency, in the heart of the same savage country, is familiar to every one.”—*Hawthorne's Book of the Seasons.*

Why art thou thus in thy beauty cast,  
O lonely, loneliest flower!  
Where the sound of song hath never pass'd,  
From human hearth or bower?

I pity thee, for thy heart of love,  
For thy glowing heart, that fain  
Would breathe out joy with each wind to rove—  
In vain, lost thing! in vain!

I pity thee for thy wasted bloom,  
For thy glory's fleeting hour,  
For the desert place, thy living tomb—  
O lonely, loneliest flower!

I said,—but a low voice made reply:  
“Lament not for the flower!  
Though its blossom all unmark'd must die,  
They have had a glorious dower

“Though it bloom afar from the minstrel's way,  
And the paths where lovers tread,  
Yet strength and hope, like an inborn day,  
By its odours have been shed.

“Yes! dews more sweet than ever fell  
O'er island of the blest,  
Were shaken forth, from its perfumed bell,  
On a suffering human breast.

“A wanderer came, as a stricken deer,  
O'er the waste of burning sand,  
He bore the wound of an Arab spear,  
He fled from a ruthless band.

“And dreams of home, in a troubled tide,  
Swept o'er his darkening eye,  
As he lay down by the fountain side,  
In his mute despair to die.

“But his glance was caught by the desert's flower

And sudden-hope, like a vernal shower,  
To his fainting heart was given.

"For the bright flower spoke of One above;  
Of the Presence, felt to brood,  
With a spirit of pervading love,  
O'er the wildest solitude.

"Oh! the seed was thrown these wastes among,  
In a blest and gracious hour!  
For the lorn one rose, in heart made strong,  
By the lonely, loneliest flower!"

THE PAINTER'S LAST WORK.—A SCENE.\*

BY MRS HEMANS.

Clasp me a little longer on the brink  
Of life, while I can feel thy dear caress;  
And when this heart hath ceased to beat, oh! think,  
And let it mitigate thy woe's excess,  
That thou hast been to me all tenderness,  
And friend to more than human friendship just.

GERTRUDE OF WYOMING.

SCENE—*A Room in an Italian Cottage. The Lattice opening upon a Landscape at sunset.*

FRANCESCO—TERESA.

TERESA.

THE fever's hue hath left thy cheek, beloved!  
Thine eyes, that make the day-spring in my heart,  
Are clear and still once more. Wilt thou look forth?  
Now, while the sunset with low-streaming light—  
The light thou lov'st—hath made the chestnut-stems  
All burning bronze, the lake one sea of gold!  
Wilt thou be raised upon thy couch, to meet  
The rich air fill'd with wandering scents and sounds?  
Or shall I lay thy dear, dear head once more  
On this true bosom, lulling thee to rest  
With vesper hymns?

FRANCESCO.

No, gentlest love! not now:  
My soul is wakeful—lingering to look forth,  
Not on the sun, but thee! Doth the light sleep  
So gently on the lake? and are the stems  
Of our own chestnuts by that alchymy  
So richly changed?—and is the orange-scent  
Floating around?—But I have said farewell,  
Farewell to earth, Teresa! not to thee,  
Nor yet to our deep love, nor yet awhile  
Unto the spirit of mine art, which flows  
Back on my soul in mastery!—one last work!  
And I will shrine my wealth of glowing thoughts,  
Clinging affection and undying hope,  
All that is in me for eternity,  
All, all, in that memorial.

TERESA.

Oh! what dream  
Is this, mine own Francesco? Waste thou not  
Thy scarce-returning strength; keep thy rich thoughts  
For happier days! they will not melt away  
Like passing music from the lute;—dear friend!  
Dearest of friends! thou canst win back at will  
The glorious visions.

FRANCESCO.

Yes! the unseen land  
Of glorious visions hath sent forth a voice  
To call me hence. Oh! be thou not deceived!  
Bind to thy heart no *earthly* hope, Teresa!  
I must, *must* leave thee! Yet be strong, my love,  
As thou hast still been gentle!

TERESA.

Oh, Francesco!

What will this dim world be to me, Francesco,  
When wanting thy bright soul, the life of all—  
My only sunshine!—How can I bear on?  
How can we part? We that have loved so well,  
With clasping spirits link'd so long by grief—  
By tears—by prayer?

FRANCESCO.

Ev'n *therefore* we can part,  
With an immortal trust, that such high love  
Is not of things to perish.

Let me leave

One record still, to prove it strong as death,  
Ev'n in Death's hour of triumph. Once again,  
Stand with thy meek hands folded on thy breast,  
And eyes half veil'd, in thine own soul absorb'd,  
As in thy watchings, ere I sink to sleep;  
And I will give the bending flower-like grace  
Of that soft form, and the still sweetness throned  
On that pale brow, and in that quivering smile  
Of voiceless love, a life that shall outlast  
Their ~~delicate~~ earthly being. There—thy head  
Bow'd down with beauty, and with tenderness,  
And lowly thought—even thus—my own Teresa!  
Oh! the quick glancing radiance, and bright bloom  
That once around thee hung, have melted now  
Into more solemn light—but holier far,  
And dearer, and yet lovelier in mine eyes, \*  
Than all that summer flush! For by my couch,  
In patient and serene devotedness,  
Thou hast made those rich hues and sunny smiles,  
Thine offering unto me. Oh! I may give  
Those pensive lips, that clear Madonna brow,  
And the sweet earnestness of that dark eye,  
Unto the canvass—I may catch the flow  
Of all those drooping locks, and glorify  
With a soft halo what is imaged thus—  
But how much rests unbreathed! My faithful one!  
What thou hast been to me! This bitter world,  
This cold unanswering world, that hath no voice  
To greet the heavenly spirit—that drives back  
All Birds of Eden, which would sojourn here  
A little while—how have I turn'd away  
From its keen soulless air, and in *thy* heart,  
Found ever the sweet fountain of response,  
To quench my thirst for home!

The dear work grows

Beneath my hand—the last! Each faintest line  
With treasured memories fraught. Oh! weep thou not  
Too long, too bitterly, when I depart!  
Surely a bright home waits us both—for I,  
In all my dreams, have turn'd me not from God;  
And Thou—oh! best and purest! stand thou there—  
There, in thy hallow'd beauty, shadowing forth  
The loveliness of love!

## FRENCH MEMOIRS.

## No. II.

*Revelations d'une Femme de Qualité.\**

MEMOIRS are a style of composition in which the French are altogether unrivalled. They have neither the gravity and dulness of history, nor the lightness and frivolity of novels; but combine the two in a way peculiar to themselves, and which the people of no other country in Europe have been able to imitate. Whether it is that their natural vivacity gives them greater advantages in this light species of writing than any other nation, or that the art of conversation has arrived with them at greater perfection than in other states, or that their vanity makes every person imagine that what he has seen and heard must be interesting to the rest of the world; the effect is certain, that their memoirs exhibit a picture of life, manners, and historical incidents, to which there is nothing comparable in the annals of literature.

Since the Revolution, this species of writing has acquired an extraordinary degree of interest, from the illustrious and immortal characters who are brought on the stage.—We live with Napoleon and Talleyrand, with Carnot and Beauharnais; the thoughts, the modes of expression, the habits of life, of these great men, are brought familiarly before us; we know them as if we had lived in their society from infancy, and can detect a conversation which does not bear the character of originality, with as much certainty, as if it were the words of our most intimate acquaintances. How different is the case with the illustrious men of our own country; how little do we know of the private character of those to whom we owe the most; and how jejune and uninteresting must be the work of the historian of England, compared with that which exhibits, in the neighbouring state, not only the great events which illustrate history, but the lighter incidents which characterise manners, and distinguish character!

Plutarch's Lives, and Boswell's Johnson, are the only works in other languages which are of the same description with the French memoirs; and accordingly there are no such popular compositions in Roman or English literature. Philosophers may decry them as gossiping tales, unfit for a place in an historical library; historians may lament their broken and unconnected stories; but they are read, and will be for ever read, by millions, to whom the graver narratives of events are unknown. We wish not only to know the public actions of illustrious men, but to be familiar with their private habits; to hear how they lived, and diverted themselves, and conversed with their intimate friends; and we derive from faithful and able memoirs of their private lives, somewhat of the same gratification which all must have experienced in the society of illustrious or celebrated men.

Of this class of memoirs we have seldom met with a more interesting work than that which forms the subject of this article. The authoress is already well known to the Parisian, though, we believe, but little to the British public, from the memoirs of the Empire and the Consulate, the reigns of Louis XVIII. and Charles X., which she has already published; but none of these works, though they are all extremely amusing, are so interesting as these Memoirs, which relate to the intrigues of the Court prior to the three glorious days, the causes which led to that event, the state of society in Paris subsequent to the accession of Louis Philip, and the Court of that Citizen King.

The 'Femme de Qualité,' as she styles herself, is a lady of rank, who was attached to the Court both of Louis and Charles; but she belongs to that liberal class of which Chateaubriand was the head, and who reprobate the fatal ordinances even

more than the Republicans, who found in them the means of overturning the throne. Though she is attached, therefore, both by interest and inclination, to the Royalist party; yet she is any thing but a friend to Polignac and the Ultras, and seems fully as intimate with Constant, Royer Collard, Lafayette, and the leaders of the movement, as with the Court circle in which she habitually moved. From such a person more impartiality may be expected than from most other writers, on either side of the channel, in these days of vehement party division.

Louis XVIII., according to this writer, distinctly foresaw the consequences which the imprudent counsels of Charles X. would bring upon the nation; and it gives a high idea of the capacity of that monarch, that he was able, for so many years, to steer that middle course, which avoided the breakers with which his path on every side was beset. He is said to have thus expressed himself upon the events likely to ensue from his brother's accession to the throne:

"I know my family by heart; there is not a member of it whose inmost thoughts are not familiar to my mind. As to my brother, the care of his salvation is his sole object; and if he survives me, you will see all sorts of absurdities flow from that pious fantasy; his counsellors will acquire a dominion over his mind. I would not even engage that they will not engage in some attacks on the Charter."

"Notwithstanding that vigorous sally, I continued, with warmth, the defence of Monsieur.

"Madame," resumed the King, "I know the history of England. The unfortunate Louis XVI. has shewn too close a resemblance to Charles I. Napoleon has, with consummate ability, played the part of Cromwell. I flatter myself I have acted better than Charles II., for my Charter is a great work; but I must lower my flag before Monsieur, who will surpass us all in traits of likeness to the infatuated James II. Another Prince of Orange is also at hand near the throne, as if expressly for the purpose that the copy of that great historical picture should, in every particular, resemble the original."

"I hope, however, that, as a last touch, your Majesty will not add the fatal catastrophe which precipitated from the throne the last of the Stuarts."

"Nothing, you may rely upon it, will be wanting. My brother will ruin every thing. Is he not already endeavouring to counteract all my designs—to undermine, in every part, the edifice which I have constructed with so much pain? He mistakes his obstinacy for vigour—he is surrounded by counsellors without ability; and who believe that God will sustain, with his omnipotence, all their imprudent actions. Such infatuation, Madame, will go far to overturn empires. Yet the throne of France is well worth the trouble of preserving. The Royalists," added he, with warmth, "live in plots and conspiracies; treason is the appanage of weakness. You see they are acting under my reign as they did under Napoleon; and if my brother one day mounts the throne, I doubt not that they will continue the low and miserable intrigues which are now going forward."

"Against whom will their efforts be directed?" said I.

"Against my memory—against the Charter," rejoined the King—"that is, against themselves, for these fools do not perceive how precarious their situation is; and that if the fundamental compact is violated, it will overwhelm them in its ruins."—I. 12.

It is easy, no doubt, to prophesy *ex post facto*, and certainly these words were not published till after July, 1830; but sufficient evidence exists in other quarters, that the late King entertained these opinions as to the future conduct of his brother; and, in the Memoirs of Louis XVIII., by the same author, published before the catastrophe of July, similar opinions will be found.

An interesting account of the opening of the last Parliament of Charles, is given in the following passage:—

"The day of the opening of the Session at length arrived—a memorable epoch, of which the memory will long be perpetuated in France. The Court flattered themselves that resistance would diminish as the decisive moment approached—that the holders of property, the discontented

Royalists, would rally round the Administration, when they saw the Throne seriously menaced. They did not recollect that when the passions are once excited, there is no longer either wisdom, or good faith, or even common intelligence, among men. Every one prepared himself to combat, with ardour, in the strife in which he was engaged, and no one contemplated the terrible consequences which were to follow a mortal contest."

"The Chamber was crowded to suffocation; few of the movement party were there, but a large proportion of those attached to the Court. The King was as if he were surrounded by a royalist atmosphere; if he judged of the rest of France by what he there witnessed, he might be pardoned for giving way to the illusions of royalty."

"Nevertheless, bitterness and divisions had mingled even with the assembly which surrounded the throne; the acclamations were far from being so unanimous or enthusiastic as usual. The King, according to his wonted usage, shewed himself full of dignity and nobility; he bowed to the right and left, with the most gracious air, with the true smile of the Count d'Artois. He little thought that that was the last day on which he should give vent to his royal anxiety. A trilling but curious incident interrupted the satisfaction which I experienced at the august spectacle. At the moment when the King was ascending the first step of the throne, his foot got entangled in the folds of the velvet drapery with which it was covered—he slipped his foot, and the crown fell from his head. The Duke of Orleans lifted it from the ground and restored it to Charles, but not before it had passed from the head of the Monarch into the hands of the Prince. All the spectators felt the incident, for nothing is so superstitious as royalty—a confused murmur arose on the benches; and such was the importance attached to the incident, that next day the journals belonging to our party denied or disguised the circumstance."—I. 53.

Of the fatal divisions of the Royalists, which gave an easy victory to the movement party, and which bears so close a resemblance to the union

of the Ultra Tories, Whigs, and Radicals, against the Duke of Wellington's administration, our author gives the following interesting account:—

"The choice of the five candidates for the presidency was the signal for the commencement of the strife between the Chamber and the Ministry. M. Polignac's candidates were, M. Chantelauze, Lasour, De Berbis, and Pardessus. Little hope was placed on the two latter; the whole expectations of the party were centred on the former. The opposition named M. Royer Collard, Casimir Perier, Sebastiani, Dupont de l'Eure, and Girod de l'Ain; but they could not secure the nomination without the support of the party of Agier, thirty strong, who were royalists."

"The choice of a president, and the destinies of France, therefore, rested entirely on the decision of thirty men. Every effort was made to bring them back to their former party and natural connexions; but whether it was that they were inspired with resentment at the bitter raillery which our journals had lavished on them, or that they were blinded by their animosity against M. de Polignac, they persisted in their desertion. One of them said to me with candour, 'They insult us in prosperity; they invoke us in the moment of peril; we have all the danger, and remain without reward for our services; they must therefore make up their minds to have us for adversaries.'

"These words contain the whole secret of France since the Restoration. The different oppositions had but one object, to obtain possession of power; the majorities were only anxious to preserve it; and in the midst of these selfish passions the interests of France were sacrificed to the avidity of those who should have combined for its defence."

"The nomination of the candidates for the presidency occasioned warm discussions. Royer Collard and Casimir Perier were the first elected; we had only 116 votes. This defeat should have opened the eyes of M. Polignac; but it had no such effect. In the evening the party of Agier and the gauche named the three others, M. Lalot, Agier, and Sebastiani."

"This result exasperated the cour-

tiers to the last degree—they broke out into reproaches against the deserters of the rights, as they called them, and latterly drove them to extremities by breaking all terms with them.—‘We are treated worse than the regicides,’ said these gentlemen; ‘we are overwhelmed with injuries, and held forth as accomplices in all the crimes of the Revolution; and yet our whole crime consists in having withheld our aid in the defence of the crown, from a favourite whom we deem unfit to govern the kingdom. Let the King dismiss him, and we are ready to die for him.’—‘Sir,’ said I to one of the party who held that language in my presence, ‘he who passes from one party to another to gratify a private pique, is not only guilty of a moral wrong, but of a glaring fault; to him we may apply the well-known expression of M. Talleyrand,—Desertion in opinion is worse than a crime, it is a fault.’”

to 63—65.

The ascendant of the opposition in the Chambers, therefore, which was the immediate cause of the revolution of the barricades, by rendering the Crown desperate, and driving it to extreme measures, to preserve its falling influence, was occasioned by *thirty royalists, who held the balance, joining the revolutionary party.* Where are these vacillating royalists now? What have they gained by joining the ranks of the populace to subvert an obnoxious Minister? A memorable example of the extreme peril of the conservative party ever dividing among themselves when in presence of an able and audacious popular opposition; and a signal proof how much the inhabitants of this country have to congratulate themselves that the Duke of Wellington, when deserted by one half of the Tories, resigned, instead of driving the Crown into extreme measures; and that after the fatal division consequent on Catholic Emancipation, the friends of the constitution are at length firmly united against any farther encroachment of their insatiable opponents.

We have the following curious account of a conversation between the author and the King, shortly before the Revolution broke out.

“Perceiving that the King was beyond the ordinary circle of his ideas

on this occasion, I seized the favourable moment.—‘Sire,’ said I, ‘there exists in the lower classes of the people an absolute indifference for forms of government: superstition rather than genuine piety, and an extreme laxity of manners. They are susceptible of any impressions which are given them; and I know that numbers are labouring underhand to irritate them, and induce them to revolt against the royal authority.’

“‘Do you then really believe that the people of Paris will suffer themselves to be seduced into revolt, if the agitators try to drive them to it?’

“‘I fear it, Sire.’

“‘You give me poor consolation, Madame: a revolt! the days of July and October 1789 will be renewed; they will begin again the hideous yells and fury of the Revolution: that is impossible, Madame! your fears make you exaggerate the evils.’

“‘Sire, the enemies of royalty put in motion every species of spring; they speak to the passions by means of the liberal journals, which preach up insurrection as the most sacred of duties. These journals are read by all the world, from the most miserable to the most opulent; and I much fear, if a struggle commences.’

“‘‘Things,’ interrupted the King, will not come to that extremity. Polignac will put all in order. It is not that I wish to go too fast, but I am driven on on every side: the people, the people: that liberty of the press has done an incalculable mischief!’

“‘Sire, it tears us with beautiful teeth. It is an enraged dog, which spares no one in its fury.’

“‘You would have willingly seen it muzzled?’

“‘Strangled, Sire!’—In truth I myself had suffered so much from the press, that I lost no opportunity of requiting to it the mischief it had occasioned.

“The King afterwards asked me my opinion of the liberal leaders who had been suggested to him for an administration, in particular Lafitte, Sebastiani, and Casimir Perier.”

“‘Lafitte,’ said I, ‘has good intentions, but he is too honest to be a good politician. Sebastiani believes himself an eagle, but he is nothing but a liberal peacock; and as such,



a bird of bad odour. He will do any thing for you if you will flatter him, and admire his plumage. Casimir Perier has talents, perhaps genius; but he is harsh and irascible; he desires to command as a master when he should obey as a subject; he would rather ruin his party than yield a point."—I. 103.

About the same time the author saw Benjamin Constant, who was then labouring under the illness which ultimately brought him to his grave. The coming events appeared very differently to him from what they did to the inmates of the Tuileries.

"What will all this lead to?" said I, shortly after entering the chamber, where, though on the bed of death, was contained the soul which would have sufficed for ten existences.

"To the beginning of the end, Madame, and now this is no pleasantness. The King has intrusted his sheet-anchor to M. de Polignac, and he has transformed the metal into fragile glass."

"You are a bird of bad omen."

"I prophesy nothing, Madame; but the future rises up before me with as much clearness as the past; and it is only necessary to know certain men to foresee with certainty all their actions. He who governs us just now has thrown himself headlong into the feudality of the nineteenth century. The consequences of his folly will fall on himself, and those who employ him, but there is no danger that it will become contagious."

"You make me tremble; what fate then do you anticipate for the legitimate monarchy?"

"It will give place to a republic with monarchical institutions, or a monarchy with republican institutions."

"And the courtiers?"

"They must become bourgeois."

"Truly," said I, "I thought you had the opinions of better society. Recollect Madame de Stael, and have some regard at least for the lesson of history. What would you make, for example, of absolute equality?"

"I know well," he replied, "that it is a vain theory, but you must submit to it. In vain will you establish that equality in your laws; it will never strike root among your man-

ners: Education has its castes as well as nobility, and I must own that I like to carry on my opposition in good company."

"This last avowal disarmed me. In truth I have known more than one liberal of rank, to whom every intimate relation with plebeian supporters was insupportable. The Marquis de C., for example, never could enter into the house of a bourgeois without saying, with a shrug of his shoulders, Now I must *encanaille* myself."

"Can we not," said I, "retard the catastrophe?"

"No, Madame, that is impossible. Your party has no sincere desire for an alliance with us, and we have little wish for an accommodation with you. We are both placed on a car on the summit of a rapid descent; when once the impulse is given, you must follow it, for the slightest effort to arrest the motion would prove fatal." —I. 110.

The changes in France since the first Revolution have produced a signal alteration in manners, and in a great measure extinguished that refined gallantry for which the French were formerly so distinguished. Our fair authoress gives the following account of this sudden metamorphosis, the necessary effect of the opening of the career of politics to the youth of the nation; and making every allowance for the feelings with which a lady on the wrong side of forty views the attentions paid to the fair sex in her later years, there can be no doubt that there is much truth in her complaints, in which, indeed, she is joined by those still in the zenith of their youth and attractions.

"I trust the expression of my just complaints will not form a subject of ridicule, and that I will not be accused of exaggeration when I tell the simple truth: the wound is too fresh to make it an easy matter to assuage its pains. In fact, what part in society is now left to my sex? where is the beautiful woman who will not be abandoned with pleasure for a political discussion, to read a newspaper, or ascertain the state of the funds? Alas! the days are no more when life was deemed too short to evince the constancy of a lover. Love itself seems extinguished in every heart, at least no

one now dies of it; and if it occasionally leads to frightful excesses of jealousy or resentment, it is in the lower classes that these embers of the fire are preserved: the people alone love with enthusiasm. I regard France as lost and dishonoured: soon it will have no glory left but the recollection of the exploits of July.

"Every thing now is selfish and calculating, down to the fine arts, which are made the subject of speculation. The ablest painters have abandoned historical for portrait painting: the poets have quitted the flights of the epic and tragic muse for the Vaudeville, because it is a source of profit. Political opinions, even, have lost their independence: they are considered only as a means of making a fortune: they are modified or altered according to the temper of the moment, and God knows to what degradation this selfish spirit will lead us. I fear soon to see the fine arts made an object of traffic in the public streets.

"At the hazard of being accused of the peevishness of age, I declare myself in very bad humour with the era in which I live, and the late Revolution has done nothing towards improving my views. We were promised mountains and prodigies, and I was so far carried away by the illusion, as at one period to credit it; but now every one asks where they are to be found? Every thing was to have been regenerated and ameliorated; and yet the passions of men are playing the same part as formerly: ambition, the thirst of titles and honours, these are the objects of desire, these the springs of action. Is power less flattered than formerly? Is the national honour more respected? Every thing languishes and droops: the men are no longer susceptible of love, beauty has lost its zone; there is an air of age alike upon the infant which begins its existence, and the institutions which have sprung up from nonentity. All this flows from egotism, which, even more than tyranny or fanaticism, withers every thing which it touches.

"Civilisation, doubtless, is a high-sounding expression; but excess in every improvement leads to ruin.—How can we expect virtue when men have ceased to blush at vice? Where

shall we find generosity when there is nothing but interest and calculation? We boast of our reason and prudence, and I am far from denying their merits; but it is enthusiasm alone which produces great results. I know not if it enters into the composition of the Royalists who are faithful at so much the hour, or the gentlemen of the movement who demand a republic, because it promises to give them every thing they want. Interest! every where interest! nothing but that is to be seen in our days. Our sovereigns even set the example, by the avidity with which they set themselves to fix the civil list; and indeed they are not to be blamed for that, for it is the duty of a prudent father of a family to husband the resources which may be available to his children in case of need."—I. 157.

In these observations, there is much room for philosophical reflection, and they go far to confirm an observation made in a former number of this Miscellany,<sup>+</sup> viz. that from the corrupted and irreligious state of France at this period, real freedom cannot be expected to arise in it, and that after half a century of democratic contention, they will settle down quietly into the torpor and the selfishness of despotism. In truth, the selfish feeling which is the secret spring both of democratic ambition and public corruption, is utterly inconsistent with the self-denial, the devotion, and the magnanimity which is the only foundation of patriotic feeling or public spirit. The transition is but too easy from the love of power to the love of pleasure, because both spring from selfish principles, in the individual; it is extremely difficult from either to the love of freedom, because that implies an abandonment of both for the public good.

The following interesting account is given of the conversation of Charles X. with Marshal Marmont, when he revealed to him the design of promulgating the famous ordinances. They may be considered as the manifesto of the Court on the reasons of state-necessity which the Royalists plead for the justification of those measures. The account is extracted from the Marshal's diary.

" ' Marshal,' said the King, ' I have sent for you to make you acquainted with my intentions relative to the measures which I propose to adopt. It is not to a Minister of state, member of the cabinet, that I address myself. It is not advice which I require; I speak to the major-general of the service, with the view that, having learned my intentions, he may employ the requisite means for carrying them into effect. I am about to take a new step in my government, after having ascertained that I could not continue the former course without endangering the repose of my family, the safety of my people, the preservation of our holy religion. A seditious Chamber, whom the violence of its acts obliged me to dissolve, has been returned of new, composed of the very same members whose treasonable designs threatened immediately to destroy the peace of the nation. I was reduced to the necessity, either of abdicating my crown, or engaging in a strife for its preservation; I have chosen the latter alternative. Ordinances wisely framed, and based on the charter, from which the encroachments of the popular party have caused us too far to recede, are the bridle which I propose to put upon the growing evil. The liberty of the press is to exist no longer: the censorship is re-established: the Chamber is of new dissolved: the law of elections is changed. A different method of election will be pursued: the number of deputies is reduced to 258: in a word, the 5th July 1830 is to become a monarchical 3d September. These measures have not been adopted without due reflection; but I have taken my determination, and will support it at the hazard of my life, and I reckon on your aid, Marshal.'

" The length of this speech, which was pronounced with dignity, and an air of the most profound conviction, gave the Marshal time to conquer his agitation. He was ready to sink into the abyss which he saw opening before him, but he could not recede; his duty compelled him to advance; and he pronounced, not without visible emotion, the oath which was required of him."—I. 234.

The authoress was at St Cloud on Wednesday, 28th July, when the

Tuileries was carried by the populace. The following account of the manner in which the fatal intelligence was communicated to the Court, is too graphic to have been drawn from any thing but nature.

" It was seven o'clock in the evening when I entered the court of the chateau of St Cloud. M. de Damas handed me out of the carriage, and led me to the King, to whom I rendered a faithful account of what I had witnessed in the capital. His Majesty listened attentively to my narrative; and, after having asked me several questions on the state of Paris, allowed me to withdraw. The Duke of ——— followed me, and said he was much embarrassed between his fidelity to the King on the one hand, and, on the other, the urgent affairs which required his presence elsewhere. I said nothing, but saw clearly that the courtiers were already meditating flight.

" I entered the apartment of the Duchess de Berri, who was sitting to a miniature painter of rising ability. A numerous party was assembled, who were striving to amuse her, and avert the painful thoughts which all too keenly experienced. Many telescopes, directed to Paris, were in the hands of those at the windows, and made us acquainted with whatever was visible at that distance in the metropolis. After having been extremely animated, the conversation was becoming rather languid, when, all of a sudden, M. Menard taking his eye from the telescope, exclaimed, in an agitated tone—

" ' I believe, may God forgive me, that the tricolour flag is floating on the Tuileries!'

" A cry of horror arose on all sides. It was too true; the revolution was accomplished. Nothing could more clearly resemble a *coup de theatre*. Every one ran out of the room; the Duchess de Berri burst into tears, and I was dissolved at her feet. The artist alone remained with us; and such was his republican spirit, that he ventured at that moment to paint a tricolour flag in the miniature. He then slipped out of the room; and we never saw him more.

" Shortly the Ministers arrived at the full gallop, who had fled from their several stations to the King.

M. de Polignac seemed deeply dejected; the countenance of M. de Peyronnet announced the firmness of his mind; that of M. de Montbel, exultation. The other Ministers seemed resigned to their fate."—I. 278.

The Duchess de Berri was in despair at the fatal revolution which these events had made. The following account of her first conversation, before the transports of grief had subsided, is taken from the diary of the Marshal :—

"Alas! if I was at liberty, I would fly to present the Duke de Bourdeaux to the citizens of Paris. I would put him in their hands, saying—'There is your pledge: Educate him as you please. I bestow him on you, and ask you nothing in return but your love. But I can do nothing: I have conjured the King on my knees to recall the ordinances; but he will not. I have equally failed with the Dauphin. There are persons here who seem bent on our destruction: their pernicious counsels have indeed carried us far in a short time.'

"The Marshal was overwhelmed at the generous idea of the Duchess, but he felt it his duty, nevertheless, to apprise her, that the Court had refused all accommodation with the liberal party.

"That is the way that they hasten our destruction, while pretending to arrest it. Ah! If the Dauphiness were here, how enraged she would be at ———! Marshal, kings frequently find in their friends their greatest enemies. Good intentions can never excuse want of ability. But, do you think there is no hope of regaining the people? My son is innocent—Surely they will not punish him for the faults of others?"

"Means of accommodation still exist; but they are of such a kind as not to be practicable without the consent of the King. Suffice it to say, that absolute power can no longer reign in France; that the influence of the clergy has ceased.'

"As for me, Marshal,' replied the Duchess, 'I will consent to any thing, provided they will preserve the crown to my son; but I much dread the Duke of Orleans and the young Napoleon. Let the Parisians know the advantage of being guided

by legitimacy. Answer for my fidelity. Tell them that it will be with the sincerest pleasure that I will put on his head the constitutional crown. I might once have had other ideas; but since France demands a liberal government, I resign myself to their wishes.'"—I. 287.

Whatever opinion may be formed on Charles's capacity to govern, or the wisdom of the measures which he latterly adopted, there can be but one as to the heroism and resignation with which he bore the sad reverses of fortune which were reserved for his latter years. All authorities concur in this. That of our authoress is one of the most striking.

"I am surprised,' said the King, 'that I have not seen the Duke of Orleans at Court for some days. I am told he is travelling. I know not whether to believe it; at all events, Madame, believe me that I am touched with what you have done for me, though success has not crowned your exertions.'

"These words, pronounced with a tone of sincerity, melted me even to tears. My eyes filled—the King perceived it, and taking my hand,

"Madame,' said he, 'we must strive to bear, with courage and resignation, the calamities which it has pleased God to send us; but, whatever happens, believe me I will never forget the devotion of my true friends; and that will be the more easy, because their number is so small.'"—I. 297.

Marmont conversed with the King on the necessity of abdicating. The following account of his sentiments will demonstrate the noble, though perhaps mistaken sentiments, with which he was animated :—

"Charles X. told the Marshal that he was resolved to abdicate—that his conscience even imposed it on him as a duty—that he had always governed according to what he esteemed the interest of his people, and of religion—that not having been appreciated in his endeavours for the one, and being unable to sustain the other, if he remained upon the throne, he renounced, without regret, a power which, if retained, would render him responsible to Heaven for all the evils with which France might be afflicted—that his duty to God was superior even to his

duty towards his people—and that he hoped to find, in his trust in Him, sufficient strength to bear, without murmuring, all the dispensations with which he might be afflicted. But that which disquiets me most,’ said the King, ‘is the education of my grandson. I will never consent that he should be surrendered to the Liberals; the crown of martyrdom is preferable.’

“The Marshal ventured to mention Chateaubriand, as a fit man to be intrusted with the education of the young prince.

“Do not mention him, Marshal. Joas was intrusted to Joad, and not to Mathan. Chateaubriand would be the most fatal of preceptors, for it is he who has perverted so large a portion of the Royalist youth, by lending a chivalrous air to Liberalism. Should the hand of God one day cease to press upon me, it will be because, whatever faults I may have committed, I have remained faithful to him; and it is indispensable that the heir of the throne of St Louis should receive a religious education. Chateaubriand is a sophist in religion, and no true believer.’

“In truth, every one who had access to him must have observed, that in the last misfortunes which overwhelmed him, Charles X. found in his religious feelings an inexhaustible source of consolation. When he was made aware of the necessity of abdicating, he made up his mind to it without pain. The mental activity of Napoleon was the real culture which he carried with him to St Helena; Charles X. surrendered himself to God. His religious resignation supplied the place of philosophy.”—I. 300.

Without pretending to vindicate all the acts of Charles’s administration, and admitting that there was much imprudence in many steps of his government, it is impossible to contemplate without admiration his conduct in adversity. Firm, without being ostentatious; resigned, without being querulous, he bore the fall from the height of temporal grandeur with an equanimity which surpasses the greatest efforts of worldly heroism. Louis was first led to the scaffold; and his captivity and death exhibit a specimen of Christian resignation and forgiveness to which there is

nothing in the annals of uninspired virtue which can be compared. Napoleon was next precipitated from the throne—the conqueror of the world strove in vain to subdue his own passions; and the memoirs of St Helena exhibit the greatest human intellect gnawing in vain at the adamant chain of adversity. Charles X. was subjected to the same ordeal; and that which the soul of Napoleon could not endure, was borne with ease by a slender intellect, and a mind frittered away by the frivolities of a court. Such is the superiority of religion to the utmost efforts of unassisted reason; such the advantage it gives even ordinary minds over the most gigantic efforts of mere human magnanimity.

Charles X. in these observations was unjust to Chateaubriand. That illustrious man, second only to Scott in European literature, was the victim of the same wretched court intrigues which proved fatal to the reigning family. Their eyes were not opened to his great qualities during the prosperous days of the restoration; they were taught to believe he was an apostate to the cause of royalty, an infidel in religion, because he was superior to the conclave of Jesuits who ruled the cabinet. But adversity—that magic talisman which transports every heart into the palace of truth—has developed his real character. While the whole court of Charles X., with a very few honourable exceptions, have deserted the fallen dynasty in their misfortunes, and basely knelt to their successors in royalty, Chateaubriand has nobly stood their friend. He has relinquished his country, his home, his fortune, to preserve his consistency. He has spurned at all the offers of the citizen-king; and employed in exile his great talents in defending the family which had dismissed, the dynasty which had reviled him,—in pleading the cause of innocence, and supporting the child of misfortune. With truth it may be said, that calamity is never lost either upon individuals or nations; it forms the only test of real virtue; it consigns to oblivion the hollow-hearted sycophant, and brings forth the great and the generous in undecaying lustre,—the inheritance of

their country, the birthright of the human race.

What a contrast to the magnanimous conduct of the illustrious Viscount Chateaubriand does the baseness of the courtiers at St Cloud exhibit!

"As to the courtiers who were at St Cloud, their number diminished every moment. Even so early as Thursday, 29th July, the officers in the interior of the palace were beginning to absent themselves. The Duchess de Berri lost all her attendants; those of the Dauphiness, making her absence a pretext, also disappeared; the aides-de-camp, the gentlemen of the chamber, the chamberlains, and the lords in waiting; the squires, maitres d'hotel, grooms of the chambers, butlers, cooks, footmen, coachmen, and grooms, all disappeared during the 30th and 31st. So few gave proof of their fidelity that they can easily be numbered.

"Very different was the conduct of the military men of all grades; of the officers of the guard, and, above all, of the body guards, on whose fidelity the courtiers had been wont to cast reflections. It was at the moment when their hopes of fortune disappeared, without a hope of return, that their devotion to the royal cause appeared in its brightest colours.

"On the 30th, in the evening, the saloons of St Cloud were deserted. The King, surveying the empty apartments, said, with a smile,—'I will engage that there will be a large enough crowd to-morrow at the levee of the Duke of Orleans.'"—I. 302, 303.

The authoress has preserved a list of the few courtiers who remained faithful amidst the general defection. We shall transcribe it, to shew how few of those who tasted the bread of royalty were really worthy of the trust, and for the honour of the families who can now add this glorious bar to their scutcheons.

"The Duke de Luxembourg, M. Decroy, the Count de Trossoff, Count Lasalle, the Marquis de Courbon Blenac, the Marquis de Maijoufort, Baron Grissot, Marquis Chosguil Beaupreau, Count Auguste de Larochjaquelein—a name ever first in the path of honour, Baron Crossaid,

Marquis Fontenille, Weyler de Navas, the Duke Arnaud de Polignac, Count O'Hegerty, the Duke de Guiche and de Levis, Count Menaud, Count Brissac, the Baron Damas, the Marquis Brabancois, the Count de Maupas, M. O'Hegerty the son, Madames St Maure and De Bouille, the Duke de Maillé, the Duchess de Gontant—whose conduct was truly admirable in those disastrous times, and the Baroness de Charette—natural sister of Henry IV., according to the fine expression of M. de Chateaubriand."—I. 316.

During the melancholy journey from St Cloud to the sea-coast, the King and royal family never lost that serenity of mind, which, amidst such calamities, they derived from higher sources of consolation than mere moral courage.

"The Duke d'Angouleme had a cheerful air during the whole journey, which filled us with astonishment. He even made light of the fall of his family, and repeatedly said that his change of life gave him no sort of pain. The Dauphiness and the Duchess de Berri were far from sharing his equanimity. The latter in particular, unaccustomed to suffering, never ceased to lament the crown which the Revolution had torn from the innocent brow of her son. Dressed like a man, performing part of the journey on foot, shuddering at the aspect of the tri-colour decorations of the peasantry, she could not restrain her tears, which fell in abundance. The Duchess d'Angouleme herself, though bred in the school of adversity, did not bear this last stroke with the energy which might have been expected from a mind of such resolution. She also wept on many occasions, and experienced not less horror than her sister-in-law, at the sight of the flag which recalled all the grievous recollections of her youth. But that weakness by degrees disappeared. She regained in great part her wonted firmness, and at length exhibited nothing in her demeanour but the constancy and resignation of the grand-daughter of Maria Theresa.

"Charles X. never lost for one moment that calm dignity, that serenity of manner, which renders misfortune so worthy of admiration. He fully perceived the hopeless nature of his fall; but he bore the blow like

a man whose conscience has nothing to reproach him; not a word, not a gesture, escaped him, which did not augment the admiration of those who surrounded him. He consoled the Princesses, and evinced a tender anxiety for his grand-children. All the peasantry who met him on the road, struck with that grandeur of soul, testified a respectful veneration which had no intermixture of political interest.

"The little Duke de Bourdeaux and the Princess, without being able fully to comprehend the revolution which had taken place in their affairs, were well aware that something extraordinary had occurred. The unusual number of troops with which they were surrounded, the interruption of their studies, the tears of their mother and aunt, all struck astonishment into their infant imaginations. They told the Duke de Bourdeaux soon after, that he was King, and seeing around him nothing but soldiers, he asked if he had no subjects but military men?"—I. 339.

It is pleasing to find that at length the eyes of the royal family began to be opened to the real character of M. Chateaubriand.

"On the 6th August the party proceeded to Aigle. The newspapers there announced that the acts of government were issued in the name of the Lieutenant-General of the kingdom.

"And why not in that of Henry V.?" said the Duchess de Berri, 'is it possible that my uncle will not recognise the title of my son?"

"We must be prepared for the worst," said the King; 'in these disastrous times we can no longer distinguish a friend from an enemy.—Chateaubriand will probably be rejoiced at the fall of poor Polignac, for I know well that he did not like him.'

"The Duchess de Berri warmly undertook the defence of Chateaubriand, saying, 'that he was a faithful royalist, and that, far from being rejoiced at the disasters of the monarchy, she was persuaded he would be profoundly afflicted at them.'

"Nevertheless," said the King, 'he has to reproach himself with the opposition which has spread such fatal divisions among the Royalists, and, in consequence, overwhelmed us with

so many calamities. But the desire to make finely turned periods'—

"Sire," said the Duke of Ragusa, who was present, 'Chateaubriand has a noble soul; you have not a more devoted subject than he; he has given striking proofs of it, and, I doubt not, will give others still more sublime.'

"His faults," said the Duchess d'Angouleme, 'belong rather to the head than the heart; and I am convinced that we might count on him in life or death.'

"The Dauphiness was right. The conduct of that noble peer, who, to remain faithful to the cause of the Bourbons, has renounced all the prospects of ambition which were opened to him under the Citizen-King, has refuted in a triumphant manner all the calumnies which were uttered against him. It is not eight days since he has assured me that he has resolved to emigrate, and pass the remainder of his life in Switzerland."—I. 343.

The day of the mournful separation of the King from his country, his attendants, and his guards, at length arrived; it is recited in these simple, but touching terms:—

"The time of the heart-rending separation was at length arrived; that when Charles at length touched the end of his career, and was about to leave his native soil, and all the grandeur of the throne, to hide his exiled head in a foreign land, destined, doubtless, to be his tomb. It was also the day when that guard, so noble, so devoted, was about to burst the last bonds which bound it to the sovereign for whom all its members would willingly have laid down their lives. It was arranged that that mournful ceremony should take place at Valognes.

"When the moment arrived, the order was given that each company, represented by its officers and six privates, should bring its standard, in the order of their respective seniority. The King, the Dauphin, the Dauphiness, Madame, the Duke de Bourdeaux, and Mademoiselle, entered at eleven o'clock into the room where the guards were successively introduced. The scene which ensued will never be effaced from the recollection of those who witnessed it; a heart-rending scene, when fallen ma-

jesty received its last homage ; when regrets, sobs, and mute protestations were interchanged, and tears more eloquent than words ! The royal family received in these touching adieus the true consolation of the heart, the sole which can assuage its profound wounds.

"The King, with a voice at once moved and full of dignity, thanked his guards for their conduct, told them how much he regretted being unable to recompense their fidelity but by his affection, that he would never forget their devotion, and that he hoped they would never forget him and his family. He terminated the discourse with these remarkable words :—

" 'I receive, gentlemen, from your hands these spotless standards ; and I trust the Duke de Bourdeaux will restore them to you as unsullied.'

"At these words the enthusiasm rose to the highest pitch. Tears flowed on all sides, but no oath was pronounced, as malignity has since invented. The King would never have exacted an oath from those who loved their country which would have endangered its repose."—I. 359.

It is the fashion for our modern liberals to revile the Bourbons ; but the conduct here described can well afford to stand the shafts of ridicule. It has become the province of history ; it will continue to dignify the fall of this illustrious family, to elevate and move the human heart, for ages after the obscure herd who calumniate them are lost in the waves of forgotten time.

The author gives the following interesting account of her conversation with a leader of the liberal party on her first return to Paris.

" 'I have taken up arms,' said he, 'against M. Polignac. I regret that the King should have suffered from the *contre coup*. But this was no children's sport ; we were called on to combat despotism, the ancient regime which we were threatened with being restored. I belong to the new order of things, by my age ; and I was obliged to defend it. Those who have committed follies must bear their consequences ; they do not even deserve to be regretted.'

"But, sir,' replied I, 'you are rather in a hurry to chant the hymn

of victory. The King has still for him, the provinces, the strong places, the troops, the army of Algiers, and he will certainly be supported by all the armies of Europe.'

"The gentleman began to laugh. 'Did any one ever see,' he replied, 'soldiers combat for chiefs who would not venture to put themselves at their head ? Besides, ours have acquired the unfortunate habit, during the last forty years, of abandoning the master who no longer pays them, to range themselves under the one who holds the treasury. Men must live. Open the book of history ; you will see that the army passed from Louis XVI. to the Constituent Assembly ; from the legal to the usurping power, from the Committee of Public Safety, invested with authority, to the Thermidorian re-action. On the 18th Fructidor, it abandoned the Council invested with the legal right, in favour of the usurping Directory ; and still later, on the 18th Brumaire, it answered the call of a hero, without any legitimate title. Did it defend that new master in 1814 ? Did it defend the King in 1815 ? No, but it ranged itself under the command of the fortunate adventurer, who had overturned the monarchy. In these last days, what has been the conduct of the army ? Believe me, the army remains faithful only during battle, or in combating a foreign enemy ; but woe to the chief who counts upon its support in oppressing the nation ! it will always escape from his colours.'

"I had nothing to answer to that chronological *résumé*, which represented all our military revolutions with scrupulous exactness. I had recourse to the fidelity of the provinces, but there too the argument failed me ; for I must admit that my opponent had always the better, at least in appearance, in all our arguments.

" 'You believe, then, that the Revolution is completed ?'

" 'Yes, Madame.'

" 'And who will profit by it ?'

" 'Oh ! you need not be afraid that some one will reap its fruits ; the appetite for profiting by others' achievements, is not likely to fail in this age of ours. We shall have the counterpart of the courtiers of the Restoration ; the wheel will turn, but it will bring up the same face. This



last Revolution has come ten years too soon, or too late."—II. 9.

To all appearance this prediction is destined to be speedily verified. The Revolution has in no ways benefited any class of the people, but essentially injured all. The public burdens have been enormously augmented; trade and industry proportionally depressed; and the rapacity of the Citizen King, and his army of courtiers, exceeds all that is charged against his unfortunate predecessor.

The first visit of M. de Chateaubriand to the authoress is given at length, and as every thing which concerns that illustrious man is the province of history, and interests the human race, we shall transcribe the conversation which ensued between them.

"I was buried in the most profound reflections, when Chateaubriand was announced. That illustrious name made me thrill with emotion; I rose with speed, and ran to meet my illustrious friend with my eyes bathed in tears.

"'By what fatality,' said he, 'was I neither at Court nor with the people during the three days? I had just arrived from Dieppe when I heard of the ordinances.'

"'Ah! my friend, what a change since we met!—'

"'What a fall, madam! what a mixture of good and evil, of virtues and vices!—The race of our Kings is a third time tossed by the tempests, and wrecked on a foreign shore, without our being able to oppose any thing but tears and regrets to the calamity.—Do you know what most grieves me?—When I arrived at the Gates of Paris, I ran to the office of the *Journal des Debats*, where I remained a few minutes; in leaving it, I was seized by some young men, who raised me in their arms, and forced all who passed to join in the cry, '*Vive M. De Chateaubriand!*'"

"'And why does that distress you?'

"'Vive M. De Chateaubriand on the tomb of the monarchy!'

"'But near that tomb is still an infant, in whose favour the ancient inheritance of Henry IV. may still open.'

"'My voice, at least, shall not be wanting in his distress.'

"With what energy did he then unfold to me the sentiments of a Royalist and a citizen! He ran over the different parties, who were in presence of each other, and with his eagle's eyes pierced into the depths of futurity.

"'The Duke of Reichstadt,' said he, 'has no chances in his favour: He has nothing for him but the intrigues of the police and the garri-sons.—The ancient Napoleonists will not avail him, for their attachment to the son of the hero, who has loaded them with obligations, is kept in subordination to their interest, and their interest will lead them, like all the rich, to the Palais Royal. As to the Republicans, they have not a chance in their favour; the Duke of Orleans will carry the day. Reason and prudence will induce the majority of the nation to range itself under his banners.—He will have on his side the shopkeepers, the selfish, and all the characters of the Revolution, the empire, and the restoration, who wish for repose and freedom.'

"'And glory also.'

"'That remains to be seen.'

"'And what do you propose to do in this new regime?'

"'If they do not require of me services incompatible with my principles, I will not desert my post in the Chamber of Peers; if they do, I will leave France for ever.'

"'No, my noble friend, you will not leave your country; it cannot afford to detach you from its glory.'

"'I cannot,' he replied, 'separate my cause from that of the Royal Family; and since they had doubts of my devotion, I seek in misfortune the opportunity of giving fresh proofs of it.'

"'I fear,' he added, 'that the steps of the new Ministry will be feeble and timid; nor indeed can it be otherwise. It will fear all the world, and will be desirous to displease no one. Subsequently it will not fail to disown its origin, like an enriched servant, who, instead of taking a pride in his skill in amassing a fortune, seeks to pass for a member of his ancient family, and for that purpose adopts its forms and ceremonies.—No one, however, is deceived by all this but the *parvenu* himself, but that is sufficient to mislead them.'" II. 34,

Some months after the Revolution, and shortly before his death, the authoress received a visit from Benjamin Constant. The observations of such a man on the passing events are well worth recording.

"Great events," said I, "have occurred since we last met."

"Yes," replied the sage, "but I fear those who are reaping the fruit know not how to profit by them. Already they are striving to envelope royalty in the same robes, to make it repose on the same couch as its predecessor, in order, without doubt, that the change should not be perceived. The dynasty has only changed its chief. To hear our rulers, you would imagine that the Revolution is nothing but a chimera, and that the new King derives his sole title from his quasi legitimacy."

"I confess that that word is to me utterly unintelligible."

"You had better ask M. Guizot, Dupin, and their associates, what it means. I have no wish to dispute with them the honour of the invention.—Fatality has attached itself to the great work: it was begun by giants, it has been continued by pigmies, and now they are striving to degrade it, in order to lower it to their own level. They will end by sinking it, like the Byzantine Empire, in an ocean of words; but let us not deceive ourselves. These words will swallow us up."

"It well becomes you to rail at eloquence, who use it with so much force."

"Eloquence, Madame, does not consist in fine sophisms, in delusions coloured with art; and yet we hear nothing but that at the Tribune. The King is deceived, the nation is deceived, all the world is deceived, and all that for the benefit of foreign powers.—We are made to live on illusions.—We have already advanced no farther than the 29th July, when we should have raised that mighty shout, that cry to arms, which would have resounded to the uttermost ends of the earth. Our rulers, on the contrary, are striving only to reassure foreign powers, to inspire submission to external despots.—We are sleeping on the edge of an abyss, and fortune in vain calls us to range ourselves under that immortal

ægis, that tricolour flag, which only waves over the Tuilleries, to contrast our present humiliation with the glories of the Republic and the Empire."

Such are the seducing colours under which the passion of Republican propagandism veils its projects of ambition, rapine, and universal dominion!

The Revolution of July effected as great a change in the leaders of fashion, and the manners of the day, as in the men who held the reins of government. Our authoress gives the following entertaining account of her visit to a box of a leader of the liberal party at the opera:—

"M. De L. passed into the ante-chamber, and I rejoined him in half an hour, equipped for the opera, in that dress *du juste milieu*, which was then beginning to be in fashion.—We set out, arrived at the theatre; and after passing through several boxes, I found myself in that of M. Guizot, the Minister of the Interior, directly opposite that gentleman, and the high and mighty dame, his wife, surrounded by a crowd of the new courtiers, of whom I thus appeared to swell the train.

"Indignant at the trick which had thus been played on me, I looked at my friend who had thus conducted me into the middle of that liberal mob, but he had concealed himself behind M. Raoul Rochette, and others, whom I little expected to meet in such company. The lady of the place rose to receive me; her form was arrayed to advantage in a muslin robe edged with blonde, intended no doubt to exhibit the union of simplicity and riches. The contrast was truly curious.—She was decked out like a chapel, flowers, plumes, ribbons; nothing was wanting; I was dazzled at the sight.

"M. Guizot was dressed in a handsome black coat, a white waistcoat, tight pantaloons of light blue; shoes finely blacked, with soles *half an inch thick*; a round hat, adorned with an enormous tricolour cockade; gloves almost new: in fine, he exhibited the true costume of a *petit-maitre*, only you would have some difficulty to assign the period of civilisation to which it belonged.

"I was formally conducted to a

chair near that of the Minister's lady. They complimented me, with that protecting air which so well becomes power, and I answered with all the humility which suited my humble situation.

"While seated there, I had leisure to admire the crowd of young *elegans*, with their dressed mustaches and affected airs, who arranged themselves, in close column, round the ladies whose husbands were in credit with the government, as if to debar all approach to a humbler class of supplicants. There was something truly amusing in the manners of these fine gentlemen; their college airs, their bourgeois manners, their aping the ease of the Court. They spoke aloud, used abundance of gesticulation, and were perfectly irresistible. The ladies fanned themselves, with a charming air of simplicity; there was an ease, an *abandon* in their demeanour, which made me feel all the rusticity of my previous habits. I felt like a young village girl suddenly transported from her cottage into a numerous circle, where every thing she sees and hears is a novelty; with this difference, that, instead of being transported from the cottage to the palace, I had fallen from the palace to the cottage. Never in my life had I witnessed such a scene; but, I own, that after half an hour, I began to think I had had enough of it.

" 'Is the curtain never to fall,' said I to the gentleman who accompanied me, who at length ventured to approach my side.

" 'No, madam; for the master of the fête has just ordered refreshments.'

" 'Heaven have mercy on us!' exclaimed I. 'I already begin to perceive the scent of cider and beer. — Where on earth have you brought me?' said I to my companion, as soon as we had left the box.

" 'Where I promised,' said he — 'to the representation of a *Comédie Bourgeoise*, with this difference, that I did not tell you that it was to take place at the Minister of the Interior's.'"

Now, this raillery appears to us richly deserved. We admire M. Guizot as much as any one, and will soon make our readers acquainted with his great works; but when a professor, leaving his proper sphere, be-

comes a Minister of the Interior, and assumes, for a little brief space, the airs of a courtier, he becomes the fit object of ridicule. The ludicrous character of the scene which is here so well described, is a just satire on the folly and presumption of that levelling spirit of the present day which would remove every thing from its proper sphere, make learning despicable without being useful, and industry tumultuous without being beneficial.

Talleyrand is also introduced on the scene. The following conversation will exhibit the views of this veteran politician on the recent changes.

" 'I know not, madam; but I believe that war would not suit France at this moment. The sight of the tricolour flag could not be agreeable to the foreign powers, as recalling the victory of a people over their king. But what most disquiets me is to see our old men ape the ideas of the young, and our youth assume the decrepitude of age. The latter are employed in the government—to-morrow they will be sent back to their schools.'

" 'What! do you not recollect they are now our rulers?'

" 'You know, madam, that wise men sometimes bend to the caprices of children, to let their vehemence evaporate; but, I must own, every thing which has recently occurred in France makes me think that all, young and old, have profited nothing by the lessons of the past. It was in vain to expect that that unanimity, of which the Revolution boasted so loudly, could continue. On all sides, complaints will soon arise from those who now dissemble their regrets and their hopes. The spirit of complaint is more persevering than that of joy. The first law passed after a Revolution should be that of an ostracism.'

" 'You have not even,' said I, 'the relief of emigration' —"

" 'So much the worse. In 1830, as at the era of the consulate, I was desirous that the Government should give an issue to all the humours of the social body by encouraging emigration. How many Frenchmen would embrace with alacrity the project of carrying their disappointments to a foreign shore! How many are there,

among whom, were it but for a moment, a new climate is become an absolute want! Those who, remaining alone, have lost in battle all that embellished their existence, and those to whom it has become a burden! What a relief would it afford to that crowd of political maladies; to those inflexible characters, whom no reverse can bend; those ardent imaginations whom no reasonings can affect; those fascinated spirits whom no events will convince; those who ever find themselves crowded in their native country; the crowd of speculators, and of those who desire to affix their names to new establishments; the many for whom France is still too agitated; the still greater numbers for whom it is too calm!"

We know not what our readers may think of these passages; but they appear to us to be among the most entertaining and instructive pages we have read in the literature

of recent times. We are not sufficiently behind the curtain to know, whether the conversations are all to be fully relied on, though, from their being given as the words of living characters, the variety of ideas and the force of expression which they contain, there seems no reason to believe they are apocryphal. At all events, they convey a clear, forcible, and condensed view of the ideas of the leading political characters and great parties in the state, during those eventful times; and as such, seem well deserving of attention. We have given them at length, both because our readers have elsewhere enough of our own ideas, and because we despair at conveying otherwise than in the humble guise of a translation, the clear and luminous ideas of the illustrious characters whom the magic lantern of this lively writer brings successively before our eyes.

#### THE MOONLIGHT CHURCHYARD.

BY DELTA.

THERE is no cloud to mar the depth of blue,  
Through which the silent, silver moon careers,  
Save in the west some streaks of hazy hue,  
Through which pale Vesper, twinkling, re-appears;  
The sacred harmony which rules the spheres  
Descends on lower regions, and the mind,  
Stripp'd of the vain solitudes and fears,  
Which seem the heritage of humankind,  
Commingles with the scene, and leaves its cares behind.

To gaze upon the studded arch above,  
And on thy placid beauty, mystic moon,  
Shedding abroad the mysteries of love,  
And rendering night more exquisite than noon,  
Expands the sinking spirit; while, as soon  
As from terrestrial frailties we retire,  
And to thy hallowed mood our hearts attune,  
To those benignant feelings we aspire,  
Which make the spirit glow with purified desire.

'Tis sweet, thus resting on this grassy mound,  
To look upon the vales that stretch below,  
On the old woods, that throw their shadows round,  
And on the silver streams of ceaseless flow,  
Murmuring and making music as they go;  
And on the hamlets, where a little star,  
Beaming within the lattice, makes to glow  
The homeward traveller's heart, as, from afar,  
He hails a shelter from the world's contentious jar.

The shatter'd wrecks of generations past,  
Slumbering around me are the village dead:  
O'er them no sculptured stones their shadows cast,  
To keep the moonshine from their verdant bed.

Here oft my steps hath Contemplation led ;  
 And here, alone, in solemn reverie,  
 Under this hoary elm, with lichens red,  
 I have thought how years and generations flee,  
 And of the things which were, and never more shall be !

Nor is the day far distant, nor the hour  
 Deep in the bosom of Futurity,  
 When all that revel now in pride and power,  
 Commingling dust with dust as low shall lie ;  
 Yes ! all that live and move beneath the sky  
 An equal doom awaits ; our sires have pass'd—  
 Alike the mightiest and the meanest die ;  
 And, slowly come the doom, or come it fast,  
 The inexorable grave awaits us all at last.

But man was made for bustle and for strife ;  
 Though sometimes, like the sun on summer days,  
 The bosom is unruffled, yet his life  
 Consists in agitation, and his ways  
 Are through the battling storm-blasts ; to erase  
 Some fancied wrong, to gain some promised joy,  
 To gather earthly good, or merit praise,  
 Are—and will be—the objects that employ  
 His thoughts, and lead him on to dazzle or destroy.

Yet lost to all that dignifies our kind,  
 Cold were the heart, and bigoted indeed,  
 Which, by its selfish principles made blind,  
 Could destine all that differ'd from its creed  
 To utterless perdition : who can feed  
 A doctrine so debasing in the breast ?  
 We who are dust and ashes, who have need  
 Of mercy, not of judgment ; and, at best,  
 Are vanity to him, with whom our fate must rest.

Since thus so feeble, happy 'tis for us,  
 That the All-Seeing is our judge alone !  
 We walk in darkness—but not always thus ;  
 The veil shall be withdrawn, and man be shown  
 Mysterious laws of nature now unknown :  
 Yes ! what is shrouded from our feeble sight,  
 Or now seems but a chaos overgrown  
 With marvels, hidden in the womb of night,  
 Shall burst upon our view, clear, beautiful, and bright.

Oh ! who that gazes on the lights of life,  
 Man in his might, and woman in her bloom,  
 Would think, that, after some brief years of strife,  
 Both must be tenants of the silent tomb !  
 Nought can revoke the Irrevocable doom,—  
 Childhood's despair, man's prayer, or woman's tear ;  
 The soul must journey through the vale of gloom ;  
 And, e'er it enters on a new career,  
 Burn in the light of hope, or shrink with conscious fear.

Then in resign'd submission let us bow  
 Before the Providence that cares for all :  
 'Tis thine, oh God, to take or to bestow,  
 To raise the meek, or bid the mighty fall ;  
 Shall low-born doubts, shall earthly fears enthrall  
 The deathless soul which emanates from thee ?  
 Forbid the degradation ! No—it shall  
 Burst from earth's bonds, like daystar from the sea,  
 When from the rising sun the shades of darkness flee !

## THE AGE OF THE JANIZARIES.

ITALY has probably produced more of that distinctive quality called genius, than any other nation of Europe. What she was in the days of antiquity we scarcely know, farther than she was mistress of the world. Greece seems then to have borne away the prize of *genius*. But, before the question can be decided, we must remember that ancient Greece was exactly in the circumstances which are most favourable to the expansion of the intellect, while ancient Rome, from the time when she was relieved from the pressure of perpetual war, was exactly in the circumstances most unfavourable to that expansion;—that Greece was a group of republics, which even, when under the dominion of Rome, were less enslaved than tranquillized, while Italy was a solid despotism, shaken only by civil wars, which at once riveted the fetters of the despotism, impoverished the nobles, and corrupted the people.

But on the revival of Europe from the ruin and the sleep of the dark ages, Italy was placed under the original circumstances of Greece: the land was a group of republics; all was sudden opulence, wild liberty, and fiery enthusiasm. She became first the merchant, then the warrior, of Europe; then the poet, then the painter, of the world. From that period she was the universal school of the arts, those higher arts which regulate and raise the character of mankind, government, political knowledge, law, theology, poetry, not less than those graceful arts which soothe or decorate human life; her music, sculpture, painting, the drama, the dance, were unrivalled. In all periods, when a science had grown old, and the world began to look upon it as exhausted, Italy threw a new stream of life into it, and it began its career again for new triumphs. An Italian revived geography by the discovery of a new hemisphere, and revived astronomy by giving us the telescope, and throwing open the gates of the starry world. An Italian awoke us to a new knowledge of the mechanism of nature by the air-pump, the barome-

ter, and the pendulum. An Italian made architecture a new attribute of man, by hanging the dome of St Peter's in the air. An Italian made the wonders of ancient painting credible by surpassing them, and giving to mankind an art which now can never die. While Italy continued a warring nation, all the great leaders of the European armies were either Italians or the pupils of Italy. The Sforza, Castruccio, Parma, Montecuculi, were the very lights of martial science; and who was the subverter of Europe and its kings in our own day? who was the inventor of a new art of war, and the terrible realizer of his own fearful but brilliant theory? An Italian!

This universal supremacy in things of the intellect is *genius*. All was original; for genius is originality. All was powerful, practical, and made to impress its character upon the living generation, and the generations to come. For the highest genius is the most practical: genius is no trifle; it may be fastidious; it may love to dream a world of its own; it may look with scorn on the feeble and tardy progress by which humbler powers attain the height which it reaches with a wave of its wing; but when it once comes to its task, and treads the ground, its pressure is felt by the vigour of its tread. It moves direct to its purpose,—its purpose is worthy of its powers; simplicity, strength, and force, are its essence, and it leaves the evidence of its noble interposition, perhaps in the overthrow of kingdoms, perhaps in their renovation, but, in all its acts, leaves the proof of faculties given with the object of changing the direction, or renovating the strength, of the general human mind.

To come to the immediate purpose of the narrative. In the war of the Russians and Imperialists on the Ottoman Porte, which ended with the peace of Oczakow, Dec. 1791, it was remarked that the fortune which had so signally accompanied the Imperialist armies in the earlier parts of the campaign, as signally deserted them towards its close; and

that Turkey, which had been saved by little short of miracle from the first invasion of the Austrian army, concluded by not merely repelling these arms, but placing herself in a higher rank than she had held before. The Osmanlis of course attributed this singular change to the protection of their prophet; but those who were unable to lift their eyes to the paradise where he sits on a sofa of eternal green velvet, drinking pearl and ruby sherbet, and surrounded by Adaliques surpassing all the Circassians extant, found a sufficient reason in the good fortune which had raised Hassan Caramatz from the rank of a camel-driver in the camp, to the high and responsible situation of Aga of the Janissaries.

There was but little known of Hassan in his former career, as a matter of course, for Turkey has not yet had among the invaders of its quiet any "amateurs in biography, collectors of secret memoirs," or compilers of autographs. It was taken for granted that he was the son of somebody, and that was enough; but it was seen that he was a capital soldier, and that was more satisfactory to the general interest than if he had his veins incarnadined by the blood of all the Osmans. He had, besides, got a character, which effectually precluded all applications for his history from his own lips. He was not merely one of the best handlers of the scimitar in the dominions of the faith, but one of the most unhesitating in its use. He was known to have cut from the skull to the chin, at a single sweep, one of his own captains, who had ventured to growl at an order in the field; and his habits were of a keen and vindictive vengeance, which above all other things turns the edge of curiosity.

It is perfectly well known that there was no man in the dominions of the Sultan, whom that Sultan so thoroughly feared; yet when Hassan was but a captain of the Delhis of the body-guard, he had established so decided a character for bringing things to a speedy issue with the scimitar or the carbine, that he received plumes, diamonds, and embroidered bridles and saddles without number, under the pretext of his adroitness in riding or javelin-throw-

ing, but, as was well known, for his being able to strike off the neck of a bolt at a blow, for his being the most unflinching shot in the service, and from what was more to the purpose, the universal knowledge that an angry glance from the Sultan himself, would have been merely the preliminary to a trial of speed between them, whether the Sultan's *icogians* should first have Hassan's head in a sack, or Hassan should have sent an ounce ball through the heart of his angry master. The question was easily settled, for the Sultan must act by proxy, which, however sure, is slow, while Hassan would act in person, which is at once sure and swift. The consequence was, that this fiercest of men and most uncourtly of courtiers was suffered to take his way, treating Sultan and slave with nearly equal want of ceremony, and still, to the universal astonishment, advancing in military rank. It was notorious, too, that he openly scoffed at all the accredited modes of rising in the body-guard of any nation under the sun. He neither made a party among the clerks of the Divan, by promising them double allowances when he should be Vizier, nor bribed the Sultanas, nor told fables of his superior officers, nor made a lowersalam to the Vizier, the Mufti, or the Capudan Pasha, than to his own Korseruldeer. On the contrary, but a short time before the fight of Tcheshme, he had a furious altercation with the Capudan, in the presence of the Sultan himself. He tore the beard and struck off the turban of that fortunate slave and miserable admiral, pronounced that, as he had been a slipper-maker in his youth, he was fit for nothing but to make slippers to the end of his days, struck him with the sheath of his scimitar in the face, and declared that as surely as he took the command of the Turkish fleet, so surely would he either leave it on a sandbank, or in flames, or in the enemy's hands;—three predictions which were all verified in one fact. For all the world now knows that the Capudan actually first stranded his fleet, saw it strike to the Russian flag, and then saw it burn to cinders on the shores of the memorable bay of Tcheshme. The whole assemblage of Pashas round the head of the Moslems were in-

dignity at this breach of decorum, but silence is the virtue of composure even in Turkey. They waited for the Sultan's indignation to speak. But he said nothing. And Hassan Caramat quietly stalked through the midst of a hundred and fifty diamond-hilted daggers, and ten thousand curved and flinted muskets, all taking aim for his blood. Yet neither dagger nor trigger moved. All eyes were fixed on the Sultan, and his were fixed on the towering height and undaunted stride of the Delhi as he moved from the hall. In half an hour after, every Pasha in Constantinople gaw, to their utter astonishment, Hassan Caramat, the accused, the ferocious, galloping along the valley of the Limes, in command of the Sultan's escort, shooting off the necks of bottles as usual with his infallible balls, and throwing the javelin with a force that made competition desperate, and drew loud applause even from the gravity of the Commander of the Faithful himself. This was decisive. The Capudan Pasha put to sea, content with the loss of his beard and turban, provided it were not followed by the loss of the head to which they belonged. The Pashas went back to their governments, to consult the soothsayers on the new kind of magic by which the mightiest of the mighty allowed the meanest of the mean to tear beards and turbans in their presence. But the Vizier instantly sent for the Delhi, complimented him orientally upon the grace of his manners, and the respect for the best of masters, which distinguished him among the children of the Prophet, invested him with a schimtar belt of honour, gave him his favourite charger, and gave into his hand the commission of chief of the body-guard.

Joseph and Catherine had combined to rob the Sultan of whatever they could. Joseph longed for Belgrade, Catherine for Bender; and with a hundred and fifty thousand gallant savages between them, there was a fair prospect of their getting any thing that was to be paid for by blood. Hassan saw the Vizier and the army pass in review before the Sultan. "The Delhi smiles," said the sovereign, "does he not think the Janizaries invincible?" "Yes," was the answer. "They are invincible against

every thing but cannon, bayonets, and men. The black beards (the Austrians) will trample them, the yellow beards (the Russians) will trample them. The Vizier will leave every thing behind but his brains, and the troops every thing but their hearts. The Sultan, with a familiarity extended to no other of his officers, enquired how it was possible to conquer them, after leaving the man behind. "Simply," said Hassan, "because no man can lose that which he never possessed." The answer would have cost the Vizier himself fifty heads if he had them; but Hassan seemed guarded by a spell. The result of his last retort was an instant commission of Aga of the Janizaries.

The prophecy turned out true. The Vizier was beaten on all occasions; the Janizaries were beaten until the sound of an Austrian trumpet sent them flying to all points of the compass. The Russians were raising their batteries against Bender; Cobourg and his chasseurs were carrying off Pashas daily from the suburbs of Belgrade; the war was like a war of sportsmen against the wood-pigeons of Walachia. When suddenly the whole scene changed. Patrols cut off, convoys taken, detached corps of cavalry disappearing as if they had sunk into the earth, excited the utmost astonishment in the combined camp. The soldiers began to think the ghouls and vampires had made a sortie upon them, and that they were fighting with things of the air or the grave. Cobourg proposed to retreat from this perilous ground, but was attacked on that night, and, after a loss of some thousand infantry, driven on the road to Transylvania. The Russian general wrote for reinforcements from the frontier garrisons. They marched, but were never heard of. From the time of the famous battle of Forhani, in which the allies cut up the Turkish line, they never gained an advantage. All was famine, flight, loss, and wonder. The secret came out at last. The Vizier still commanded, but his age was venerable, and he had given up all duties but those of smoking his calaun, and perfuming his beard. His asthma disqualified him from the open air, and he consequently regulated the affairs of war and peace,



asleep and awake, on his sofa, and with as much dexterity at one time as at another. But Caramata was in the field. The Delhi had brought some corps of his favourite troops with him, and, what was better, he had brought the Delhi spirit with his troops. Before a month was past, every Spahi was as eager for a trial of his scimitar on the Austrian helmets as if he had ate nothing but opium from the beginning of the campaign. The Janizaries brightened their kettles anew, and the sight of the horsetail was soon a terror to the platoons of the yellow beards. Hassan was still the same gloomy, solitary, and incomprehensible being; more sarcastic than ever, and more ferocious in quarters, in camp, and in the field. He had but one punishment for all offences—the edge of the scimitar. “We come to the field to slaughter men, not to save cowards,” was his expression, when he ordered a troop of his Delhis to ride in upon a regiment of Janizaries that had suffered itself to be surprised. “You reproach us Turks with cruelty,” said he one day to an Austrian general, who came to propose a cessation of arms, “but the only difference between us is, that you are hypocrites, and we are not. You call yourselves soldiers, and you murder all that you can; we call ourselves murderers, and we act up to the profession.”

Hassan at least acted up to his word; for on the very night which saw the Austrian return to his Prince with a fierce message of defiance, the whole of the imperial foragers were cut off, and the regiments of hussars which guarded them sent to the right about with such expedition, that they left three-fourths of their number under the hoofs of the Spahis' horses.

Winter began to blow, freeze, and sleet from the tops of the Carpathians; and the allies, fully satisfied with having been beaten for three months without intermission, and already harassed almost to death, rejoiced in the sight of the first sheets of snow on the hills, as an omen of winter quarters. But the Aga of the Janizaries told his troops that now was the time to smite both black beard

and yellow—that cowards required warm weather to put blood into their veins, but that brave men could fight in all weathers. He grew more adventurous than ever, dashed with his Spahis at every thing that appeared within a horizon of a hundred miles, broke into the detached camps of the allied forces, took cannon, ammunition, and waggons; and, before a month was out, sent a pile of standards to Constantinople large enough to hang the ceiling of the Santa Sophia, and beards and mustaches enough to stuff all the footstools of the Seraglio. Joseph and Catherine were astonished. Alarm followed, and then wisdom. They sent a proposal for an armistice to the Vizier. The Vizier for once laid aside his pipe, and prepared to forward the envoy to the Sultan. Caramata came in during the conference, ordered the envoy to be seized, gave him into the hands of his Delhis, and turned him out of the camp, with a solemn declaration, that the next envoy should have his choice of the bastinado, or the mouth of the largest howitzer in the Turkish lines. The Vizier said, “Allah il Allah,” resumed his pipe, and said no more. The envoy was escorted to the enemy's camp, and on that night Cobourg found his tents on fire about his ears, and was forced to make his way as well as he could towards the Barmat. Within three nights after, the redoubtable Suwarrov was forced to fight his way through ten thousand gallant horse, who stripped him of every gun and fragment of baggage. Bender and Belgrade were now both effectually cleared. The Sultan sent his Aga the Cheleuk\* of honour; the Vizier was ordered to Constantinople, there to cure his asthma by the fresh air of the Bosphorus, and Hassan Caramata was appointed in his room, first counselor to the king of kings, commander of the armies of the faithful, and vanquisher of all the unbelievers and Kafir under the sun.

The campaign began again: Leopold had succeeded Joseph, and he resolved to distinguish himself at three hundred miles' distance by the cheap heroism of a cabinet warrior. He sent an autograph letter to Cobourg, commanding him to signalize

the new reign by a victory. Cobourg took the field with a hundred battalions and sixty squadrons. He moved to the field famous for its name, half Greek half Slavonic; but more famous still, for its demolishing the virgin laurels of the Emperor. At Tyrkagukuli he pitched his huge camp, gave a banquet in honour of the new hero of the House of Hapsburg, and, after it, rode out to fix upon the spot in which he was to annihilate the Infidels.

In half an hour he came flying back into his lines, with Hassan and fifteen thousand of the finest cavalry in the world thundering after him. Never had Prince of the Holy Roman Empire a narrower escape of being sent to his illustrious forefathers. The sixty squadrons were booted and mounted just in time to be charged, rode over, and broke into fragments. The aide-de-camp who carried the news of the battle to Vienna, announced that the Prince had gained an unequalled victory, but "that he required reinforcements to follow up the blow." Hassan sent no aide-de-camp to Constantinople, but he sent a waggon containing as many Crosses and Eagles, St Andrew's and St Peter's, as would have paved the audience-hall of the Seraglio, or made buckles and bracelets for the whole harem, Nubians, Kışlar Aga and all. The Austrians were thunderstruck, but they sung *Te Deum*. The Turks followed the flying Prince, and stripped him of his standards, guns, and foragers, as they had done the Russians before. The Allies proposed an armistice, in pity, as they declared, for the waste of Moslem blood. The Turks galloped on, and, without any similar compliments to the spirit of philosophy, cut up the hundred battalions as they had cut up the sixty squadrons. The days of Rupert seemed to be come again, and Leopold the victorious began to think of clearing out the fosse, and rebuilding the ramparts of Vienna.

But the city of the Danube was no longer to be besieged by a Turk, nor saved by a Pole. Hassan Caramata disappeared. His scimitar, worth a province in jewels; his state turban, embroidered by the supreme fingers of the Sultana Valide herself; his horse furniture, the present of the Sultan, and too brilliant for the

eyes to look upon, except under its web of Shiraz silk twist—all remained in his tent, and were all that remained of the famous Hassan Caramata Vizier. A crowd of reports attempted to account for his sudden disappearance. By some he was thought to have fallen in a skirmish, into the midst of which he was seen plunging, with his usual desperate intrepidity, a few days before. But this, the Delhis, to a man, swore by their beards, was an utter impossibility; for what swordsman in the Austrian cavalry could stand for a moment before the fiery blade of Hassan? Others thought that he had been sent for privately by the Sultan, as usual, to converse on matters of state, and have his head cut off. But this was disputed too—for fond as Sultans may naturally be of cutting off heads, Hassan's was one that kept the Sultan's on the shoulders of the Father of the Faithful. The Rumeliot, however, began to discover, according to the custom of their country, that there was witchcraft in the business, from beginning to end. They remembered Hassan's countenance—the withered lip, never smiling except with some sarcasm that cut to the soul—the solemn, foreboding, melancholy brow—the look of magnificent beauty, but tarnished by bitter memory, or fearful sufferings. For all those, what manufacturer could be found but the old enemy of man? Zatanai himself had shaped the face of Hassan; and why not shape his fortunes too? This accounted for his coming, none knew whence—his gaining the Sultan's favour, none knew how—and his going, it puzzled all the philosophers in the army to say where.

The witchcraft solution settled all difficulties. Hassan was a *ghoul*; a son of darkness, let loose from his bed, five thousand miles deep, to spend a few uneasy years on the upper surface of the world; or a magician, bargaining for a short period of power and honours, and suddenly carried off, to complete his bargain. The Delhis, however, pledged themselves to cut off the mustaches, and the head along with them, of any son of clay who dared to think, much more to assert, that their friend, favourite, and captain, was not a true man, a first-rate Del-

hi, and worth all the Viziers that ever kissed the dust off the slippers of the Padishah, since the days of Abubeker.

The news reached the allies. It was worth all their *feux-de-joie*. Every soldier in Vienna was instantly sent to fill up the ranks of the victorious general, who was always beaten. Good news came still. Yussuf Pacha was re-appointed Vizier; and in a fortnight reached the camp, with his pillows, his pipe, and his asthma. In another fortnight he had made up his mind to fight; and he moved to find out Cobourg and the Russians. The Moslemin shook their heads, wished old Yussuf at his pillow in Constantinople again, shouted "Allah il Allah," and marched to the memorable plain of Rymnik, making up their minds to drink the sweet sherbet of immortality. Old Yussuf was as brave as a lion, with the brains of an ass. He carried one hundred and fifteen thousand true believers into the teeth of the Austrian and Russian batteries—fought like a hero and a blockhead—and before sunset lost fifty thousand of his troops, his two camps, the battle, and the little understanding that seventy years had left him, and all the fruits of all the triumphs of Hassan Caramata. Evil days now fell upon the Father of the Faithful. The Delhis rode back to the capital, and vowed vengeance on the murderer of their great leader. The Sultan declared himself innocent, but offered them any head of his ministers in exchange. They demanded his own. He admitted, like all Sultans, their right to the demand, but offered them, in the mean time, the head of the Vizier. Yussuf was sent for, acquainted with the necessities of the state, and, in half an hour after, his head was thrown over the seraglio wall. The war was at an end. The Russians and Austrians had forced a peace. The Sultan gave all they asked; and Turkey was stripped of all that she had conquered during half a century. Still no tidings had been heard of Hassan.

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Towards the close of the year 1830, immediately after the new lesson which the Turks received from the yellow beards, and the new evidence that Viziers from the cobblers'

stalls, and admirals from the stables, were not the natural props of a falling empire, a party of Italian draughtsmen, who had been sent out by the Genoese Jews, the established speculators in all articles of *vertu*, to make drawings, make bargains, and, according to custom, steal what they could among the fine ruins lately discovered by the English consul at Salonichi, were, by some absurdity of their own, enveloped in a column of the Ottomans, on their way home from Shumla. The unlucky artists were of course stripped to their trowsers, and ordered to march. The natural consequence would have been, that after a day or two of starving, hurrying through rugged roads without shoes, and sleeping under the canopy of the skies, they would have either made their last bed in the marshes of Thessaly, or left their bones for the foxes and ravens of Pindus; but this is still no unclassic land, though trampled by the hoof of the swinish Ottoman, or *harried* by the lance of the mountaineer Albanian. The unfortunate Italians were under the wing of the Muses, and, like the Athenians in Syracuse, found the advantage of having received a civilized education.

On the second evening of their capture, as the column halted in a miserable village at the foot of the mountains, the lucky accident of finding some date brandy in the corner of their hut for the night, put the captain of the escort into such a state of drunken good-humour, that he ordered his captives to share it, by dancing the Romaika along with him. Half dead as they were, they complied. He then ordered a song, to set him asleep. The Italians were in *no forte* for melody; but the captain's commands were peremptory, and the song was sung. While it was going on, an old merchant, attracted by the sound, came to the door of the hut, and speaking Italian, of a better quality than the *lingua franca* of the half savages round him, offered his services. He finally found them some food, by his influence with the peasantry; and, by a still more useful influence, some piastres duly administered, obtained the Turk's leave for them to remain under his prescriptions for a few days, until their feet were healed, and

their fatigues sufficiently got rid of to follow him. The Marabout took them up the mountain, provided, if not a cottage for them, at least a cavern, and for a month also furnished them with the means of subsistence until they could communicate with their friends.

As the season advanced, and the Italians began to make preparations for returning home—for the compact with the captain was probably not expected by either party to have been very conscientiously kept, and the captain himself was as probably, by that time, either shot or sabred—the Marabout's uneasiness grew obvious. He at length acknowledged himself an Italian, and even a Genoese, but omitted to account for his Mahometan habit, his life, and his profession. He was not urged upon the subject. The time of their departure came. The old man's cares were unremitting to the last; and with provisions, some piastres, and a shower of benedictions, he sent them forward to the sunny land of mimes, monks, and guitars.

Before the week was over, they found the Marabout among them again. But, a merchant no longer, he was now an Italian pilgrim, such as one sees every Easter by the hundred, before the hundred shrines of the little dingy Madonnas in Rome. He told them that, after their departure, he had found solitude doubly irksome; that old recollections had come again upon him; and, in short, that as he was born an Italian, an Italian he would die. They brought him with them to Genoa, installed him, by his own desire, in a convent there; the easy superior of which forgot to ask questions touching the previous faith of a brother who went through his '*aves* and *misericordes*' with such perfection. There he remained for some months, going through the duties with a rigour and punctuality that prodigiously edified the brotherhood. He was the admiration of the women too, for his stature and countenance had scarcely felt the effect of years, further than in a slight bend in the one, and paleness and thinness in the other. But his eye was the eagle's still, and his step had the loftiness and stride of the mountaineer. As he passed through the streets with his bare head, venerable by a few silver locks at the

side, and his fine bold physiognomy, he inevitably caught the eye of strangers, and, under those circumstances, I myself remember to have remarked him, among the mob of mean or fierce faces that crowd every corner of the city of the Dorias. It happened also that my *cicerone* was one of the captured draughtsmen, and from him I heard the particulars of Fra Paulo, or Giovanni's life, I forget which—particulars which my Italian friend would probably not have intrusted to a less heretical ear.

So far, my story has nothing uncommon in it, and the misfortune is, that the sequel is only too much in the common form to be worth the modern taste for romance. The old man, some time after my departure, was found dead in his bed, without any mystery of assassination being called in to account for it; nor was there much wonder in the case, when we learned that he was eighty-three, a disease that defies medicine, and has no want of the *spadaccino* to settle its account with the world. There is nothing more out of the routine, in the fact that the old merchant left a confession behind him; for every monk confesses to some one or other, and the old merchant had matters on his mind which he could not have, without utter expulsion and ruin, suffered to drop into the most prudent ear within the walls of Genoa, or, perhaps, the shores of Italy. He thus at once saved his religious honour, and disburdened his conscience, by committing his memory to paper, and making my *cicerone* friend the residuary legatee of his sins. But even the record of such matters is a delicate possession in *bella Italia*, and my friend expressed his gratitude in all the hyperbole of native eloquence, on my desiring him to collect all the *membra disiecta* of the old man's pen, transfer them to me under the Ambassador's cover, and keep his soul in peace for the rest of his life, relative to the MSS. of his mountain fellow-traveller,—Moslem, Marabout, klept, and monk as he was.

The papers were blotted and mutilated in all kinds of ways, but a species of abrupt narrative struggles through them. I give them, such as they were:—

"Whether, like all my countrymen, who are constantly enamoured of some Donna or other, I *could* have spent life in wandering from ball to ball, and between the serenade, the supper, and the gaming-table, been satisfied to make my way to the end of the day, and of all days, is more than I ever had it in my power to tell. I fell in love—fell in love but once, and, with the extinction of that heavenly flame, became a fiend.

"There is no use now in telling the name of my family. It was noble, and of the highest order of nobility. But is it not enough for the belief that it was proud, profligate, and splendid; that its head was a magnificent idler, and its younger branches were showy, subtle, passionate, and with nothing to do on the face of the earth; that it was Italian? If I went farther, and said that the head of that family was half maniac in good and evil, a sadly prodigal benefactor, a madly trusting friend, a madly adoring lover, and an avenger mad to the wildest depths of vengeance, need I write under the picture that he was a Genoese?

"I was that magnificent idler. I was that splendid fool, that son of fortune, who cast away all the gifts of earth and heaven—who trampled out in blood loves and feelings that might have made the happiness of angels, who ran a frantic career of destruction through all that had twined itself round my heart of hearts—then denied, defied, and cast from me the only hope which can console man for the loss of this world, and then sat down in solitude, helpless remorse, and despair—unutterable!

"It was during my residence at Vienna, that I first saw the woman who was afterwards to kindle all the fury and all the agonies of my nature. It is useless now to repeat Septimia's title. She was a woman of the highest rank, the daughter of one of our sovereign princes, and though of a Spanish mother, most beautiful. At the Austrian Court, she was the topic of universal admiration, and when all admired, who shall wonder if I, her countryman, young, ardent in all that spoke to the passions, proud of the honours paid to Italian beauty, proud too, perhaps,

of my own person, whirling through a perpetual round of brilliant sights and festivities, with all the aromatic poison of heightened pleasure filling my senses and my soul, threw myself at the feet of this most singular and admirable of women!

"We were married. Until the hour when I led her from the altar, I had never dreamed that I was not the first object in her heart. But as she turned away from that altar, the single look which she gave to the image of the Saint above, undecieved me at once, and for ever. It was not reproach, nor sorrow, nor religion, but it was a compound of them all. That look never left my mind. It has haunted me in my dreams, it has followed me in solitude. I have seen it starting up before me in the midst of balls and banquets, and investing the meaningless faces there with sudden sorrow and majesty. It has risen before me in the camp, in the cell; in the calm, in the storm: I see it before me, pale, sorrowful, and lovely as ever, at this hour—the look of a heart broken, but holily submissive; bowed to the earth, but contented with its grave. Septimia! Septimia!

"I left Vienna. I had grown weary of it, of myself, of the world. Pleasure satiated, but mine was not satiety; it was a fierce undefined feeling; a heavy consciousness that I had been wronged in heart—that I had thrown away my capabilities of loving without the only return that can reconcile man to the cares that beset even the smoothest path of existence. Even the external shew of happiness that made every lip teem with envy, flattery, or congratulation, but increased my hidden anguish. I have heard the compliments of princes, and they were only like taunts to my bitter consciousness. I have sat in the midst of crowds that filled my palace, to congratulate me on birth-days, wedding-days, the various accessions of my rank, and the marks of honour conferred on me by kings, and sat, like Satan in paradise, hating the splendour and beauty by which I was surrounded and tortured! finding, in the brilliancy of courts and court honours, nothing but fuel for the flame that was eat-

ing its way through my soul. I was alive to but one sensation—the certainty that I was not loved by the only being whose love I could have now valued. I saw it in the hollowness of the cheek, in the feebleness of the form; I saw it even more keenly in the forced smile with which my presence, my tenderness, those attractions with which, half in hope and half in despair, I from time to time made an attempt to restore my wife to me. But her heart was frozen, or gone; and pride, pain, and thwarted affection returned on me like a legion of the spirits of evil.

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“One day, in a hunting party in Hungary, I was caught in one of those sudden storms that come from the Carpathians, and cover the country with winter in a moment. I took shelter in a farm-house in the forest. The fireside was already filled with the wood-cutters, who had made their way in from the tempest. As I had none of the gewgaws of my rank about me, I passed for no more than what I was, a man, and was welcomed merely as a hunter. They were drinking, and the wine, sour as it was, brought out their confidences. One of them, who discovered that I belonged to the court, probably from some absurd effeminacy that had grown upon me, made enquiries about the mode of conveying a letter with which he was entrusted, and of which he conceived that I might be a more adroit conveyer than himself. The address was to my wife. I bit my lip till the blood burst out, but I contrived to check the rage that was ready to have torn the carrier and the letter into a thousand pieces. Instantly mounted my horse. The fellow discovered by my muttered curses that he had put his commission into perilous hands, but it was too late: he followed me, and even struck me with his wood-knife; but I had got that which I would not have resigned to all the powers of earth. I felt neither wound nor tempest; I rushed along till I fainted from loss of blood, and when I opened my eyes once more, found myself in my chamber, with half the archduke's physicians beside my bed; languid, and almost lifeless, but with the letter still grasped in my hand.

“I had been discovered in the fo-

rest by some of my hunters, and brought home as dead. I had lain for a fortnight in my chamber, wandering from one delirium to another, but in all I still grasped the fatal letter—no force could take it from me. Such are the poisons which man prepares for himself—I would not have parted with that letter of ruin; to be made monarch of Golconda.

“I read the letter. What was it to the breach of confidence? The secret was mine, and of all secrets the most essential and overwhelming. Its pages gave the fullest satisfaction that could be desired by a mind longing to have grounds for self-torment. They were a long-detailed, but gentle accusation of broken vows, sustained by references to times and places, and charges of duplicity and cruelty on the part of friends and parents, which told me that my wife (for the woman was mentioned, it was she in every line) had long been loved, and had loved in turn. That she had been the reluctant sacrifice to the prejudices of her rank; and that my offer had been grasped at by her family, alike for its own advantages, and its rescue of the daughter of so proud a line from an alliance beneath her.

“I saw Septimia on that evening. She had come on the first announcement of my returning mind, and, kneeling by my bedside, offered thanksgiving to Heaven for my recovery. I could have stabbed her on the spot. But she wept at my averted face, and besought me, in such language of soft submission, to think kindly of her and her interest in me, that I felt the tears streaming down my cheeks. In that moment I could have turned to her, confessed all that burdened my mind, and solicited to have at least all that was left to her of her early heart. But I was born to be a victim! Pride forbade the humiliation. I sent her from my bedside; and tossing there till midnight, then started up, fevered and feeble as I was, to tread the corridors with shuddering feet, and break open with frantic jealousy the cabinet in which I conceived the remainder of this correspondence to be concealed.

“With a sensation, of self-reproach that need not be envied by a wretch on the wheel, I broke open the cabinet, found a packet of letters,

carried them to my own chamber, and there fed on them day by day. They gave me a feast of agonies. I found there the history of the whole development of young passion; the stories of the country walks, the youthful employments, the presents of flowers; the first parting of the lover for the army; the thanks for his promotion obtained by the beloved one's influence; the little gay anecdotes of the campaign, and mixed with them sentences repeated from the answers, which told me bitterly what these answers were; fond, glowing, confiding, the outpouring of a fine spirit, all awake with the finest of all passions. Yet what was this eloquence to me? what the brilliancy of the unconscious wit, or the loftiness of the half-inspired feeling? They were all for another; and the woman whom I had selected from the world to be the depositary of my thoughts, had not a thought for me: the being in whose loveliness I would have taken a pride, was to me but a weeping vestal, the guardian of a solitary altar, where the flame never shone to me. The wife of my bosom, the sharer in my fate, the partner of my rank and fortune, was at that hour the scorner of them all, wandering in heart far away after the trials and chances of another, shedding tears for another's sorrow, rejoicing in another's successes; and if she thought of me still, perhaps only measuring the years between me and the grave, and feeling the bonds of marriage only with the hope that the time might come when she should again be free.

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"I had returned to my own country. But who can fly from himself? At five-and-twenty, I had the look of fifty. In the midst of all that the world covets, I was a worn-down and meagre misanthrope. If it had depended on me, the earth would be a wilderness, or mankind a horde of Tartars, only ravaging each other, and turning the earth into a grave. My friends—and I had then a host of them—came round me with advice, entreaties, wonder at my fierce contempt of society, hopes of change, and all the other helpless contrivances of man to administer to the sickness of the mind; but their efforts were as useless as probably their

zeal was hollow. In this withering of the head and heart I must have persisted, but for a new excitement. War broke out between the Empire and Prussia. The prize between the combatants was a paltry province, which the money wasted in the contest would have paved with ingots, and which seemed doomed to perpetual sterility. We contrived, however, to make it bear a crop of human skulls. As the holder of a fief of the empire, a regiment was offered to me, and, at the head of my cavaliers, I rushed into the war. Glorious invention for accumulating the miseries, exercising the follies, and displaying the blindness of man! Two hundred thousand of us were sent out to butcher each other. Imperialists and Prussians pounced on each other with the appetite of vultures, and, having gorged ourselves with human blood, rested only until a fresh feast of blood was ready. Every horror that fiction ever raised, was transacted as the common, everyday business of life. To-day victors, to-morrow fugitives; wading through Austrian carcasses at Prague; bathing in Prussian gore at Kollin; fighting through fire and water, through famine, nakedness, pestilence; we were still as ready as ever to tear each other into fragments, as if we were flinging away life for any one thing that ever made life desirable. Between the hospital and the field, the first campaign strewed the rocks and morasses of Silesia with a hundred thousand skeletons of what once were men and fools.

"But to me this was a delight. I was a wild beast, not a man—I longed to wreak myself on all that bore the human shape—I felt myself terribly divorced from human interests—and, with the consciousness of an exile from happiness which could finish only in the grave, I sought the grave. I was every where foremost. My regiment imbibed, as all soldiers will, the headlong habits of their colonel. We dashed at every thing, until the enemy began to think that resistance was useless; and the sight of my hussars in the field, decided the fate of many an encounter.

I was, of course, honoured for all this. Stars and crosses were hung upon a breast which cared no more for them than if they were so many

cobwebs. Still I tore my way through the enemy's squadrons, and led on my fierce *sabreurs* from danger to danger, until I was pronounced uncontestedly the most gallant hussar officer in the service—a Nadasti, a Scanderbeg—the pride and the example of the Austrian army. It was remarkable, that in all these hazards I had escaped without the slightest wound. Superstition said that I bore a charmed life, and had brought a spell with me from Italy. I had indeed brought that spell; for what preservative for the soldier is equal to despair? I, who never heard the fire of a Prussian battery without a secret wish that it should lay me low—I, who never saw the sabres of the Prussian cavalry without a prayer that I might be impaled on their points before evening.—I alone was untouched, while my charger trampled the bones of thousands and tens of thousands of my fellow-men.

"I was, however, to feel at last the caprices of fortune. As I commanded the rear-guard of Loudohn's corps in its retreat through the last defiles of Silesia, a charge made by some of the Zieten hussars upon our baggage, set my squadrons in motion. We fell upon the marauders, and quickly recovered our baggage; but the darkness of the twilight, the intricacy of the ravine, and more than either, the habitual daring of my men, plunged us into the centre of the whole advanced Prussian cavalry. We fought desperately, and at last extricated ourselves, but in the final charge I received a blow which struck off my helmet, and completely blinded me for the time. I fell off my horse, and must have been trampled to death, but for the gallantry of one of my officers, a Hungarian, who had lately been received into the corps. This brave fellow, after first driving his sabre from point to hilt through my assailant, dragged me from among the horses' feet, and carrying me on his shoulders, restored their unlucky colonel to his regiment, who were already in the utmost despair.

"I was conveyed to Vienna—was covered with honours, and racked with pain. But I was not to die. The gallant Hungarian was my nurse, and, after having preserved my life from the enemy, he preserved it from

the doctors. But my illness was long, and during it Septimia arrived from Italy, with wife-like duty, to watch over her dying husband. I was moved by this display of tenderness, and on my feverish pillow, from which I thought I was never to rise, inwardly acquitted her of the crime of giving me the semblance of a heart. I took myself to task for the rash precipitancy with which I had wooed her, for the proud and lavish proposals which had influenced the vanity of her relations, for the fierce and violent determination to make myself happy, when it might be at the expense of making her miserable. Hour after hour of lonely thought, when all my senses seemed wrapped in sleep, have I gone through the whole tormenting history of my passions, my follies, and my sufferings; and hour after hour, have I resolved to cast my regrets to the winds, to confide, to hope, to see happiness, even against conviction; to be blind and be comforted.

"One night, when the paroxysm of my fever seemed to render it possible that I should not see another morning, Septimia determined to watch beside my bed. I was already half dreaming, and seeing squadrons of cavalry slain and being slain, when I was roused by the pressure of a hand on my forehead. It was Septimia's. Overcome with weariness for several nights before, she had fallen asleep, and was tossing her arms in the agitation of a dream. She uttered words too, words that sank into my heart like molten ore. She evidently thought herself transported once more to those early scenes, whose very memory to me was torture. She was straying with her lover; she was parting from him. She was rushing to his arms after long absence. She was abjuring him. She was pledging herself never to love another. She was pleading with her parents. She was lamenting the bitter misfortune of the beauty which had exposed her to my disastrous love. She was drawing the contrast between my almost kingly opulence and her lover's obscure means, and rejoicing in the power of thus convincing him that she could abandon the world for his sake.

"Imagine, if human imagination is made for such things, the feelings,



the miseries, the immeasurable shame, of the miserable listener. From that moment I flung away all hope, from that moment I determined that the shortest way to happiness was revenge, and that the shortest way to revenge was the best. I devoted her to destruction; I devoted myself; I devoted mankind. My heart was chill no more, the ice round it was fire. I was now neither husband nor man. I was a tiger; and if I did not spring upon my victim, and crush her at the instant, it was that, like the tiger, I might make my spring the more secure; that I might strike her like a destiny; that I might hunt her down with long wretchedness; and then, when I had exhausted the last powers of infliction, triumph, and destroy her at a blow. \* \* \* \* \*

"These are horrors—but I was a lover, and a madman. I was an Italian, and that includes the whole circle of the passions and vices.

"She rose, shook off her dream, and left the chamber, to prepare herself for renewed watching, by the freshness of the air that flowed in from the balcony. With the stealthy step of the tiger I followed her. She was standing in the moonlight, and never human being looked more like one of those forms of loveliness that we image descending from the spiritual world. She looked ethereal, and the melancholy smile with which she glanced at the peaceful worlds above, —the clasped hands—and the sounds, between sigh and prayer, which rose from her lips, were like the sorrows of a being fallen from those bright orbs, or longing to pass away and be at rest, where the troubles of our stormy existence are felt no more.

"I gazed; and the sense of beauty dissolved my soul. My hand was on my poniard. But how could I lift it against a being that seemed all but already sainted? She prayed too; she wept; I saw the tears glistening on her eyelashes, I heard the very beating of her heart. Vengeance was impossible. I resolved to wait for farther proof, to task my own heart, to punish myself, who was the true criminal, and with calmness, oh! with what desperate calmness, withdraw from her presence, and leave this incomparable creature all

that I could now leave her, the right of forgetting her rash and unhappy lord for ever.

"While these thoughts were revolving in my heart, while I was thinking of throwing myself at the feet of my wife, confessing my suspicions, my fears, my remorse, and stooping that proud heart to the just humiliation of soliciting her forgiveness, I was startled by the shadow of a figure entering the balcony. My wife uttered a faint shriek, but she did not fly. The stranger did not approach her. It was clear to my eye, rendered keen as the lynx's by jealousy, that they knew each other, and knew each other well. I glided along in the darkness. I heard their whispers—their words were broken, and intermitted with many a sigh. I stood and listened to all. With my heart alternately panting as if it would burst, and then sinking into what I thought the coldness of death; with my breath held, with every faculty of my being all ear, I gathered the broken sounds. I heard the words—leave, anguish, parting, ruin. These were enough. I made a history of them sufficient for madness. The sigh and the tear—the clasped hands and the fainting form, filled up all that was lost. I drew my poniard, and waited but for an opportunity to strike the secure blow which would extinguish the traitor and the traitress together.

"As if to increase the terrors of a moment big with fate to all, the night, which had till now been of more than summer serenity, was changed, and a blast of wild wind, followed by sheets of rain, burst on the palace. Septimia shrunk in fear; the stranger rushed forward to sustain her. Now was my time—with one hand I was at his throat. I saw his glance of astonishment; I heard my wife's scream of terror; I heard but one sound more—his groan—as, with my poniard in his heart, he rolled in dying convulsions at my feet. In another moment, all was silence. Of the three who had just been fevered and glowing with the most vivid emotions of our nature, there were now left but three statues.

"A blaze of lightning that wrapped us all, as if the King of Evil had come on his fiery chariot to exult

over his finished work, shewed me, for the first time, the features of the stranger. What was my wonder—he was my preserver, my gallant comrade, the Hungarian! But he had died for his crime, and in that thought I was comforted. Fool, and slave that I was! I exalted myself into a minister of that Divine Justice, which, existing before all law, strikes the criminal in his most triumphant hour, embitters the blow by the suddenness of divorce from all that he loves, and proudly vindicates Heaven, without the tardy formalities of man.

“From this waking trance I was roused by a voice at my side. It was Septimia’s. She pronounced me a murderer, and stained with innocent blood. She was, like myself, an ardent, powerful, sensitive being, whose nature had been suppressed by long sorrow; but it now burst forth. She pronounced me hateful to her sight, a slave of jealous fury, and merciless thirster after blood. Taking the dead hand of the unfortunate Hungarian, she kissed it, and pledged herself before Heaven and the dead, *never* to associate with me, never to hold counsel, never to pronounce my name more. I stood and listened to all. Then came the tale. The Hungarian was her first love, and, to my sorrow, her only love. They had been bound to each other by the most solemn vows, until my ill-omened passion at once overthrew his hopes. She would have fled with him, and gladly exchanged opulence and rank for his humble fortunes; but his high and generous spirit revolted against this sacrifice. Insulted by her family, and fearful of bringing to poverty her whom he could endow only with his heart, he left her presence altogether, and disappeared. Her next tidings of him were that he was dead, in the service of Russia, and his scarf and sword were sent to her as a dying remembrance. He had fallen in an engagement with the Turks in Bessarabia. She had now nothing to hope for on earth; and, in listlessness and coldness, she gave way to the will of her relatives, and suffered herself to be wedded to me. All this was told with the quickness of the lightning that flashed round us, and with almost the withering power. The Hun-

garian had constructed this tale of death to set Septimia at liberty; and then, in human weakness, had longed to be near her once again, before he died. He had returned to Austria, entered the service unknown, and lingered only until he could see, with his own eyes, that she was happy with her husband. For years she had not seen him till that night, even then by chance; and the words that passed between them were only those of final farewell.

“I wanted nothing of all this to know that I was miserable; but Septimia was too like myself, to part with the cup of misery while it could hold a single drop more. Her reproaches were terrible;—her taunts went to my soul. I felt the native devil within me. I commanded her to be silent, to spare me, to spare herself. It was all in vain. She was, like myself, an Italian, and restraint was at an end. She had thrown off all the feebleness and timidity of the sex. She heaped reproaches on me that fell like coals of fire upon my head, shocked with wonder, almost with awe, on the magnificent indignation and haughty despair of a creature who, but the hour before, was all submission, all tears and tenderness, all calm, cold duty. She now towered in the strength of thwarted love; her very nature seemed to have received a sudden exaltation; her voice was rich, solemn, and powerful; her eye sat on me like a conscience, and penetrated me with an intense and agonizing keenness. I felt myself unequivocally bowed down before this majesty of wrath. Writhing through every fibre, and tossed by a frenzy of passion that tortured me as if I had been flung on the waves of the place of unutterable punishment, I might have borne this. But there are limits to the most patient endurance of man. But to hear her avow her love for the dead, at my feet—to see her press his passive hand to her forehead, to her lips, to her heart—to see her fling herself beside the body, and wildly supplicate that with it she might be laid in the grave! This I could not have borne; yet this I was doomed to hear and see, and shudder over. I felt that to this there must be one conclusion, and that a bloody one; I felt

my veins like ice ; I felt the steel quiver in my fingers ; I implored her not to rouse me to do what must be ruin to us both. She defied me. I adjured her to leave me till I had mastered the rage which was now ready to master me. She but caught the dead hand, and kissed it with wilder fondness. ‘ One kiss more,’ I exclaimed, ‘ and you die.’ The kiss was given, and with a laugh of consummate scorn. I knew not what became of me ; I was blind—mentally and bodily blind. I rushed forward to tear the hand from her lips. I heard a shriek ; a convulsive grasp dragged me down—we fell together. I heard and felt no more.

“ The cold air of the dawn awoke me. I had lain on the marble floor from midnight. I was stiff and cold, and felt as if I had gone through some dreadful dream. But I was soon taught the reality. Septimia was lying dead beside the Hungarian. My poniard was fixed in her bosom. Whether I had stabbed her in my rage, or whether she had fallen the victim to my unlucky hand in the struggle, all was over. There lay the unhappy pair, both guiltless, yet with the heaviest punishment of guilt ; both young, lovely, noble ; both formed for happy years, and for the richest brightener of the happiest years, mutual love. Yet there they lay, silent, cold, motionless, heartless ; their whole current of life and joy stopped in an instant by a murderer’s hand. There is sometimes a strange delight in knowing that the worst that can come has come. I felt that strange delight, the hideous joy of a fallen angel fixed in eternal chains. I felt the fierce consciousness of utter and irreparable ruin. I rejoiced in the agony of belief, that the whole power of earth could not free me from a single fetter of my ruin ; that I had fathomed the lowest depth of undoing ; that all the racks and wheels of tyranny could not add another pang to my mighty misery, my parching and burning up of soul, my perfection of woe. I gazed on the beautiful beings whom I had extinguished ; I even felt a frantic pity for them ; I composed the scattered locks on their noble foreheads ; I whispered a wild prayer for the safety of their souls ; I even bathed them with my

tears ; but they were not tears of repentance ; they were the mere surcharge of a heart infuriated and infatuated, until it had exhausted itself, and sunk into weakness.

“ How long I continued this melancholy task I know not, but I was roused by the approach of my attendants, who were alarmed by not finding me in my chamber. I was then fully awake to myself, and with the dagger still dyed with my wife’s blood, attempted to put an end to all my pangs at once. I gave the blow ; but my arm was feeble with sickness, and before I could repeat it, I was seized and conveyed to my bed. The catastrophe of this night of horrors, of course, soon reached the ears of justice, and I should have been not unwilling to abide its severity ; but my noble house forbade this humiliation, and I was hurried away in a state of stupor from Vienna, many a league.

“ My subsequent career is less known, yet more memorable. The dagger had cut away from me all the honours, enjoyments, and hopes of life ; what could now stimulate my ambition ? Who could now be worth my hate, and who could now awake my love ? I abandoned Europe, and went to wander among all nations where I could be farthest from the sight of an Italian face, the sound of an Italian tongue, the slightest memory of times and scenes which yet were imperishably fixed in my soul. But if they were there, they were things in the grave, and their revival was like the fearful summoning of the dead. I traversed Tartary, I plunged into the Siberian winter, I even penetrated the jealous boundaries of the Chinese Empire. Among them all I carried my remorse, but it may have been owing to this pilgrimage that I retained my senses or my life. Labour is the great palliative of human sorrow. Hunger has no time for tears ; danger suffers no faculty to sink into lazy uselessness. I learned among those barbarians something more,—the use of those extraordinary powers which nature gives us in the human frame. I learned to endure fatigue which would melt down the hardest European. I tamed the wild horse of the desert ; I swam the cataract ; I scaled the mountain. The fiery sun

of the south darkened my skin, but it could not wither up my nerves. Winter with its snows and tempests was my pastime. I had soon become distinguished among my half savage comrades for dexterity in the use of arms. This was in some degree the result of my Italian birth. Nature had given me the singular flexibility of form found south of the Alps; no man among the desert riders was my superior at the lance, the scimitar, and the bridle. Distinctions, the distinctions of barbarism, were forced upon me, and I became the captain of a troop. I might have been perhaps a Khan in time, and shaken the Russian diadem as a new Zingis, at the head of a new uprising of the wilderness. But I felt higher exultation in the commands of our Khan to join the Moslem army in the commencement of one of its most disastrous campaigns. There again distinctions thickened over me. Some feats against the Russian cavalry drew down unbounded praise from the Turkish Agas, and I was fixed in the select troops of the Sultan. I now had an object in view at last. War had become familiar to me. I had cut down the bridge between me and mankind; and even among Turks there is no better way to honours. I was reckless, daring, and remorseless. I had learned to look upon mankind as a race of predestined slaves or tyrants, and whether slaves or tyrants, the natural food for the sword. I spared neither sword nor tongue. I massacred in the field, and I insulted in the council. Of course, I domineered in both. I found folly in the Divan, folly in the field, and defect, dismay, and ruin every where. I gave them in place of those pledges of ill luck, plain sense, hard fighting, the bastinado, and the flat of the scimitar.

"In a single campaign, I restored the Sultan's arms, humbled the Russians, and, what was more, taught the Divan to speak like honest men. But who shall account for the changes of human things? In the last skirmish, when we were pressing the enemy's army to destruction, and cutting them up hourly like weeds, a packet was delivered to me by one of the Spahis, which he had found in the captured baggage. In it was a volume which had belonged to

some luckless Italian in the retreating army. It was my own history; mine, compiled by some romancer, but told word for word; with fragments of my wife's letters, and every incident and feature of the whole transaction given in the utmost detail. Romance had done nothing in it. For what exaggeration could it have found in romance? But its perusal that night changed the whole course of my fortunes. It brought back youth, passion, misfortune, misery, in full tide upon me again. The cold and unnatural fierceness of the Janizary chieftain was thawed away at once. The hatred of man, or that more than hatred, the contempt of human nature, which looked upon its joys and sorrows, its struggles and successes, as the sport of flies, made only to be brushed away, or the malignity of reptiles, fit only to be trampled into death; all was gone. I saw before me, in my solitary tent, that night, the countenances of every friend of my early years—I heard the voices once familiar to my heart—I breathed the beloved and balmy air of my native fields—I exulted in the unrivalled splendours of my native sunshine, my native shores, my native hills. First and last in every landscape, in every proud saloon, in every spot of peace and beauty, I saw the two figures that had decided on my fate, and shut the door of happiness upon me. But time had extinguished the intensity of my passions, and with it of my pains. I felt that I longed only to forgive and be forgiven, and lie down and die.

"While I was feasting on my lonely banquet of sorrow, the thunders of the Ottoman drums were heard. The contrast was fatal to my soldiership. I felt an instant and irresistible reluctance to the trade of blood. I thought with wonder and with loathing on the savage delight which had hurried me so long through the furies of war. I had shed gore in torrents—and that, too, was Christian gore. On my knees I pledged myself to the Heaven which had so long endured me, never to aid the ferocity of king or people again. I loosed the scimitar from my waist, took the poniard from my sash, the turban from my brow, and, throwing over me the cloak of one of the Greek followers of the camp, took

my solitary way, and left camp, glory, wealth, the Vizierote, and the world behind.

"I never repented this step. I never turned back my tread. I fixed myself among the Thessalian cottagers, and there led a life of labour and contentment. When the war rendered life there precarious, I returned to the hills, for life had become valuable to me, from the time when I found that it could be made useful to my fellow-men. I had been, like the great King of Babylon, driven out from my kind, a proud madman, degenerating into the savage. I had, like him, fed on the dross and weeds of human life. I had spurned, and raged, and raved; and, in the deepest moral humiliation, in the wildest insanity of the heart, had deemed myself lord of all around me. But the terrible dream had passed, with all its phantoms; the convulsed and fearful distress of the soul had sub-

sided. 'The hair, wet with the dew of heaven, and the nails like eagles' claws,' had passed from my nature. I was a man again; and, in the joy of my recovered faculties, I resolved to live in future only for the sake of giving help to man, and homage to Him in whose hand man is only the dust of the balance.

\* \* \* \* \*

"I am now, I believe, dying; and I die with the hope that the evils of my career may be forgotten, the good remembered, and the frailties forgiven. The Italian prince, the Mongol captain, the famous Hassan Caramata, the obscure Marabout, all have finished their career, and all are now stretched upon the straw-bed of an humble brother of the bare-footed Carmelites. I have, like Solomon, tried the sorrows, the wisdom, and the glories of life—like Solomon, found them all VANITY OF VANITIES.

## Noctes Ambrosianæ.

No. LX.

ΧΡΗ Δ'ΕΝ ΣΥΜΠΟΣΙΩ ΚΥΛΙΚΩΝ ΠΕΡΙΝΙΣΣΟΜΕΝΑΩΝ  
 ΗΔΕΑ ΚΩΤΙΛΛΟΝΤΑ ΚΑΘΗΜΕΝΟΝ ΟΙΝΟΠΟΤΑΖΕΙΝ.

Σ.

PHOC. *ap. Ath.*

[*This is a distich by wise old Phocylides,  
 An ancient who wrote crabbed Greek in no silly days ;  
 Meaning, " 'TIS RIGHT FOR GOOD WINEBIBBING PEOPLE,  
 NOT TO LET THE JUG PACE ROUND THE BOARD LIKE A CRIPPLE;  
 BUT GAILY TO CHAT WHILE DISCUSSING THEIR TITTLE."*  
*An excellent rule of the hearty old cock 'tis—  
 And a very fit motto to put to our Noctes.*]

C. N. *ap. Ambr.*

SCENE, the Snuggery—NORTH at his Desert—Time, Seven o'clock—  
 AMBROSE the lord in waiting.

NORTH.

WRETCHED raisins—paltry prunes—infamous filberts!

AMBROSE.

Sir! sir! sir! sir! sir!

NORTH.

Walnuts!!!

AMBROSE.

Yes—sir.

NORTH (*Cracking one between forefinger and thumb.*)  
 Another devil's snuff-box!

AMBROSE.

Most misfortunate. Depend on it, gracious sir, that I shall institute the  
 most rigid enquiry into this affair.

NORTH (*staring wildly.*)

What affair?

AMBROSE.

How, sir, (pardon, I beseech you, for my presumption,) that pluffy impostor found his way into a picked peck of walnuts, purchased but yesterday, for the enjoyment of my best——

NORTH (*with sputtering noise rejected.*)

Curse all apples! what call you the infernals?

AMBROSE.

The basket on your right, sir, is Ribstone—on your left, sir, Golden Pippin—in front, sir, New York—the row beyond\*are chiefly Clydesdales—and in the distance you perceive, sir, the products of France.

NORTH.

France! Citizen-king! Louis-Philippe! Baroness de la Foucheres! Last of the Condès! Suicide! Strangulation! Murder! Murder! Murder!

*Enter in consternation* MON CADET, SIR DAVID, KING PEPIN, TAPPITOURY,  
 the PECH, and "the rest."

THE PECH.

Loshy-days! loshy-days! loshy-days! Is Mr North and master fechtin' ?  
 Hech! if they're no in grupps!

AMBROSE (*shaking his black brows.*)Avaunt, vermin!—(*they evaporate.*)

NORTH.

How considerate in the creatures!

AMBROSE.

Don't try to cough it up, my dear sir, don't try to cough it up.

NORTH (*gulping gaspingly.*)

Can't swallow it.

AMBROSE.

Heavens, sir! Cough it up, my dear sir, cough it up! It's only one of the seeds. May I dare, my lord, to give you a slight — on the shoulder? Yet the very idea is impious—

NORTH.

Asthma—Ambrose—Asthma!

AMBROSE.

No, no, no, no, no, no, no—Sir! No, no, no, no, no, no, no—my dearest Mr North—not asthma—not asthma—'tis but a seed—a damned seed.

NORTH.

Hush. Perhaps the hooping-cough. My childhood was not like that of other—(*Severe fit.*)

AMBROSE.

I'm sure, sir, it was not. I know you had none of the diseases incident to common — Oh, dear! oh, dear! cough it up, sir! do cough it up!

NORTH.

Ach! ach! ach! That shoe pinches.

AMBROSE.

This must indeed be the kinkcough. O, sir! do not grow so black in the face, if you can help it, my dear sir; for I fear to look on it—but I do trust you are not angry, sir—

NORTH (*crowing like a cock.*)

I feel somewhat relieved now, Ambrose.

AMBROSE.

How happy would I be could I believe that were a voluntary imitation; but, alas! I fear it was the wild work of the cruel complaint—

NORTH (*crowing again.*)

Did ye hear that, Ambrose? If—I am—to be—cut off—you—will—at—least—al—low—that I die—game. (*With a languid smile.*)

AMBROSE.

Be cheery, sir—be cheery. After the kinkcough, you will have to go through the measles, and the scarlet fever, and the—

NORTH.

O mother! mother! why was your little Kit never inoculated?

AMBROSE.

Not too late yet, sir, for vacillation. Many public characters—

NORTH.

At my time of life, Am—brose! 'twould be fatal. (*Severest fit.*)

AMBROSE.

Let me venture to volunteer holding your honour'd head on my breast. There, sir—there, my dear sir—Oh! say that you're easier now, sir! Don't speak, sir!

NORTH.

"Murder most foul, as at the best it is,  
But this most foul and most unnatural."

AMBROSE.

I would fain hope, honoured sir, that you are not waxing delirious.

NORTH.

Not much. She devil!

AMBROSE.

Ha! now you begin to look like yourself again, sir. Thank heaven, the worst is over.

NORTH.

Thank you, Mr Ambrose. My lungs, that even now did crow like chanticleer, are comfortably clacking like a hen at brood. But my head

has left a white stain on your black velvet vest, mine host. Let me wipe it off.

[North dusts away the hair-powder from Ambrose's black velvet vest—the same which Picardy first sported on being presented to George the IV. in Holyrood, by Southside.

AMBROSE (bowing, with blushes.)

Prouder of that badge, sir, than were it a star.

NORTH.

I suspect, my good Ambrose, that I have got the jaundice.

AMBROSE (smiling.)

The jaundice, sir? No—no—no. That disease dare not attack a man of genius. Nature, sir, will not suffer such eyes to look distemperedly on her works.

NORTH.

Finest of flattery, conveyed in the noblest of sentiments!

AMBROSE.

In the jaundice, sir, a man sees all things yellow. The patient would think those pale pink panels *ochre*—nay, the snows of his mistress's bosom would seem to him a bunch of dandelions—

NORTH.

I have got the jaundice. All the fruits on the table are of one hue—that of the forsaken—nuts, apples, pears, oranges, all of the same green and yellow melancholy—and you yourself, Ambrose, a *glower of gambouge*!

AMBROSE.

In all humility, sir, I trust not. No hint of the kind has dropped from any of the household—

NORTH.

Because I alone have got the jaundice. (Pulling a few shillings from his purse.) Look there! If I did not know them to be shillings, I should swear they were guineas.

AMBROSE.

But are you sick, sir?

NORTH.

Very very sick—sick of you—sick of the world—sick of life—sick of myself! For what are we—one and all—but so much animated brick-dust?

AMBROSE.

"Eureka! Eureka!" I have discovered the cause of your disease!—(Laughing joyfully.)

NORTH.

I fear, sir, you are becoming somewhat too familiar—

AMBROSE.

If I am, then banish me from Snuggery and Saloon in *sæcula sæculorum*. Forgive me, sir; but if my gracious master will but doff these specs—

NORTH (loosening the pressure of the elastic silver.)

Creation has recovered its character—the whole world of nature and of art.

AMBROSE.

These spectacles, sir, belong to a queer creature of an optician, at present one of our lodgers, who has a craze for staining glass of all colours—but how they got here is a mystery—

NORTH.

How potent imagination! I was as sick as a dog. But are you sure, Ambrose, that my face is not like one of these oranges—in colour I mean?—for in shape, I believe firmly, that it is much longer.

AMBROSE.

Why, the rose on your cheek, sir, is brightening like the daybreak.

NORTH.

Ambrose, you are a poet.

AMBROSE (like one of those down-looking Brats.)

Why, sir, I do sometimes indulge in a little —

NORTH.

Flirtation with the Muses, when Missus is at na' ket, eh?



Just so, sir.

AMBROSE.

NORTH.

Publish no new Poem, Ambrose, till after the burial of the Reform Bill.

AMBROSE.

Just so, sir. You may depend upon it, sir. Politics and Poetry cannot live in the same atmosphere. The one thrives on the foul smoke of cities, the other breathes empyrean air remote from the hum of man, in rural—or mountain—solitude.

NORTH.

Whew!

AMBROSE (*enthusiastically*.)

For poetical inspiration, sir, nothing like a jaunt in a gig to Peebles.

NORTH.

With a sleety wind in your face, on the First of June, as you jog through that loveliest pastoral scenery encircling that "cynosure of neighbouring eyes," the Wellington Arms.

AMBROSE.

A friend of mine is taking in arable land there from the moss—

NORTH.

That is rational! He must be a sensible man. To attempt improving a poor soil, seems to me the last stretch of patriotism—of the love of the *natale solum*.

AMBROSE.

I much fear you won't pay, sir.

NORTH.

Oh, yes! Wages, profit, and rent.

AMBROSE.

Are you serious, sir.

NORTH.

Marked you never, Ambrose, the potatoe crop on those lazy beds? None of your big bushy green shaws, plum-clustering yellow: but they "are lean, and lank, and brown, as is the ribbed sea-sand." Woe-begone, they look as if some misbegotten abortion, the untimely produce of a conjunction between an old docken and a middle-aged nettle.

AMBROSE.

A bad cross.

NORTH.

Very.—Pull them up, and lo! a parcel of poteightytoes, like marrow-fats, or the waxen cells of the humble bee, that "bigs its byke" in the mossy greensward, or among the roots of a thorn, on which the magpie stills her chatter within her round prickly nest, even by the road-side unafraid of the heedless traveller.

AMBROSE.

Boil them, and, sir, how scabby!

NORTH.

Then the harley-patch, pining in green sickness on the bosom of the cold, wet, black moss—

AMBROSE.

Fuzionless and plashy—in which the unherded stirk sinks up to the knees, for the scanty braird, yellowing long before it is shot, imprudently forsaking the more nutritious heather. Pardon me, sir.

NORTH.

There goes a snipe.

AMBROSE.

Living by suction, it contrives to keep soul and body together, sir; but 'tis a mere bunch of feathers, sir, for the very slugs are slender in such poor mud; and shallow water, crisp with ice nine months of the year, is fatal to the race of worms.

NORTH.

Does nothing ripen?

AMBROSE.

Nothing, sir—not even powheads. Few grow into froggies—and of these last, scarce six in a summer become full-sized spangers; yet spangers they must not be called—for they again are so weak, sir, that they cannot hop, and but crawl like toads.

NORTH.

Never saw I such stirks. It is wonderful to see such atomies walk. I presume they are bred merely for the skins.

AMBROSE.

I understand, sir, the tanner gets the bones into the bargain.

NORTH.

They are kept in countenance by the sheep. Never saw I such a spectacle of human misery as that old ram. His body is partially clothed with an extraordinary commodity, neither wool nor hair; but bare, bare, poor fellow, are his hips; and what years of hunger and starvation are wreathed round his indurated horns!

AMBROSE.

All unfit, sir, for snuff-mulls.

NORTH.

Such a seraglio! Ilk ewie but a pound o' tawty woo'—here and there one with a four-legged something staggering at her side, which may be conjectured to be her lamb!

AMBROSE.

Did you ever notice, sir, (pardon me for being so bold,) the bees in that region?

NORTH.

The foggies?

AMBROSE.

Yes, sir. Or the red-dowps?

NORTH.

Less than hummers. The foggies are of a dirty yellow, instead of a bright brown; red-dowp is a misnomer, for the black wretches terminate suddenly in a spot of mud—and what a feeble bizz!

AMBROSE.

And think you, sir, they have stings?

NORTH.

Something of the sort—but they have not power to use them—and the impotents are angrier in their wretchedness than wasps. But in the midst of all this misery, the Wellington Arms is by no means an uncomfortable howf in a sleet-squaash. Seldom have I tasted better cheese. They import their own meal—on her girdle the gudewife heats into crumpiness a fair farl—and she is famous for her hams. 'Tis a house of call for Carriers, you know, Mr Ambrose; and unpromising as is that bare exterior that knows no other shelter from the storm than sometimes a row of waggons to windward with every inch of canvass set, yet within burns a cheerful fire, and there may be heard the gurgle in which the heart of the weary wayfarer rejoices, the music of the big-bellied bottle, vomiting from its short throat the liquid lapse of the clear Barley-bree, whose smack reminds you of Glenlivet, "alike, but, oh! how different"—and awakes a passing sigh for the far-off Highlands, whose mountain-tops rise before you in a visionary dream. You know the Wellington Arms, Ambrose?

AMBROSE.

Yes, sir. I bate alternately there, and at Leadburn-toll. I have generally found, sir, that in the absence of interesting external objects the Fancy is more fertile—

NORTH.

Do you understand, Ambrose, the distinction between Fancy and Imagination, as drawn by Coleridge in his *Biographia Literaria*, and Wordsworth in one of his philosophical prefaces, in which he labours to tell us what poetry is, in despair, I presume, of being able to effect that purpose by his verses?

AMBROSE.

I read no philosophical criticism, sir, but in the Magazine. As far as I have been able to master the occasional hints thrown out in that immortal work, it seems to me, sir, that Fancy is the faculty by which the human mind collects round any object of thought a certain conglomeration of corresponding and congenial images, united rather by some accidental and capricious associations, which consequently are, in comparison, feeble and evanescent, inasmuch as they are obedient, as well in their going as in their coming, to moods moving along the surface of the mind, than by those everlasting links of feeling or of passion, sir, which, though oftentimes invisible, are nevertheless always felt, when the capacity of emotion is brought into power, and the creative function of the soul is at work to reproduce, and in the reproduction beautifies the essential and primordial elements of emotion, one of these being, beyond all doubt, intellectual perception, and another intellectual conception, thus gradually growing into new and original forms, which, when intensified into life by the true Promethean fire, are universally confessed to be, even while the mystery of their generation remains a secret to the minds of those affected by them to very transport, Forms of the Imagination.

NORTH.

Ambrose, we must have you appointed Professor of Poetry in the University of Dumfries.

AMBROSE (*drawing himself up proudly.*)

Pardon me, sir, my glory in all future ages will be, that beneath my roof were celebrated the famous NOCTES AMBROSIANÆ—more poetry in them, my venerated sir, and more of the philosophy of poetry, than in the Dialogues of Plato, the *Περὶ Ποιητικῆς* of Aristotle, Blair's Lectures, La Harpe's Course of Literature, and all the lucubrations of both the Schlegels, with those of Göthe and Tiecke to boot. A thousand thanks, sir, for your offer—but no, I must not—cannot—will not go—Professor of Poetry—to Dumfries. Appoint the Editor of the Dumfries Courier.

NORTH.

He is to be Professor of Natural History.

AMBROSE.

I fear, sir, that I have been allowing my tongue unwarrantable license; but your condescending affability—

NORTH.

No man is a hero, Ambrose, to his valet-de-chambre.

AMBROSE.

But a philosopher is a philosopher, venerated sir, at all times—yea even to the humblest of his admirers—to him who now glories in the name of “mine host.”

NORTH.

“I think like a sage, but I feel as a man.”

Sit down, my good Ambrose, sit down; and let me pour forth my confessions into your honest heart.

AMBROSE.

I obey. (*Mr Ambrose sits down in Southside's curule chair.*)

NORTH.

The best bred man in Europe since the time of Lord Stair. Take an orange. Yes—suck it—and scorn silver blade. Sour?

AMBROSE.

Honey-sugar-sweet, sir.

NORTH.

(*Lying back with shut eyes on Auchie's patent Sloping-Easy.*)

I am the most miserable of men.

AMBROSE.

Oh! say not so, sir. You who make all the world happy by delight and instruction.

NORTH.

Remember, Ambrose, that this confidence is sacred—that not a word of what I am now about to reveal must ever murmur from your lips—

or glimpse from your eyes—or pass in shadow along that capacious forehead. You must be mum as the grave.

AMBROSE.

But then, Mr Gurney, sir?

NORTH.

Fear not Gurney. He is *hoccused*. List! Don't you hear him snore?

AMBROSE.

For some time past, sir, have I heard that sound, but I thought it was the water beginning to run again into the water-pipe from the roof after the thaw.

NORTH.

No—'tis fancy. I have drugged his drink—have given him a potent posset. After life's fitful fever he sleeps well—he will extend not his short hand to tell our secret. He awakes not till midnight.

AMBROSE.

A strange awe comes over me, sir. Remember, sir, that I have a wife and children, and that any thing very dreadful —

NORTH.

Ambrose! If you have any tears to shed, prepare to weep them now—  
BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE IS THE CURSE OF MY EXISTENCE.

AMBROSE.

Alas, and alack-a-day!

NORTH.

"I am acquainted with sad misery,  
As the tanned galley-slave is with his oar!"

AMBROSE.

Then is the sun miserable, while man and nature bless his orb, as he sheds the seasons all over the variegated earth, from his rolling car in heaven.

NORTH.

Seek not, my Ambrose, to veil from my soul, in such dazzling imagery, the sense of its own doom! 'Tis the great and gracious law of nature, that old age should have rest. Like some mighty mountain seemingly made of snow, deeper far its hush than of any cloud-range that ever breathed the spirit of its stillness far and wide over the cerulean sky, and beautified by sunset that seems to look with love on its stainless sleep, to my imagination, world-wearied, and now sore averse to all Passion's strife, rises up the fair idea of Repose!

AMBROSE (*apparently much relieved*.)

I too, sir, sometimes delight in indulging myself in a dream of retiring from public into private life—of purchasing a small —

NORTH.

As Wordsworth sublimely says—"To be laid asleep in body, and become a living soul!" Quietism, fathomless as the sea, and as the sea transparent, when it is one with heaven, and ships from clouds you know not, so motionless hang they, single or in fleets, with shade and sunshine alternately revisiting their idle sails!

AMBROSE.

I have seen such a sight between Leith pier-head and Inchkeith, a hundred times, sir; but then I could not have said *that*, sir, had I lived a thousand years. Were I struck blind, I should see again, listening to your words. They would be to me, sir, like sun-beams.

NORTH.

For such spiritual quietude, nature yearns "with love and longings infinite," as in the evening of life, longer fall the shadows from the mountains.

AMBROSE.

Sir?

NORTH.

Nay, the soul seeks not—she demands release from the bonds of this world's day-darg life; and, like waves agitated no more, she expects all her thoughts to be at least settled down into a tideless calm, even like that sweet line of watery light that strews with stars the summer shores of the Mediterranean sea.

AMBROSE.

I could go to sleep, and dream of the ocean.

NORTH.

"O blest retirement! Friend of life's decline!"

AMBROSE.

What more beautiful place about all the suburbs, sir, than Buchanan Lodge.

NORTH.

Oh! the wisdom of old age, serene as simplicity of childhood! the light wandering in the west ere yet it fade in darkness!—as gentle and as gorgeous, too, as in the east the day-spring about to run his race in heaven!

AMBROSE.

Pardon me, sir, for not speaking when you stop; but I hope you will allow me to listen——

NORTH.

Instead of all this, there is that INFERNAL MAGAZINE, THE CURSE OF MY EXISTENCE, idiotically called monthly, but, in truth, an annual, a perennial, a perpetual, an everlasting, an eternal CURSE!

AMBROSE.

You make me shudder, sir—indeed, sir, you make me shudder. O, sir, say not another such sentence; or if you must, I beseech you to say it quickly, for this state of fearful excitation is worse than being in a shower-bath with the string in one's hand.

NORTH.

With a long pull, a strong pull, and a pull altogether—I began in sadness, but I proceed in rage. Maga holds her head too high, Mr Ambrose; and, would you believe it, has more than once had the audacity to cut Christopher.

AMBROSE.

Oh! no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no!

NORTH.

Yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, yes! I, her own dearly beloved Editor—so, in her wheedling fits of hypocritical fondness, she delights to call me—her Kit—her Kit-cat—her Norry Norry—have been—grasp firm hold of the elbows of your seat, Ambrose—A REJECTED CONTRIBUTOR!!!

AMBROSE.

I am sick at heart. (*Sinks into a comatose state, between a swoon and a dwawm.*)

NORTH.

The slut solicited me for an opening article to Part Second of this very month, and there she had it—in two sheets—The Hindu Drama; as powerful an opening article as ever did honour to the Cock of the North; when, whew! she shoves me and my article aside, for sake of an Irishman, who, with all his blarney, cannot love her as I have loved her—and (*here the old man absolutely shed tears*) as I will continue to love her, in spite of all her ungrateful cruelty, to the last hour of my life. (*He sobs.*)

AMBROSE (*in a state of somnolency.*)

Whruhu—whruhu—whruhu—whruhu!

NORTH.

I see—I hear that I have your sympathy, Ambrose. May then this right hand, laden as it is with chalk-stones formed by toils in her service—the Ingrate;—yes, may this right hand wither like a shrivelled leaf—these lacklustre eyes, bedimmed for her sake by many a wakeful midnight, the little vision lose that still is left within their faded orbs—if e'er again—(oh! hear me now, ye spirits that delight in just revenge!) if e'er again I waste ink in her cause—if e'er——

AMBROSE (*with astonishing energy.*)

Whruhu—whruhu—whruhu—whruhu—whruhu!

NORTH.

Was that a trumpet? Such air-born warnings are not to be rashly despised by the soul of man, when, troubled by passion, it trembles on the

verge of some—perhaps fatal—vow,—and may be about to sell itself to perdition—to the ENEMY! It may have been the voice of my GENIUS.

AMBROSE.

Whuhru—whuhru—whuhru—whuhru!

NORTH.

Well—it matters not, if a man's soul be saved—by what instrument—whether by a snore or a clap of thunder.

AMBROSE (*waking, and turning a sleep-drenched pair of poppey'd eyes on North.*)

Whawawharawbraw—brr—ach!

NORTH.

A bit of Miss Kissirving's unknown tongue. I said *waste ink* in *Maga's* service. Now, I shelter myself under the double sense of that word. I may write—Madam—an occasional article for your miscellany,—but, mind what I now say—the *first rejected article shall be the last*—and I will go over in a body to the Edinburgh Review.

AMBROSE (*starting up.*)

Beg pardon for not answering the bell sooner, sir; but I have this instant returned with Leezy Lightfoot, who is preparing such a board of oysters, sir, as has not been witnessed in Modern Athens since the erection of the pillars of the Parthenon.

NORTH.

"Sleep hath her separate world as wide as dreams."

AMBROSE (*apparently disabused of his dawdling dream.*)

I fear that I have sinned beyond hope of forgiveness.

NORTH.

I never *dreamt an oyster*. Seems it, in sleep, more spiritual in the shell?

AMBROSE.

Prodigious Pandores all! Meet for the mouths of giants.

NORTH.

Most melancholy must it be to the entranced spirit as it relapses into waking, to see the magnificent spiritual oyster of a dream dwindling down into the mean material conch, half opening its lips on the way up from Prestonpans!

AMBROSE.

My dream was twofold, sir. But I shudder to tell its other vision. Methought I heard you vow never more to waste ink—

NORTH.

Hush. What an inconsistent and contradictory creature is man! To have my addresses to *Maga* rejected once in a twelvemonth, sends wrath boiling, like a lava-flood, through my whole frame, from head to heel—and yet—thinking of the contributions she levies—exacts from me—almost in the same breath have I called her the curse of my existence!

AMBROSE.

She is your lawful wedded wife, sir, and you must stick to her, tooth and nail—I quote your own words, sir—to the last.

NORTH.

O these printers' devils! Like urchins on an ice-slide, *keeping the pie warm*, from cock-crow till owl-hoot do they continue in unintermitting succession to pour from the far-off office down upon Moray Place or Buchanan Lodge, one imp almost on the very shoulders of another—without a minute devil-free—crying "Copy! Copy!" in every variety of intonation possible in gruff or shrill; and should I chance to drop asleep over an article, worn down by protracted sufferings to mere skin and bone, as you see, till the wick of my candle—one to the pound—hangs drooping down by the side of the melting mutton—the two sunk stories are swarming with them—all a-hum! Many, doubtless, die during the year; but from such immense numbers they are never missed, any more than the midges you massacre on a sultry summer eve of being eaten alive. Then the face and figure of one devil are so alike another's—though people who have time to pay particular attention to their personal appearance—which I have not—say they are different as sheep—that tipsy Thammuz is to me all one with

Bowzy Beelzebub; so that, bewildered by that infinite series of small satans,

“At the close of the day when the hamlet is still,  
And mortals the sweets of forgetfulness prove,  
When nought but the torrent is heard on the hill,  
And nought but the nightingale's voice in the grove;”

I am haunted by the mysterious thought of “one-in many,” and the still more mysterious thought of “many-in-one,” each individual devil having the might of a million, and the million having the intensity of each individual devil,—a state of mind, I assure you, Mr Ambrose, which it is not easy for a rational man like you to imagine, difficult to describe, and impossible to envy.

AMBROSE.

Reverend sir—

NORTH (*eyeing the door with a raised expression.*)

Look—look—look—there they come—through the key-hole!

AMBROSE (*in superstitious fear.*)

In spite of the key! Nay—you are frightening me—sir. (*Trying to smile.*)

NORTH.

One day in the seven—even they—and I too—are at peace!

AMBROSE.

And one night in every month—

NORTH.

The Noctes Ambrosianæ! “and thus the year spins round.”

AMBROSE.

Self tormenting genius loves often to darken its lot by the shadow of a thunder-cloud of its own wilful gathering; but then how it exults in the illumination of the lightning!

NORTH.

Why, you electrify me, Ambrose!

AMBROSE.

Any power of expression I have, sir—and of course any power of feeling or of thought—I owe to THE MAGAZINE. Till Maga mounted the Throne, Ambrose may be said to have vegetated;—since that era—he has flourished—green all the year round—and brightest of all in winter—like the laurel.

NORTH.

Ambrose! I envy the equable current—the calm flow—of your existence. Then 'tis much for happiness to be an universal favourite.

AMBROSE.

On that principle, sir, as on every other, I venture again to say, that you must be the happiest of men.

NORTH.

The world—the poor ignorant deluded world—thinks me *happy*! Happy, forsooth, because I live “in the blaze of my fame!” Pitch-black all the while to me is meridian day as the noon of night. And hideously haunted by phantoms!

AMBROSE.

Oh, dear! Oh, dear! Oh, dear! That I should live to hear this, my beloved benefactor!

NORTH.

Hideously haunted—because lovely beyond all endurance are the pale, silent, beckoning phantoms! Trackless do they come and go in soul-subduing succession, each with its face of sunshine soon overcast with clouds, and then dissolving in strange showers of tears! They are the friends of my boyhood—of my youth—of my manhood—and sheeted and shrouded all, as if rising from far-off and long-forgotten graves! Gliding away, they disappear; and leave behind them but the troubled memory of the names they once bore among the living—names overgrown by white moss on the sunken grave-stones—haply in churchyards that are now burial-places no more—the very kirk vanished, whose small bell tinkled the joyous school-

boy to worship on sunny Sabbaths sleeping stilly over the green gowany braes !

AMBROSE (*much affected*.)

We have all of us lost friends, sir ; and, if the truth were known, sweet-hearts too——

NORTH.

Ambrose ! To me the living seem the dead—the dead the living ! The sole realities are ghosts. What, in my eyes, can any human being appear, whose birth has been within these last forty years ? Nothing—less—worse than nothing ! What can they know of Christopher North, now a puny, peevish, bent, decrepit, old grey-headed man ? Once—bear witness ye bold, ye bright, and ye beauteous dead—once strong, joyful, straight, as the seabathed eagle, shooting skyward through the rainbow-fragment that gave the calm of beauty to the bosom of the storm !

AMBROSE.

We have all heard, sir, and we all believe, that you were once the handsomest young man in Britain——

NORTH.

Seeing is believing—but believing is not seeing ; and the eyes that beheld me in my prime, they are all extinguished in death. Their orbs dust ! FUMUS TROES ! In these two words is comprehended a power of pathos that makes existence a burden heavier than I can bear. Best—as said the melancholy Euripides—never to have been born !

AMBROSE.

Surely, sir, you would not have had a world without any inhabitants ; or, if the world had had its other inhabitants, and yet been obliged to whirl round the sun, without hope of ever having you ; why then, indeed, sir, I agree with you, that better it had never been created ; but as it is, I confess, for my own part, I look cheerfully upon the universe.

NORTH.

Over them I poured the whole power of passion resident in my soul. I hoped—I feared—I loved—I hated—I blessed—I cursed—I——

AMBROSE.

No—no—no—sir. You never cursed any mould of clay, however mean, that was shapen by the hand of God.

NORTH.

Mean ! Mighty—Ambrose—and magnificent. There were giants in those days—and then the daughters of earth were like denizens of heaven. With them

“ I strove with weapons made of clay,  
And conquer'd in the world's own way ;”

with them my soul blended in bliss ineffable—while Hate, in its grandeur, was dear to my spirit as in its gentleness was Love. But now-a-days, the things called women, are but as dolls flung scornfully by adolescents into a corner, discovering them to be but smeared wood ; and as for those other movables, men, they seem to me all Cockneys, so far below contempt, as to be safe from that crutch which owes it to itself to smite no perishable body uninhabited by an immortal spirit.

AMBROSE.

Sumphs say, sir, you are not sufficiently severe this season.

NORTH.

Wait.—You have read Homer, Mr Ambrose ? The Iliad ?

AMBROSE.

The Critiques on Sotheby in the Magazine, sir, which I feel assured are superior to the original.

NORTH.

To me there is nothing in all the Iliad so affecting as the character of Nestor.

AMBROSE.

Till I was set right by your matchless critiques, sir, I had always imagined that Nestor was a heathen god, whereas now I find that he was, what is far better, a wise old man like yourself, sir, whom the chiefs of his country consulted on all state affairs.



NORTH.

What made you think him a god?

AMBROSE.

Because my grandfather, who was a schoolmaster in Yorkshire, called our parrot, Nestor—our parrot, sir, that you may now hear—

NORTH.

I have lost a link surely, Ambrose, in the chain of your reasoning; for why should that have convinced you that Nestor was a heathen god?

AMBROSE.

My grandfather, sir, was a learned man, and had a mastiff, sir, whom he called Jupiter.

NORTH.

Oh. But what is the wretch screeching? "List! O list! if ever thou didst thy grandfather love!" I ask you again, sir, what is the wretch screeching?

AMBROSE (*in great confusion and alarm.*)

'Pon honour—sir—'pon conscience—as I hope to be —

NORTH.

O Ambrose! Ambrose! The enemy is within the gates! But if the Apostle Poll preaches such politics, he must be plucked, nor one feather left to cover his nakedness. The wretch has grown a radical within sound of the Snuggery. With his thick, dry, Indian rubber-like scoop of a tongue, the green goose gutturalizes, "Reform! Reform! Reform!" "The Bill! The whole Bill, and nothing but the Bill!" I am sorry to find that there is a reaction in favour of the measure. How is this, sir? Mr Ambrose, how is this?

AMBROSE.

Availing themselves, sir, of my occasional absence from home, as a member of various committees on affairs of police, some members of the Political Union have insinuated themselves through the folding-doors, and sometimes succeeded in establishing themselves unsuspected in the Parrot-parlour. Of course, the first thing they did was to set all their wits at work to corrupt the principles of the creature in the cage, who, I grieve to say it, has committed to memory a number of expressions, which, according to the doctrine of constructive treason, might, were he brought to trial at the instance of the Right Honourable Francis Jeffrey, Lord Advocate for Scotland, and convicted, subject him to capital punishment.

NORTH.

Not the first poor parrot that has *suffered*, while his teachers have escaped. Ludicrous were it, but that 'twould be most lamentable, to see the Apostle Poll, as you facetiously call him, executed for high-treason. Only think of the hangman holding up his dis severed development over the edge of the scaffold, and crying, "This is the head of a traitor."

AMBROSE (*smiling shudderingly.*)

At once funny and fearsome, sir.

NORTH.

But you must contrive to exclude the Political Unionists. The prosperity depends on the respectability of the House.

AMBROSE.

One of my waiters, sir, was so infatuated as, unknown of course to me, to become a member of the Union—bribed by the offer of an office-bearer-ship.

NORTH.

What? Sir David?

AMBROSE.

Oh! no, no, no, no, sir!

NORTH.

King Pepin?

AMBROSE.

Oh! no, no, no, no, no, sir!

NORTH.

Tappitoury?

AMBROSE.

Oh! no, no, no, no, no, no, sir; oh, no, no!

NORTH.

The Pech?

AMBROSE.

Oh! oh! oh! sir! no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, sir; Oh! no, no, no!

NORTH.

Who the devil then? Mon Cadet?

AMBROSE.

Heaven forbid! You might as soon suspect me, your devoted servant, sir, till death, of being President. 'Twas an idle fellow you never saw—a sort of boots—

NORTH.

Just so. But I was directing your attention, Ambrose, to the character of Nestor in the Iliad. To me his long speech to Achilles, on receiving from that most courteous of all heroes a prize due to his former exploits in war and in the Games, is more pathetic than the last interview between Hector and Andromache.

AMBROSE.

May I be permitted to say, sir, since you have deigned, not only to let me be seated, but even to converse with you, sir—a privilege which I humbly hope I have not abused; and which, were I ever to abuse, might my head shake, and my limbs dwine away in a general palsy—may I venture on the strength of that gracious smile to say, “That in the whole range of inspiration,” to borrow a beautiful phrase from the Magazine, as far as I have travelled within it, there is not another passage so pathetic as that interview; that is to say, sir, as you have brought it out into more mournful light, in your immortal critique on Southey—

NORTH.

Sotheby.

AMBROSE.

Pardon the *lapsus linguæ*, sir. As a proof how true to nature that picture is, as drawn by yourself, sir, and Homer, not forgetting Mr Sotheby, whom I do not remember ever having seen here—

NORTH.

You will see him here, Brosey, before we all die.

AMBROSE.

I shall be proud indeed, sir. As a proof, sir, I may mention, that it came across me, affecting me even to tears, last time I parted with Missus in front of the Black Bull, when about to set off for Yorkshire, on the top of the mail-coach. There was Missus, with our youngest bairn in her arms—

NORTH.

Astyanax.

AMBROSE.

The child's name, sir, is Daniel.

NORTH.

The Strength of the City.

AMBROSE.

I had a fur-cap on my head, sir—

NORTH.

I know it. Fox-skin, with the brush brought over; like a helmet with a waving crest. Ambrose in the character of Κορυβαίολος' Εκτωρ.

AMBROSE.

The bairn, sir, frightened at the fur, gave such a squall—

NORTH.

“He spoke, and stretched his arms, and onward prest  
To clasp the child, and fold him to his breast;  
The while the child, on whose o'er-dazzled sight  
The cap's bright splendour flash'd too fierce a light,  
And the thick fox-hair, as it wavy play'd,  
From the high bonnet cast its sweeping shade;

Scared at his father's sight, bent back distress'd,  
 And, shrieking, sank upon his mother's breast.  
 The child's vain fear their bitter woe beguiled,  
 And o'er the boy each parent sweetly smiled :  
 Then Ambrose slow the brushy cap unbraced,  
 And gently on the ground its terror placed ;  
 Then kiss'd, and dandling with his infant play'd,  
 And to the gods and Jove devoutly pray'd—  
 ' Jove ! and ye gods ! vouchsafe that Ambrose' boy,  
 Another Ambrose, all surpass in Troy (Edinburgh),  
 Like me in strength preeminently tower,  
 And guard the nation with his father's power !  
 Heard be a voice, whene'er the landlord bends,  
 Behold the landlord who his sire transcends ;  
 And grant, that home returning, charged with oil,  
 His mother's smile repay the hero's toil.' "

AMBROSE.

What a memory, sir !

NORTH.

" *Mutato nomine, de te  
 Fabula narratur.* "

AMBROSE.

" One touch of nature makes the whole world kin. "

NORTH.

Shakespeare.

AMBROSE.

'Tis a line I often see in the Magazine, sir, and I always read it with additional delight. I thought it had been your own.

NORTH.

The truth is, that my style is so like Shakespeare's, that 'tis often impossible to know whether some of the fine lines in *Maga* belong to the Swan of Avon or the Blackbird of Buchanan Lodge.

AMBROSE.

I fear, sir, that I am sitting too long here—but such is the witchcraft—pardon me if there be any abuse of that word—of your conversation, my honoured master, that several times, when I have attempted within the last quarter of an hour to rise, it has been as if my coat-tails were fastened to the wood of the chair with nails, and my breeches glued—

NORTH.

Don't crowd too many images together, Ambrose. 'Tis the crying sin alike of my own written and oral discourse. The same *splendida vitia* are often apparent in your style ; yet prodigality is better than poverty, and the most lavish profusion preferable to a niggardly prudence.

AMBROSE (*making violent but fruitless efforts to rise.*)

If I do go, I must carry the chair along with me, sir.

NORTH.

You must on no account do that, Ambrose, for I expect Mr Tickler this evening, and he will rage if he miss his free-and-easy. You have done me much good, my dear Mr Ambrose ; and that mild pleasant face of yours,

" The soul, the music, breathing from that face, "

charms away the blue devils into their native limbo.

AMBROSE.

Should Mr Tickler see me sitting in his chair, he will certainly put me to death.

NORTH.

Shallow critics, Ambrose, have seen in Nestor but the personification of garrulous old age—old age wise indeed from experience—back-thought being fore-thought—but still interesting, chiefly because his garrulity is true to nature, yielding unconsciously to the prosiness of dotage. True, that he avails himself, of course, of his privileges of uninterrupted and endless discourse. But what colours it all with an air of melancholy ? That not one is alive

who witnessed his Doings in the days of old! With him now all is but Sayings; and though surrounding heroes, in their youth or their prime, hear his words, how languidly must they listen! The images of his triumphs pass before his own eyes alone—and visit not theirs, occupied with all their orbs by the glorious pageant. The aged hero, no doubt, desires that the living should be persuaded by his tales of triumph, that he too was great in his day, greater than any of themselves—only less than Achilles. But the impulse that bears him along on that stream of silver speech, is the imagined sympathy of the men of might whom his emotion re-embodies and re-animates from the dust. He forgets the world on which he stands a hoary orator, soothing many asleep. Across the chasm in which he buried two generations, he is borne on the wings of Desire and Regret, and believes himself in his golden prime, victorious in battle against chiefs whose sons fell afterwards before the gates of Thebes. Speaking of them, he feels as if speaking in their hearing; as if the life, and the world, in whose brightness his youth rejoiced, had undergone no change, were not rolled away from all memories but his into oblivion. But the sadness of the decay—of the change—of the revolution—comes ever and anon across the old man's soul, and brings upon the dream of the Past, in which he was All, the melancholy reality of the Present, in which he is Nothing. For to be eloquent and wise—and revered for eloquence and wisdom, is nothing to him, whose glory was in war, and who had been numbered among the Heroes. His speech, therefore, is often addressed, not directly indeed, but in an indescribable earnestness that can only be accounted for by its holding communion with the spirit of the times gone by, to the heroes coeval with his prime; sometimes it seems to be almost a soliloquy, and in soliloquies how strangely are we separated by passionate imagination into two selves; and then again, it is so shaped as to gain credence from the living, whose sympathies, faint and dull as they must needs be, are yearned for, because they are human, and because their expression, though but in the silence of the *listening eye*—and the eye does listen along with the ear—reminds him of the flashes and of the shouts that hailed his victories of old, when Nestor was as young and as invincible as now is the Son of Thetis.

AMBROSE.

Very fine—very fine, sir. I remember, sir, once being in a mist on the moor, a kind of glimmering golden mist, sir, that kept opening and shutting, shewing me now bright breadths of rocky heather, now the blue glimpses of sky; and more frequently what at first I knew not to be the tops of mountains—for at first they scarcely seemed to be stationary, but became, as I gazed, fixed as fate. Sir, you will pardon me, sir.

NORTH.

My conversation likened by Ambrose to a Scotch mist. My tablets!  
[Writes in his Note-Book.]

AMBROSE.

It is impossible, sir, for me to express my delight in seeing you restored to your wonted cheerfulness, my honoured patron. These clouds will—

NORTH.

Sometimes they blot the sun from the day, till life is like death, and then comes despair. Sometimes they but deform the sky, and then I see sights of pain or sorrow. Often do they melt over the atmosphere, till it is all an obscure dim haze to my old eyes, Ambrose, and Christopher then is *Il Penseroso*—you might take him for the author of Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy*—nor are such moods undelightful—for then it is that he is most musical, and chirps, at least, like a sparrow, plaintive in the night-eves, if he singeth not like a very nightingale. But on those bold bright breezy days, when the sun burns like a globe of fire, yet consumes not the asbestos clouds that go sailing unharmed across the furnace—then it is, O! St Ambrose, that, stretched beneath “the umbrageous multitude of boughs,” and eyeing through the “loop-holes of retreat,” the far-withdrawing vale bedropt with cottages, single although not solitary, and round the knoll that bears the parish church hanging, roof over roof, in one harmonious cluster—then it is, that through these shrivelled veins of ours, the glad pulsations again

begin to play, that, fifty years ago, were familiar to all our frame, and so inspired it with conscious energy, that matter was felt one with spirit, and the delightful union to be indeed life—then, as if born again—Ambrose—ay, even like a serpent shedding the scurf, and glorying in the burnished beauty of a new skin, that startles the meek-eyed flowerets that pass their days in shady places, far within the woods—ay! then it is—"the aged Harper's soul awakes," and gives vent on the spot to a Leading Article,

"Wherewith all Europe rings from side to side!"

[Loud clanking noise heard coming along the corridor.]

AMBROSE (starting up.)

Mr Tickler! Mr Tickler! These are Southside's cuddy-heels—beg pardon, sir—the iron crescents of his Wellingtons. I must be off. First Timothy, you know, is proud as Lucifer. What am I saying—what am I saying?—God bless you, my dear friend, my—my—forgive me—but your honour's condescension this night shall never be erased from my memory—*Spiritus dum hos regit artus.*

NORTH.

Poo—poo—bad prosody, Picardy. Vanish.

[Exit Picardy, with a napkin in his hand, crestfallen into his customary manner as "Mine Host," and re-enters, bowing.]

TICKLER.

*Suaviter in modo, fortiter in re.*

That's the motto of St Ambrose's, isn't it, my boy?

AMBROSE.

Yes, Mr Tickler—just so, sir—of our branch—Southside (*Susurrans.*)

TICKLER.

Ah! thou courtier. Have you provided relays of waiters for the oysters?

AMBROSE.

All harnessed, sir.

TICKLER.

Listen to me, Ambrose, with all the faculties of your soul. *Imprimis*, Let there be relays for—stews.

AMBROSE.

How many, sir?

TICKLER.

Six. *In rebus secundis*—Scallops.

AMBROSE.

Six relays?

TICKLER.

Six relays, and let Missus—my love to her—"be nothing if not critical" in her collection of shells.

AMBROSE.

How would you wish, sir, to have the — raws?

TICKLER.

You must establish the raws all at once on the Board of boards. I forget its dimensions.

AMBROSE.

Nine feet by nine, sir.

TICKLER.

Eighty-one. Leave a moderate fringe of unoyster'd timber, which strew with rizzars, interspersed at intervals, yet not "like angel-visits, few and far between," chiefly indeed for effect, for 'tis rarely indeed that either North (ha! North! how are you, my old cock?) or I eat much fin after shell-fish.

NORTH.

Rarely indeed. How are you, Timothy?

TICKLER.

Rarely, indeed. Just come from hearing the Bohemian Chatterers.

NORTH.

They have been accused of being Whitechapel Jews.

TICKLER.

I did not, to my knowledge, deliver their mothers, nor have I even seen the certificates of their baptism in Bohemia. Perhaps they are natives of that Bohemia celebrated by Shakspeare—and come from one of its seaports. Jews or Gentiles, Christians or Heathens, they are extraordinary singers, Kit—and all the four have admirable voices. They chirp and chant in perfect unison—bird or bard-like—and he who says they do not keep both tune and time must be no Harmonist. Some of their native airs are beautiful—and they sing them like natives——

NORTH.

Not oysters.

TICKLER.

Don't be silly. There is no humour in mere nonsense.

NORTH.

I'm told the Basso Relievo roars like a Bull of Bashan.

TICKLER.

Don't be silly. I tell you again there is no humour in mere nonsense. The Basso Relievo, as you idiotically call him, does not roar like a Bull of Bashan. Next to my own he has the profoundest bass heard in public since Bartleman.

NORTH.

How low can he reach?

TICKLER.

O. I go to Z. You will be amazed, North, with what I am now going to tell you, my old buck. By a *douceur* I induced the Bohemians to let me join them in a Quintette—the Finale.

NORTH.

*Coram Pop?*

TICKLER.

*Pro bono Pub.* Of course I put on the national dress.

NORTH.

The kilt?

TICKLER.

Don't be silly, you old dolt. The Bohemian garb—green—like sharp-shooter's uniform—belted round the waist—and broad-brimmed hat with plume of feathers. I gave my face a touch of varnish——

NORTH.

Which Ambrose uses for his top-boots——

TICKLER.

No—for his mahogany tables. It brought out the brown most outlandishly, and I frowned like Pharaoh. I pulled a pair of whiskers, and ditto of mustaches out of an old chair in the vestibule, whose bottom was rather ragged; and thus equipped I advanced to the rail; and bowing gracefully, with my hand on my heart, I addressed the audience in choice Bohemian, to the effect that I was the fifth brother of the most musical family in the universe, that I sang with "most miraculous organ," and had that morning arrived from Madeira, at which I had touched on my voyage from the metropolitan port of Bohemia, on account of a galloping consumption, by the air of that climate reduced to a walk, or rather a standstill, originally, I believed, brought on by endeavouring to go below zero. This address, you may easily believe, was received with the most uproarious applause, and I took my place at the right of——

NORTH.

The Bull of Bashan.

TICKLER.

My brother was evidently jealous—indeed he bore me an old grudge—so at least the people seemed to think, who were inclined at one point of our contest to hiss him, but by putting my finger to my nose, I prevented that ungentlemanlike and unladylike mode of disapprobation.

NORTH.

By that most gentlemanly and ladylike mode of prevention—Hookey Walker!

TICKLER.

Well, my dear North—he drops down along the gamut, just as you may have seen in a gymnasium a strong-armed scholar descending a ladder by his hands, till he comes to K, where he thought he had me fast as in a vice. Poo—whoo! I came down waveringly, carceringly, and flourishingly, just as you have seen a lark from sky to furrow, without expanding my breast, or starting a single vein in my throat that towered white as snow from my shirt-collar, well flung back over my gawey shoulders, from A to K; and dwelling upon the note with that proud reliance on my powers which gives assurance to the most timid of auditors that they are listening to a mighty master, without growing in the slightest degree black in the face, but simply shewing such slight flush; or tinge on my cheek, as the rose reveals within its inner leaf, while the zephyr turns it up to the light with the loss of its dew-drops, I challenged my brother with the tail of my eye, to L. M. N. O. successively, and successfully; but there, my dear North, there he stuck fast in O, as a “pig in a gate,” *at his last grunt*. I then began, like a wise man, to mind my P’s and Q’s; and one peal, or rather succession of peals, after another, had they been understood, would have told the crowd of people on the street, in front of the Assembly-Rooms, listening in wonder, as they thought, to the mysterious Voice of the Building, that the best of all Bohemians was on my way down from A to Z, which no sooner had my voice reached, that is to say, as soon as I thought it no longer safe for the audience to be kept at zero, than up went my voice in retrograde exultation—the expression is hardly accurate—till it reached the point A, where we—my brother and I—had started; at which point, what could satisfy the inspiration of my soul but to challenge the Contr’alto, to terrify the Treble, North, and to leave the even Tenor on his way, panting far behind like a broken-winded bogtrotter? Suffice it to say, that I did so—I ran up in that direction even higher, proportionally, than I had run down in the other; and if, in my first triumph, the power of my voice was like that of a Lion laying his jaws to the dust, to disturb the desert quaking through Sahara to the roar-growl that silences the hum of the caravan, even as it first catches sight of the wells beneath the palmy-shade; so, in my second, ’twas in its silver chiming, clear as that of the Bell-Bird at morning or evening gloaming, listened to with delight by Waterton the Wanderer, in the wilds of Demerara, while miles distant from the Magician singing his roundelay from the top of living tower heaved over some cathedral-wood.

NORTH.

I give in—and shall speak truth during the rest of the evening.

TICKLER.

If so, I am off. I did not come here to hear you speak truth during the rest of the evening. You do not speak truth well, North; at the same time, I do not deny that you may possess very considerable natural powers of veracity—of truth-telling; but then, you have not cultivated them, having been too much occupied with the ordinary affairs of life. Truthiness is a habit, like every other virtue. There I hold by the Peripatetics. How unreasonable then—how presumptuous in you, to announce an intention of speaking truth during the rest of an evening scarcely yet begun—for ’tis but ten o’clock—you who have retired from practice, I may say, for nearly half a century? For shame, North—for shame!

NORTH (*chuckling—as is his wont, when hard pressed with geggery.*)

Southside, by study of which of the Fine Arts, thinkest thou, the amateur is most speedily reduced to an idiot?

TICKLER.

Not easy to decide. I am tempted to say—Music.

NORTH.

So am I. Your true musician is a jewel—your pretender paste. But among amateurs—and of these alone I now speak—how few true musicians—how many pretenders!

TICKLER.

Pretenders, but not impostors. Pretence is easy—imposition difficult—in music it requires at least—an ear—

TICKLER.

By the by, North, do you know the cause of what is called the want of a musical ear?

NORTH.

No.

TICKLER.

Then I'll tell you. Every man has two ears—

NORTH.

Indeed!

TICKLER.

And if it should so happen—which it not unfrequently does—that the one ear is finer—or coarser let me rather say—than the other—the two together make sad work of it—and on their tympanums there can be no concord.

NORTH.

Aye? But supposing the wretch in question has a musical ear, so far as to be in that respect on the ordinary level of humanity, and becomes an amateur. By the time he plays upon the fiddle with half the taste and quarter the execution of the common run of blind cat-gut-scrapers at penny-weddings, he presumes to find fault with Finlay Dun! He leads a concerto, perpetrated by a gang of murderous amateurs in a private parlour—and thenceforth expresses a poor opinion of Paganini!

TICKLER.

Catalani squalled—Pasta yelled—Sontag shrieked—and Wood squeals. He lays down the law——

NORTH.

The Fa La.

TICKLER.

And while a vast audience, entranced in delight, are still as death, he purses up his small disgusting round hole of a mouth, wrinkles his hairless eyebrows, perks his captious ears contemptuously towards the orchestra, and at the close of the strain divine, from lip or string, cheeps "Poor! poor! poor!" though St Cecilia herself seemed to sing, and to harp Apollo.

NORTH.

Equally loathsome is your amateur in painting and in sculpture. Nothing makes even the most distant approach to his *beau idéal*. He is discontented with even Wilkie's portrait of our late noble King. Yet 'tis equal to the best of Vandyke's——

TICKLER.

Though nothing similar—either in conception or execution. No more glorious Highland chieftain ever trod the heather. Gazing on him, you feel the lines of Campbell,

"Where the hunter of deer and the warrior trod,  
To his hills that encircle the sea."

The harmony of the colouring is perfect—so is the drawing—and the attitude is regal. There he stands,

"All plaided and plumed in his tartan array;"

"every inch a king." The amateur lisps "'Tis too effeminate"—having no idea of a hand but a bunch of brawn, or of a foot but a brogueful of muscle. Graceful, elegant, magnificent!

NORTH.

Chantrey's statue is distinguished by dignity and grandeur. With what natural and habitual grace the King holds his left arm across his breast, supporting the folds of drapery—and on the right how lightly leans the sceptre! The advanced right leg and thigh is majestic and commanding, and the whole figure that of a monarch standing proudly before the gaze of his loyal subjects in the metropolis of his happy dominions. The head crowns that bold broad bust with an air of empery—and from shoulder to heel, the robes have that wavy flow well becoming the princely wearer,



easy in his state, and unencumbered by its pomp, as if 'twere the garb of his daily life.

TICKLER.

Chantrey in a bumper. (*Looks all over the Circular in amazement.*) Where's the wine?

NORTH.

I am a member of the Temperance Society.

TICKLER.

So am I—but not of the Abstinence. A man, surely, may drink a few glasses, without running the risk of swallowing a couple of bottles?

NORTH.

Not without running the risk. At least you will allow, Timothy, that there is less danger of swallowing a couple of bottles, if you have no bottles to swallow.

TICKLER (*ringing the bell violently.*)

*Enter AMBROSE.*

NORTH.

The Raws! (*Exit AMBROSE.*)

TICKLER.

Ambrose—Ambrose—hollo,—you deaf devil—a riddle of claret!

NORTH.

You may as well shout upon the wind, in a calm night. You may have a pot of porter, or two—but neither wine nor spirits shall wet your wizen this night, Tickler. Remember, I am—by agreement—Lord Paramount of this Noctes—there—read the RECORD.

TICKLER.

I wonder what this wicked world will come to at last! The Noctes Ambrosianæ converted into a Monthly Meeting of the Temperance—the Abstinence Society!

(*Enter PICARDY, MON. CADET, KING PEPIN, SIR DAVID GAM, TAPPYTOUREY, the PECH, and the NOVICE, bearing on their heads the Board of boards.*)

NORTH.

Behold the Procession introductory to the Feast of Shells!

TICKLER.

They stagger not, neither do they faint in their courses.

AMBROSE.

Halt! make ready! Lower! Deposit!

(*The Household deposit the Board of boards on the Circular. It creaks.*)

NORTH.

"Flowers of all hues, and without thorn the rose!"

TICKLER.

Have you numbered the city?

AMBROSE.

A gross and a half, sir; Mr North bid me leave a broad border, sir.

[*Exit PICARDY, swinging his tail like a lion rampant.*]

TICKLER.

O you sucking turkey! Yes—sweet are the shells. How sappy, Kit, the sea-juice!

NORTH.

Mm—Mm—Mm—Mm—Mm!

TICKLER.

Intense power of palate.

NORTH.

Verra.

TICKLER.

Two dozen in two minutes. One—every five seconds—or thereabouts. Twelve minutes—at that rate—to the gross!

NORTH.

Don't—Mm—Mm—Mind—Mm—Me—Tickler—eat—Mm—Mm—Mm—Mm—away—Fin.

TICKLER.

Mm—Mm—Mm—(*he lays down his watch on the Board of boards.*)

NORTH.

The porter. Hark you, my dear Tickler—(*drains the junior silver tankard.*)—Did you hear my ears crack? Now I'll sing you an appropriate song—

STANZAS TO MUSIC.

Where are thy fountains, music, where the deep mysterious tide  
That rolls through all creation's bounds its restless waters wide?  
Though art may wake its dulcet strains, and bid the soul rejoice,  
They're but the feeble mimicry of Nature's mightier voice.

There is a spell of harmony, that reigns o'er earth and sky,  
And tunes to one accordant strain the universe on high;  
With songs the glittering host of Heaven awake the dawning light,  
And pour their choral melody on the listening ear of night.

Oh! Nature hath a thousand songs—a thousand varied lays,  
That send to Heaven's eternal throne the harmonious strain of praise;  
The murmuring streams—the whispering woods—have each their own  
bright song,  
And the mighty ocean proudly rolls in melody along.

There's music on the breath of eve, when, fading in the west,  
The summer sun adorns the skies with bright and gorgeous vest—  
The rustling boughs—the dying breeze—the soft and whispering rill,  
And the voice of plaintive nightingales that echoes from the hill!

There's music in the glorious morn, when, waking from repose,  
All Nature starts to light and life, and earth all brightly glows;  
Oh! sweetly on the gentle breeze those cheerful murmurs flow—  
The lark's sweet matin song above—the waterfall below!

Nor less when all is dark, and clouds the angry skies deform—  
There is a tone of music in the wildness of the storm,  
The thunder's diapason voice, the wind's tumultuous song,  
And ocean waves, that, with deep bass, the choral strain prolong!

But yet, oh! sweeter far than these—kind feeling's power can call  
A music from the heart of man more lovely yet than all;  
Though Nature sings her thousand songs, on earth and Heaven above,  
There's nought like that sweet voice within—the harmonious strain of Love!

Yes, minstrel, wake the impassion'd lyre, invoke the heavenly Nine,  
The heart can tune its passions yet to sweeter lays than thine.  
Thy notes are but the semblance faint—that speak, with mimic art,  
Affection, friendship, love, and all the concord of the heart!

TICKLER.

"A childish treble!"

NORTH.

I am not one of the Bohemian chatterers. Yet at a simple lilt—

TICKLER.

You do trill like the lintie on the thorn. Allow me, sir, to repay the  
pleasure you have now imparted, with—the Last Oyster. Open your gab.  
(*NORTH opens his gab, and TICKLER plops in the last of all his race.*)

NORTH.

These civilities touch!

TICKLER.

'Twas but a—heard. Such is the selfishness of the most generous, that  
the Last Oyster is little more than a name.

NORTH.

Tip us a stave, Tim.

TICKLER.

I will. You know Beranger's Roger Montemps ?

NORTH.

I do well.

TICKLER.

*Mutatis mutandis.*

ROGER GOODFELLOW.

A SONG.

*To be sung to all sorry rascals.*

Small sirs, so melancholy  
 In patriotic woe,—  
 To cure your carking folly  
 Comes Roger Goodfellow ;  
 To live as best it list him,  
 To scorn who do not so—  
 Ha, ha, this is the system  
 Of Roger Goodfellow.

To know the wind and weather  
 Will make the salmon spring ;  
 \* To know the spot of heather  
 That hides the strongest wing ;  
 To tell the moon's compliances  
 With hail, rain, wind, and snow—  
 Ha, ha, this is the science  
 Of Roger Goodfellow.

At field the earliest whistling ;  
 At kirk the doucest seen ;  
 On holidays a-wrestling  
 The stoutest on the green ;  
 Thus on in frank enjoyment  
 And grateful glee to go—  
 Ha, ha, 'tis the employment  
 Of Roger Goodfellow.

For wine, to think nought of it,  
 With jolly good ale when lined ;  
 Nor Ma'am my lady covet,  
 So housewife Joan be kind ;  
 While of each old state-housewife, he  
 Doth nothing ask to know—  
 Ha, ha, 'tis the philosophy  
 Of Roger Goodfellow.

III.

Round Roger's cabin dangle,  
 From curious carved pins,  
 All wonders of the angle,  
 All mysteries of gins ;  
 While in his cupboard niche, is  
 A pewter pot or so—  
 Ha, ha, these are the riches  
 Of Roger Goodfellow.

To say, " O mighty Maker,  
 I bless thee, that thou here  
 Hast made me thus partaker  
 Of love and lusty cheer :  
 As older still, oh, gayer,  
 And jollier may I grow"—  
 Ha, 'tis a worthy prayer  
 Of Roger Goodfellow.

Ho, ho, ye wheezing whiners ;  
 Ye kill-joys of the land !  
 State-malady-diviners ;  
 Yarn-spinners out of sand !  
 On common sense who'd trample,  
 And lay religion low ;  
 For God's sake take example  
 By Roger Goodfellow.

NORTH.

Thank you, sir, you have outdone the Frenchman. Heavens ! Tickler, what a burst of literature there will be after the burial of the Reform Bill ! All the genius of the land has been bottled up for a year and more—and must be in a state of strong fermentation. Soon as the pressure has been removed by the purification of the atmosphere, the corks will fly up into the clouds, and the pent-up spirit effervesce in brilliant aspiration.

TICKLER.

Not poetry. " The wine of life is on the lees," in that department. We must wait for the vintage.

NORTH.

All the great schools seem effete. In the mystery of nature, the number

of births by each mind is limited—and we must wait for fresh producers Scott, Wordsworth, Southey, Coleridge—all the Sacred Band—have done their best—their all—but on the horizon I see not the far-off coming light of the foreheads of a new generation of poets. That dawn will rise over our graves—perhaps not till the forlorn "*hic jacet*" on our tombstones is in green obliteration. The era has been glorious—that includes Cowper and Wordsworth, Burns and Byron. From what region of man's spirit shall break a new day-spring of Song? The poetry of that long era is instinct with passion—and, above all, with the love of nature. I know not from what fresh fountains the waters may now flow—nor can I imagine what hand may unlock them, and lead them on their mazy wanderings over the still beautified flowers and herbage of the dædal earth—the world of sense and of soul. The future is all darkness.

TICKLER.

Mighty fine. But how should you? In that case you were the very poet whose advent has not yet been predicted—and which may not be—haply—for a hundred years. Are there no youngers?

NORTH.

A few—but equivocal. I have good hopes of Alfred Tennyson. But the cockneys are doing what they may to spoil him—and if he suffers them to put their bird-lime on his feet, he will stick all the days of his life on hedge-rows, or leap fluttering about the bushes. I should be sorry for it—for though his wings are far from being full-fledged, they promise now well in the pinions—and I should not be surprised to see him yet a sky-soarer. His "Golden Days of good Haroun Alraschid" are extremely beautiful. There is feeling—and fancy—in his Oriana. He has a fine ear for melody and harmony too—and rare and rich glimpses of imagination. He has—*genius*.

TICKLER.

Affectations.

NORTH.

Too many. But I admire Alfred—and hope—nay trust—that one day he will prove himself a poet. If he do not—then am I no prophet.

TICKLER.

I love L. E. L.

NORTH.

So do I—and being old gentlemen, we may blamelessly make the public our confidante. There is a *passionate purity* in all her feelings that endears to me both her human and her poetical character. She is a true enthusiast. Her affections overflow the imagery her fancy lavishes on all the subjects of her song, and colour it all with a rich and tender light which makes even confusion beautiful, gives a glowing charm even to indistinct conception, and when the thoughts themselves are full-formed and substantial, which they often are, brings them prominently out upon the eye of the soul in flashes that startle us into sudden admiration. The originality of her genius, methinks, is conspicuous in the choice of its subjects—they are unborrowed—and in her least successful poems—as wholes—there is no dearth of poetry. Her execution has not the consummate elegance and grace of Felicia Hemans—but she is very young, and becoming every year she lives more mistress of her art—and has chiefly to learn now how to use her treasures, which, profuse as she has been, are in abundant store; and, in good truth, the fair and happy being has a fertile imagination,—the soil of her soul, if allowed to lie fallow for one sunny summer, would, I predict, yield a still richer and more glorious harvest. I love Miss Landon—for in her genius does the work of duty—the union of the two is "beautiful exceedingly"—and virtue is its own reward; far beyond the highest meed of praise ever bestowed by critic—though round her fair forehead is already wreathed the immortal laurel.

TICKLER.

Her novel is brilliant.

NORTH.

Throughout.

"This morning gives us promise of a glorious day."

You admire good Latin verses, Tickler ! Here are some—by that accomplished scholar, the Rev. G. J. A. Drake, who is willing they should appear in our pages, in which are sometimes set a few rare classical gems. 'Tis thus he does honour to the Hemans. Let me recite the lovely original

## THE FREE'D BIRD.

BY MRS HEMANS.

Return, return, my Bird !  
 I have dress'd thy cage with flowers,  
 'Tis lovely as a violet bank  
 In the heart of forest bowers.

" I am free, I am free, I return no more !  
 The weary time of the cage is o'er !  
 Through the rolling clouds I can soar on high,  
 The sky is around me, the blue bright sky !

" The hills lie beneath me, spread far and clear,  
 With their glowing heath-flowers and bounding deer ;  
 I see the waves flash on the sunny shore—  
 I am free, I am free—I return no more !"

Alas, alas, my Bird !  
 Why seek'st thou to be free ?  
 Wer't thou not blest in thy little bower,  
 When thy song breathed nought but glee ?

" Did my song of the summer breathe nought but glee ?  
 Did the voice of the captive seem sweet to thee ?  
 —O ! hadst thou known its deep meaning well,  
 It had tales of a burning heart to tell !

" From a dream of the forest that music sprang,  
 Through its notes the peal of a torrent rang ;  
 And its dying fall, when it sooth'd thee best,  
 Sigh'd for wild flowers and a leafy nest."

Was it with thee thus, my Bird ?  
 Yet thine eye flash'd clear and bright !  
 I have seen the glance of sudden joy  
 In its quick and dewy light.

" It flash'd with the fire of a tameless race,  
 With the soul of the wild wood, my native place !  
 With the spirit that panted through heaven to soar—  
 Woo me not back—I return no more !

" My home is high, amidst rocking trees,  
 My kindred things are the star and the breeze,  
 And the fount unchecked in its lonely play,  
 And the odours that wander afar, away !"

Farewell, farewell, then, Bird !  
 I have call'd on spirits gone,  
 And it may be they joy'd like thee to part,  
 Like thee, that wert all my own !

" If they were captives, and pined like me,  
 Though love may guard them, they joy'd to be free !  
 They sprang from the earth with a burst of power,  
 To the strength of their wings, to their triumph's hour !

"Call them not back when the chain is riven,  
When the way of the pinion is all through heaven!  
Farewell!—With my song through the clouds I soar,  
I pierce the blue skies—I am Earth's no more!"

## CARMEN LATINE REDDITUM.

Jam redi, dilecta Avis, ad puellam  
Flore quæ multo decoravit aulam  
Dulcè frondosæ ut violis olentem  
Abdita silvæ.

Libera ego! non unquam ad te captiva redibo!  
Fessaque præteriit carceris hora mihi.  
Nubila per liquidi sublimis deferor alâ—  
Æthere cingor ovans—æthere cæruleo!

Despiciam longè subsparsa cacumina, gaudet  
Cervus ubi croceis luxuriare jugis:  
Despiciam apricâ quam candet fluctus arenâ:  
Libera sum! reditûs immemor astra peto!

Hei mihi! dilecta Avis, ah! vagari  
Quis tibi suasit? fuerat cubile  
Nonne pergratum, melos ut dedisti  
Nil nisi lætum?

Lætum ego visa tibi perfundere tempore carmen  
Æstivo? aut capta: vox tibi leta fuit?  
Si tantùm audieras, etiam graviora referri,  
Quantus inest cordi carminibusque dolor!

Ingenuère modis absentis somnia silvæ;  
Et melos irrueret more ruentis aquæ;  
Te quoque cùm mulcens, leni expiraverat aurâ,  
Fronde torum cecini floriferumque nemus.

Me fefellisti, mea Avis? nitore  
Usque perclaros oculos repentè  
Gaudii, rore ut liquido, micare  
Lumine vidi!

Indomitæ micuère superbo lumine gentis—  
Silvæ animâ indomitæ, silvæ ubi nata fui!  
Per spatia ampla poli cupidissima solvere penûas—  
Carpere, non unquam restituenda, viam!

Est domus arboreæ nutanti in vertice frondis,  
Sunt germana animæ sidus et aura meæ;  
Fonsque procul solâ qui ludere gaudet arenâ—  
Undique qui circâ dulcè vagatur odor.

Jam vale, dilecta Avis! evocavi  
Forsitan lætos comites abire,  
Te velut, sperans retinere amoris  
Vincula cordi.

Languida si mecum membra et captiva trahebant  
Quamvis Amor custos—desit Amoris opus.  
Lætitiâ exiliunt vinclis, terrasque relinquunt,  
Viribus alatis, Io triumphæ! canunt.

Nec revoca sublata—novam nec finge catenam  
 Per spatium cæli carpit ut ala viam.  
 Jamque vale—ascendo per nubila carmine gaudens,  
 Ætheris hic subeo cærule—Terra, vale!

TICKLER.

Worthy of Tibullus, or—Vincent Bourne.

NORTH.

Great things remain to be said and sung, Timothy, of the sea.

TICKLER.

Before the Reading Public be sea-sick.

NORTH.

A mighty Marine Poem is a desideratum in the literature of the world.

TICKLER.

Do you mean a long poem by a marine? and if so, foôt or horse-marine?

NORTH.

Don't be silly, Tickler. There is no humour in mere nonsense.

TICKLER.

Plagiary!

NORTH.

Falconer's Shipwreck is a most ingenious performance—and affecting, not only in itself, there being in it not a few passages of the simplest human pathetic, but for the sake of the seaman who composed it on many a midnight watch, and perished in the Apollo frigate when she went down with all her crew “far far at sea.” Ye ’tis little read, I suspect; and has inspired no kindred but superior strain, through more than half a century——

TICKLER.

Seamen have seldom time to write long poems, Kit; and then their education is what it ought to be, *practical*, not poetical——

NORTH.

Their whole life is poetry, Timothy——

TICKLER.

Interspersed with some severe prose, Kit, as you would know, my man, had you ever been at the mast-head on a look-out for a lee-shore in a squally day when the master had lost his reckoning—and——

NORTH.

Hold your tongue. You are murdering the King's English. If our William were to overhear you, or Basil Hall, or Maryatt, or Glascock, you would get “a dozen,” you land-lubber, for your lingo, which is about as like the true sea-tongue, Timothy, as the paw of a tortoise-shell cat that of a white bear.

TICKLER.

The technical language of no art should ever be admitted into poetry.

NORTH.

Sumph! How else could a poet shew a ship sailing on whitey brown paper, as on the blue-green sea?

TICKLER.

By flashing her into life and motion by the creative energy of general terms.

NORTH.

Good, my dear Tickler. Much may be so done—witness Campbell's glorious Mariners of England. And indeed a ship is in the imagination of the merest squab a thing so majestic, that she is like the devil himself,—only speak of her and she appears.

TICKLER.

Good, my dear Kit. I owe you one.

NORTH.

But what then? Cannot she bear being spoken of, aye, in the loftiest flights of song, in the language sailors love, the language dear to Britannia as she sits enthroned on the cliffs of Albion, and who, long as tides obey the moon, shall rule the waves?

TICKLER.

Hear!—hear!—hear!

NORTH.

Dryden has been jeered by surly Sam for the use of some technical nautical terms in one of his poems—and justly; for never was there such *abuse*—such laughable ignorance, as therein exhibited by that illustrious Cockney. Mr Place, the tailor, might as well call a marlin-spike a needle. Now, sheer ignorance, on whatever subject, by sea or land, but especially by sea, assuming uncalled for the office of rarest knowledge, is disgusting even in a great poet like “glorious John.” Besides, even had he employed such terms aright, they had been absurd, bolting out suddenly in a single stanza, and never more seen or heard of, in a poem stinking of shore instead of smelling of sea. But let a poet who knows and feels the grandeur of the character and occupation and appearance of the ocean-roamers, speak of them in calm or storm, in battle or on the blocks, in language ennobled and consecrated to every patriot’s soul by the naval triumphs of England; let him speak of a man-of-war in a style that shews he knows a frigate from a three-decker, a cutter from a schooner, a brig from a ship, and the captain’s gig from a quaker’s whiskey, and Neptune shall be to him Apollo, the Nereids the Muses, and every line shall be a line of light—all a-dazzle with appropriate words, surcharged with the imagery of the great deep.

TICKLER.

Hear! hear! hear!

NORTH.

No “technical terms of art in poetry.” O sumph of sumphs! why sayest thou so? What! not of the art that lays its hand on the ocean’s mane, and emboldens man to scorn the monster in his foamy wrath, as if he were a lamb lying asleep on the sunny brae! But I speak of the science of the sea; and its language is in itself magnificent, many of its words are like winds and waves—imitative harmony of sound and motion, and light and gloom—

TICKLER.

Stop—stop—stop—harmony of light and gloom!

NORTH.

Yes—you blockhead. But—

TICKLER.

What do you mean, sir, by—BUT?

NORTH.

Would you weigh anchor in a poem, with a ship before your eyes, as if you were putting the mail-coach in motion from the inn at Torsonce? Is starboard a mean word? or larboard? or beating to windward? or drifting to leeward? or eating ye out of the wind?

TICKLER.

The wild ass is said, finely, to devour the wind—

NORTH.

Well, gulp away. Or the wind’s eye?—or—but—

TICKLER.

What the devil, sir, do you, can you mean, by eternally using the word BUT? Do you mean to be personal?

NORTH.

My dear Timothy—lend me your ears—here are some verses that give all such shallow and senseless critics the squabash.

## THE FORGING OF THE ANCHOR.

Come, see the Dolphin’s Anchor forg’d; ’tis at a white heat now:  
The bellows ceased, the flames decreased; though on the forge’s brow,  
The little flames still fitfully play through the sable mound;  
And fitfully you still may see the grim smiths ranking round,  
All clad in leathern panoply, their broad hands only bare;  
Some rest upon their sledges here, some work the windlass there.

The windlass strains the tackle chains, the black mound heaves below;  
And red and deep, a hundred veins burst out at every throe:  
It rises, roars, rends all outright—O, Vulcan, what a glow!  
’Tis blinding white, ’tis blasting bright; the high sun shines not so!



The high sun sees not, on the earth, such fiery fearful show;  
 The roof-ribs swarth, the candent hearth, the ruddy lurid row  
 Of smiths, that stand, an ardent band, like men before the foe;  
 As, quivering through his fleece of flame, the sailing monster, slow  
 Sinks on the anvil—all about, the faces fiery grow—  
 “Hurrah!” they shout, “leap out—leap out;” bang, bang, the sledges go:  
 Hurrah! the jetted lightnings are hissing high and low;  
 A hailing fount of fire is struck at every squashing blow;  
 The leathern mail rebounds the hail; the rattling cinders strow  
 The ground around; at every bound the sweltering fountains flow;  
 And thick and loud, the swinking crowd, at every stroke, pant “ho!”

Leap out, leap out, my masters; leap out and lay on load!  
 Let's forge a goodly Anchor; a Bower, thick and broad;  
 For a heart of oak is hanging on every blow, I bode;  
 And I see the good Ship riding, all in a perilous road,  
 The low reef roaring on her lee; the roll of ocean pour'd  
 From stem to stern, sea after sea; the mainmast by the board;  
 The bulwarks down; the rudder-gone; the boats stove at the chains;  
 But courage still, brave mariners—the Bower yet remains,  
 And not an inch to flinch he deigns save when ye pitch sky high,  
 Then moves his head, as though he said, “Fear nothing—here am I!”

Swing in your strokes in order; let foot and hand keep time,  
 Your blows make music sweeter far than any steeple's chime;  
 But while ye swing your sledges, sing; and let the burthen be,  
 The Anchor is the Anvil King, and royal craftsmen we!  
 Strike in, strike in—the sparks begin to dull their rustling red;  
 Our hammers ring with sharper din, our work will soon be sped:  
 Our Anchor soon must change his bed of fiery rich array,  
 For a hammock at the roaring bows, or ~~an~~ oozy couch of clay;  
 Our Anchor soon must change the lay of merry craftsmen here,  
 For the Yeo-heave-o', and the Heave-away, and the sighing seaman's cheer;  
 When, weighing slow, at eve they go, far, far from love and home;  
 And sobbing sweethearts, in a row, wail o'er the ocean foam.

In livid and obdurate gloom he darkens down at last;  
 A shapely one he is, and strong, as e'er from cat was cast.—  
 O trusted and trustworthy guard, if thou hadst life like me,  
 What pleasures would thy toils reward beneath the deep green sea!  
 O deep Sea-diver, who might then behold such sights as thou?  
 The hoary monster's palaces! methinks what joy 'twere now  
 To go plumb, plunging down amid the assembly of the whales,  
 And feel the churn'd sea round me boil beneath their scourging tails!  
 Then deep in tangle-woods to fight the fierce sea unicorn,  
 And send him foiled and bellowing back, for all his ivory horn;  
 To leave the subtle sworder-fish of bony blade forlorn;  
 And for the ghastly-grinning shark to laugh his jaws to scorn;  
 To leap down on the kraken's back, where 'mid Norwegian isles  
 He lies, a lubber anchorage for sudden shallow'd miles;  
 Till snorting, like an under-sea volcano, off he rolls;  
 Meanwhile to swing, a-buffeting the far astonished shoals  
 Of his back-browsing ocean-calves; or, haply in a cove,  
 Shell-strown, and consecrate of old to some Undine's love,  
 To find the long-hair'd mermaidens; or, hard by icy lands,  
 To wrestle with the Sea-serpent, upon cerulean sands.

O broad-armed Fisher of the Deep, whose sports can equal thine?  
 The Dolphin weighs a thousand tons, that tugs thy cable line;  
 And night by night, 'tis thy delight, thy glory day by day,  
 Through sable sea and breaker white, the giant game to play—  
 But shamer of our little sports! forgive the name I gave—  
 A fisher's joy is to destroy—thine office is to save.

O lodger in the sea-kings' halls, couldst thou but understand  
Whose be the white bones by thy side, or who that dripping band,  
Slow swaying in the heaving wave, that round about thee bend,  
With sounds like breakers in a dream blessing their ancient friend—  
Oh, couldst thou know what heroes glide with larger steps round thee,  
Thine iron side would swell with pride; thou'dst leap within the sea!

Give honour to their memories who left the pleasant strand,  
To shed their blood so freely for the love of Father-land—  
Who left their chance of quiet age and grassy churchyard grave,  
So freely, for a restless bed amid the tossing wave—  
Oh, though our Anchor may not be all I have fondly sung,  
Honour him for their memory, whose bones he goes among!

TICKLER.

That will do. Three cheers—my old boy—for the Wooden Walls!  
(Hurra! hurra! hurra!)

NORTH.

Had I kept to the navy, Tim, 'tis needless to say who had won Trafalgar.

TICKLER.

Kept to the navy! So you were once a Middy?

NORTH.

I served before the mast—a volunteer.

TICKLER.

Pressed at Portsmouth, while sowing your wild oats. Poor Poll!—But is the “Forging of the Anchor” your own—Kit?

NORTH.

I wish it were. But the world will yet hear of the writer. Belfast gave him birth—I believe—and he bears the same name with a true poet of our own Scotland—Fergusson. Maga will be proud of introducing him to the world. There are not such a noble race of men in the wide world as our sailors and soldiers—and I rejoice to see that they have their own organ now to record and to emblazon the deeds of the brave—to defend their rights and privileges—and vindicate, against all shabby civilians, the character of their order—The United Service Journal.

TICKLER.

A spirit-stirring work, full of useful instruction in these troubled times—North.

NORTH.

Contributed—edited—read by men—and gentlemen—and I will add—Christians. For, war there must be in this world, for some centuries to come; and therefore let us fight with as much humanity as is consistent with the end in view, the overthrow or destruction of all our enemies.

TICKLER.

What is the meaning of all this savage slang in the radical newspapers against some article or other in the last number of that admirable Journal?

NORTH.

Some say there's a secret under it; it seems to my simple and unsuspecting mind, the pure spite of baffled sedition and rebellion. Some excellent soldier, whose countenance would get as red as his coat at the thought of shame befalling a brother in arms, when called upon to preserve property or life from the wicked madness of an infuriated rabble, has therein explained the plan that the military ought to pursue with mobs whose immediate object is fire, robbery, rape, and murder, and their ultimate object the same as that of the demagogues who drive them to such desperate crimes—the destruction, namely, of all social order, and the overthrow of the state.

TICKLER.

Proper—and patriotic.

NORTH.

Most considerate and humane. But then—death to the hopes of traitors. Hence gnashing of teeth among the cowards of the press-gang, and vomit-

ings of fetid bile upon the brave, who would fain save, by forewarning, the "swinish multitude."

TICKLER.

Burke got abused for that epithet—

NORTH.

As he did for many others as eternally truthful; and therefore I say "swinish." Let the ruffian stand forth from the rabble, who dares to insult us for that word "swinish," step into the ring, and strip, and in one round, Old North will give him his quietus. I appeal to Two Hundred Numbers, nearly, of this Magazine, in proof of our love for the people. Their virtues we have eulogized—as have all our Contributors; their sufferings we—the Tories—have sympathized with—and done our best—(what pauper patriot, bankrupt alike in fortune and in honour, dare deny it?)—by pen and purse to relieve; are we, therefore, to abstain from the use of the most appropriate word in the English language, when we see, with our very bodily eyes, a whole legion of devils entering into a raging rabble, and transforming them, with a sudden change beyond the power of all the sorcerers of sedition, into a herd of swine, that, instead of rushing into the sea and grunting out bells and bubbles till their carcasses float filthily together like one multifarious carcass in a drowned death, have gathered themselves, under that demoniac possession, from the lanes and alleys, where they had their styes, of a great city, into the streets and squares, and obedient to their now *brutal* nature, making use of the *human* faculties still left them, to set the city on fire, scampering up and down the lines of burning houses, while the cry of the Radicals is sent up with the sparks that kindle the night-sky, "Reform! reform! tyrants! Behold and tremble at the MAJESTY OF THE PEOPLE!"

TICKLER.

Good—strong—true.

NORTH.

Would I hang the rioters? Not if I could help it. But if such incendiaries be pardoned—there is no law any longer in this land.

TICKLER.

Unless their lives be spared, that punishment may fall on the—Instigators.

NORTH.

Who are they? The MINISTRY AND THE PRESS. Not every member, perhaps, of the revolutionary Ministry—not every member, certainly, of the revolutionary Press; but those who preached to the populace such sermons that the sole practical conclusion ignorant congregations could draw from them was—"Let us break their bonds and cut their cords asunder—let us terrify our tyrants—and fire set us free."

TICKLER.

The Morning Herald itself, a reforming paper, but conducted in an honourable and a *humane* spirit, has admitted almost all that you have now said—has proclaimed it; and the charge is proved against the guilty in high and in low places, unless indeed words be but empty air, and sinless therefore, the mere syllablings of sedition.

TICKLER.

Poor Brereton!

NORTH.

Peace to his ashes. He saw not the "coming events," even when they "flung," not only their "shadows before," but their own grimness black on his very face; and if he had not his secret instructions from the Government, which I do not believe, he had his open instructions from the press it patronizes, and obeying them, but with no congenial spirit, he delivered himself up to shame, sorrow, and death.

TICKLER.

The unfortunate man believed that it was his *duty* to behave as he did to the mob. The relief shewed weakness of understanding, and caused conduct, in which the honour of the soldier was sacrificed to a vain desire and hope of conciliating the base and brutal mob, by treating them as friends and brothers embarked in the same cause. "I, too, am a Reformer!" Alas!

alas! And so saying, as a smith indignantly testified, he shook hands with the "lowest of the low"—and that, too, after he had declared his *fears* that they would *murder* the dragoons! For his own life, Colonel Brereton had no fears. Doubtless, he was personally brave. But—

NORTH.

And yet there are public writers who have proposed paying marks of honour to his memory, as a soldier on service—that the conduct, which his sensibility to shame drove him to expiate so lamentably, might be held up to the admiration and imitation of the British army!

TICKLER.

Incredible baseness!—if any baseness were incredible in the sulky, sullen, and savage soul of a revolutionist.

NORTH.

Yet had Colonel Brereton acted with ordinary energy, my Lord Althorp might—would have spoken with disgust and indignation—little accustomed though he be to "speak eloquently"—of the "Bristol massacre."

TICKLER.

Ay! Ministers, who are not only the courteous correspondents, but the humble, obliged, and grateful servants of Political Unions, by themselves denounced as illegal, and which passed seditious resolutions in their very teeth, are the likeliest men in the world to have desired to break a military officer for dispersing by the edge of the sword one of their own mobs. You remember the 7th Epod. of Horace?

#### HORATIAN VERSION [EPODON VII.]

ON MEETING THE BIRMINGHAM MOB, DEC. 1831.

Whither away, ye dirty devils?  
Why have ye drawn your fire-shovels,  
Shoulder'd your pokers, and left your hovels?  
Not enough yet of your Bristol revels?

Not, I'll warrant, like lusty fellows,  
Going to save us from Whiggery's malice;  
Handsomely handcuffing, down from the palace,  
Old Touch-me-not, to a goodly gallows.

No; but fulfilling the infidel's cravings—  
Lending yourselves to your own enslavings—  
Where are the Whigs, so rank in their ravings;  
Asses so mad in their misbehavings?

Snooks, I say, is it cold or hunger?  
What ails Snivel and Snake, I wonder—  
All run mad after rape and plunder,  
Bit by a Revolution-Monger?

Scabs of the Legion-leper! are ye?  
Why do I ask, when your faces carry  
Lechery, treachery, gluttony—Marry,  
God send you a merciful adversary!

So stands England's penal charter;  
Even so, in every quarter,  
Shall a red atonement smart her  
For the sacred blood of a Royal Martyr!

NORTH.

Ay! that's right—let's be cheery—I challenge you to a contest of alternate song. I give the subject.

## A NEW SONG, TO BE SUNG BY ALL LOYAL AND TRUE SUBJECTS.

NORTH.

Ye good honest Englishmen, loyal and true,  
That, born in Old England, look not for a New,  
And your fathers' old principles love to pursue,  
Join, join in our chorus, while yet we may sing,  
Spite of treason and blasphemy—"God save the King!"

TICKLER.

Priests, Prelates, and Churchmen, who honour the creed  
For which martyrs have bled, for which martyrs may bleed,  
When Atheists and Papists your flocks shall mislead;  
Join, join in our chorus, and loyally sing,  
From fiendish conspiracy—"God save the King!"

NORTH.

Ye that mean to stand firm by a Protestant throne,  
Nor would see Church or King be deprived of their own;  
Nor for bread to the poor would but give them a stone;  
Join, join in our chorus, and resolute sing,  
With the true voice of loyalty—"God save the King!"

TICKLER.

Ye that know well the plots of fool, knave, and profane,  
That the very first act of the Devil's own reign  
Would episcopize Cobbett, and canonize Paine;  
Join, join in our chorus defiance to fling  
At their blasphemous rage, and cry—"God save the King!"

NORTH.

Ye that know when Whig Radical Orators shine,  
And bewilder the mobs whom they urge to combine,  
What mischievous devils get into the swine;  
Join, join in our chorus, and give them a ring,  
To keep them from delving—so, "God save the King!"

TICKLER.

Ye that honour the laws that our forefathers made,  
And would not see the laurels they twined for us fade,  
Nor would yield up your wealth to the cant of "free trade;"  
Join, join in our chorus, and let the world ring  
With our commerce and glory—and "God save the King!"

NORTH.

All ye that are foes to mean quibbles and quirks,  
And twopenny statesmen, well known by their works,  
That have used the poor Greeks ten times worse than the Turks;  
Join, join in our chorus, and manfully sing,  
With good English honesty—"God save the King!"

TICKLER.

Defend us from hypocrites, save us from quacks,  
From saintly Macauleys, and some other Macs,  
And from white sugar said to be made by free blacks;  
Join, join in our chorus, and still let us cling  
To our ships and our colonies—"God save the King!"

NORTH.

From, of all the vile humbugs that ever was known,  
That vilest and direst, Sierra Leone,  
That makes savages howl, and poor Englishmen groan;

Join, join in our chorus, the downfall to sing  
Of malice and slander—and "God save the King!"

TICKLER.

Ye nobles, stand forth, and defend us, ye great,  
From political sophists, their jargon and prate,  
Defend Church and King, and keep both in their state;  
Join, join in our chorus, a blessing to bring  
On the land of our fathers—and "God save the King!"

NORTH.

Defend us once more from the Regicide Bill,  
And the Bedlamite Whigs, that have caused so much ill,  
And would bind our bold King to their absolute will;  
Join, join in our chorus, and still let us cling  
To the laws of Old England—and "God save the King!"

TICKLER.

From Lord Chancellors save us, who flop on their knees,  
And pretend to give up, while they bargain for fees,  
And sneer about Bishops, and envy their sees;  
Join, join in our chorus, and loyally sing,  
From scheming hypocrisy—"God save the King!"

NORTH.

That give friendly advice to the Lords they should shun,  
That keep the King's conscience, and let him have none,  
And strip him of all his tried friends one by one;  
Join, join in our chorus, and faithfully sing,  
From evil advisers all—"God save the King!"

TICKLER.

From a new House of Peers, that shall put the old down,  
And recruit from the Tinkers of Brummagem town,  
And set a mobility over the Crown;  
Join, join in the chorus, and let the rogues swing,  
And thus be exalted—so "God save the King!"

NORTH.

From national robbers, call'd "National Guards,"  
That for pike and for gun quit their thimbles and yards,  
To hunt down the gentry, proscribed in placards;  
Join, join in our chorus, and roar as we sing,  
From Frenchified villainy—"God save the King!"

TICKLER.

From a Citizen King, and a new La Fayette,  
With his sword in the scales to weigh down a just debt,  
And beggar the world for the whims of Burdett;  
Join, join in our chorus—all ready to spring  
To the rescue from tyranny—"God save the King!"

NORTH.

From a dastardly Ministry, cringing and mean  
To their sovereign mob, and reserving their spleen  
To insult and to bully—a woman—a Queen!  
Join, join in our chorus—true homage we bring  
To the wife of our Monarch—and "God save the King!"

TICKLER.

Emanipate Ireland once more from the thirst  
Of rapine and murder, with which she is curst,  
From Prime-Minister Shiel, and O'Connell the First;

Join, join in our chorus, and spurn all who wing  
From the beggar his pittance—here's "God save the King!"

NORTH.

From defiance of law, and from Catholic rent,  
On open sedition by demagogues spent,  
And from Parliaments held without England's consent;  
Join, join in our chorus—a downfall we sing  
To all turbulent scoundrels—so "God save the King!"

"TICKLER.

Brave William, stand forth from your radical rout,  
And trust your old Peers, that still stand you about;  
And, oh! above all, kick your Ministers out!  
And back to our chorus—for that's the true thing,  
Hurrah for our country—and "God save the King!"

NORTH.

And if they cling fast, wrest them off like a wench,  
Though they bully and storm with their mouths, never flinch,  
Be the King of Old England, ay, every inch,  
And fear not your people will thankfully sing  
With true hearts and harmony—"God save the King!"  
(Left sitting)







